Laudes Domini

R. E. Beach

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PREFACE.

O the series of books of praise represented by the "Calvary Selection of Spiritual Songs" an addition is here made. The present volume, as its name indicates, is especially rich in hymns of praise to Christ our Lord. It is designed to lead the taste of congregations and choirs towards a higher class of lyrics and music than has hitherto found acceptance in the churches. To this end, a large selection from the great wealth of newer hymns and modern American, English, and German choral music has been included with the best of the old and familiar hymns and standard tunes in common use.

While the "Calvary Selection" will of course retain that wide favor which is shown in its adoption by so many Baptist congregations, the present volume, which has been several years in preparation, will be welcome as an advance on all preceding works in its wealth of lyrics of the loftiest musical and devotional power.

ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.
CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

27380

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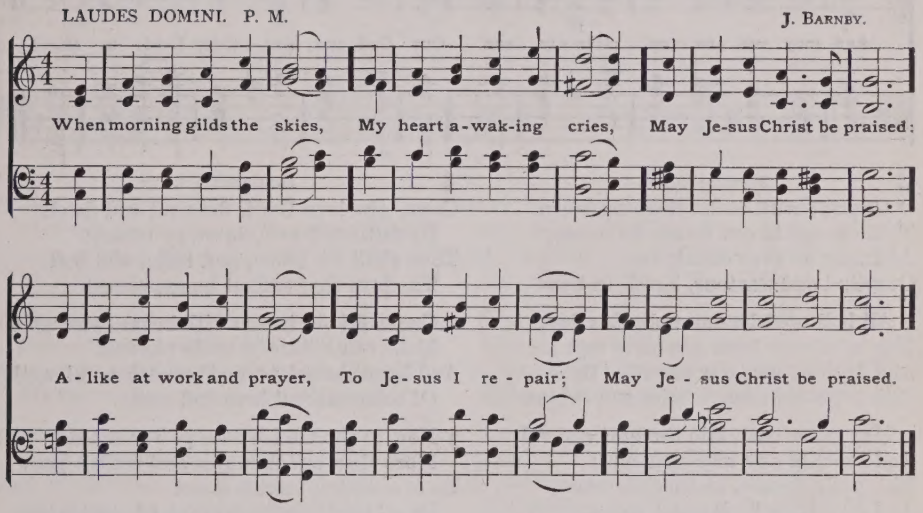
LAUDES DOMINI


LAUDES DOMINI. P. M.
J. Barnby.
When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:
A-like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised.

1 *Praise to Christ.*

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

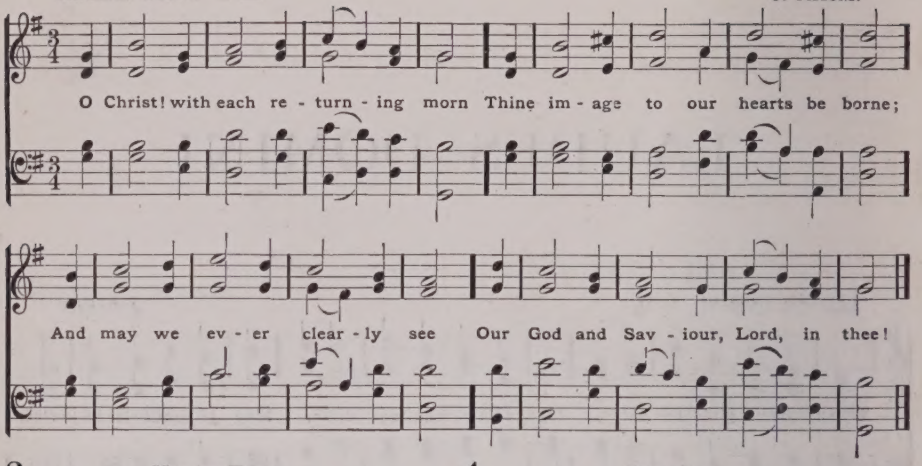
4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant I hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

E. Caswall, tr.

ANGELS' SONG. L. M. O. GIBBONS.


O Christ! with each re - turn - ing morn Thine im - age to our hearts be borne;
And may we ev - er clear - ly see Our God and Sav - iour, Lord, in thee!

2 *Morning Hymn.*

O CHRIST! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

John Chandler, tr.

3 *"Early Vows."*

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton.

4 *Invocation.*

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts.

5 *"A nobler Rest."*

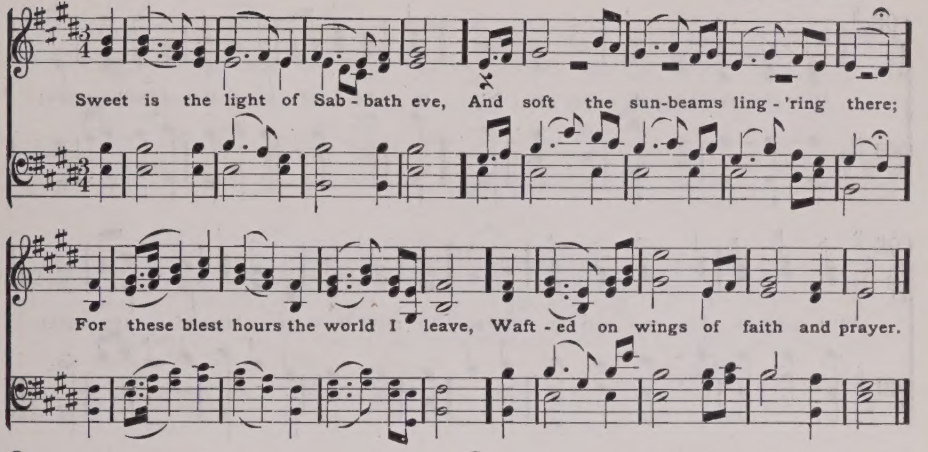
THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

SPOHR. L. M. Arr. fr. L. SPOHR.

Sweet is the light of Sab - bath eve, And soft the sun-beams ling - 'ring there;
For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and prayer.

6 *Sabbath Eve.*

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston.

7 *"Gate of Heaven."*

How SWEET to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly.

8 *Giver of Rest.*

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Stewart.

9 *Invocation.*

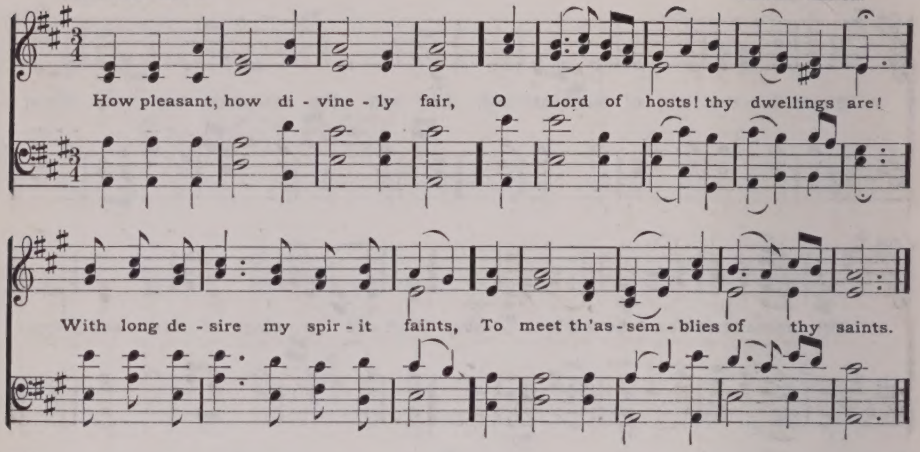
FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

Isaac Watts.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.

10 *Psalm 84.*

HOW PLEASANT, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

11 *Psalm 84.*

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

Isaac Watts.

12 *"Return, my soul!"*

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

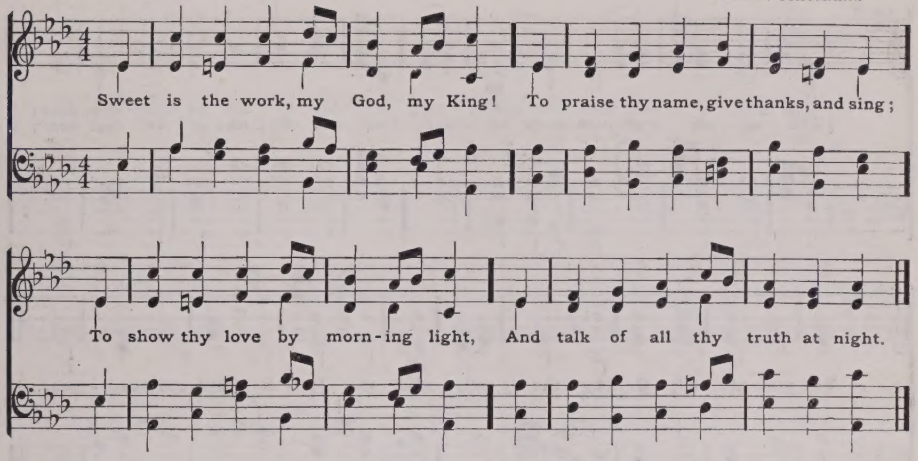
2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. Stennett.

CANONBURY. L. M. Arr. fr. SCHUMANN.


Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

13 *Psalm 92.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

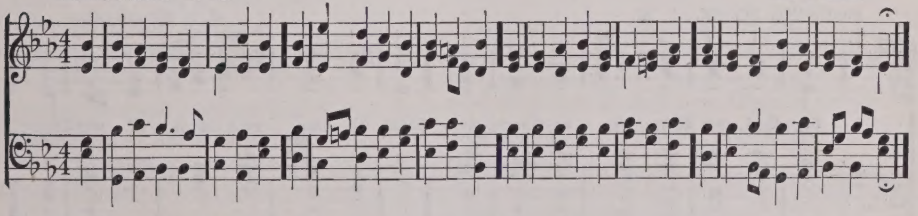
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

MELCOMBE. L. M. S. WEBBE.



14 *Psalm 103.*

BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

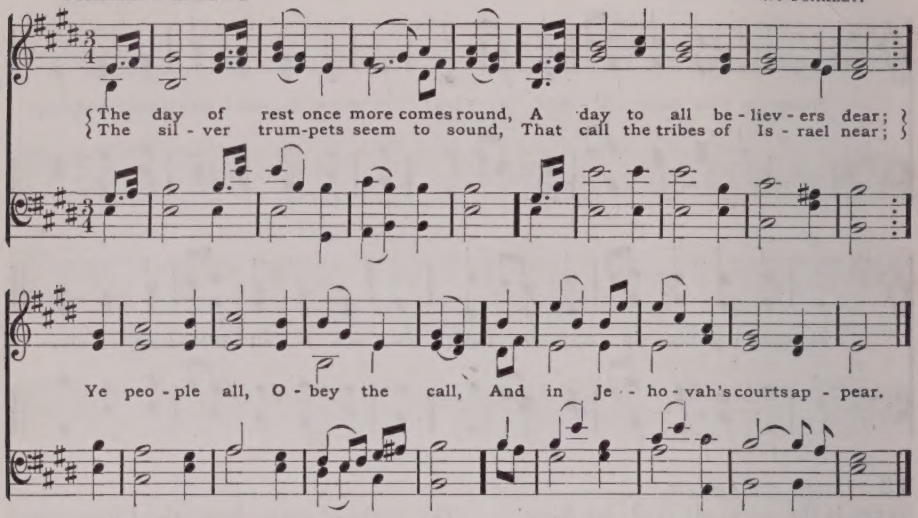
2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 61. W. YOAKLEY.


The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all be - liev - ers dear;
The sil - ver trum-pets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Is - rael near;
Ye peo - ple all, O - bey the call, And in Je - - ho - vah's courts ap - pear.

15 *"Day of Rest."*

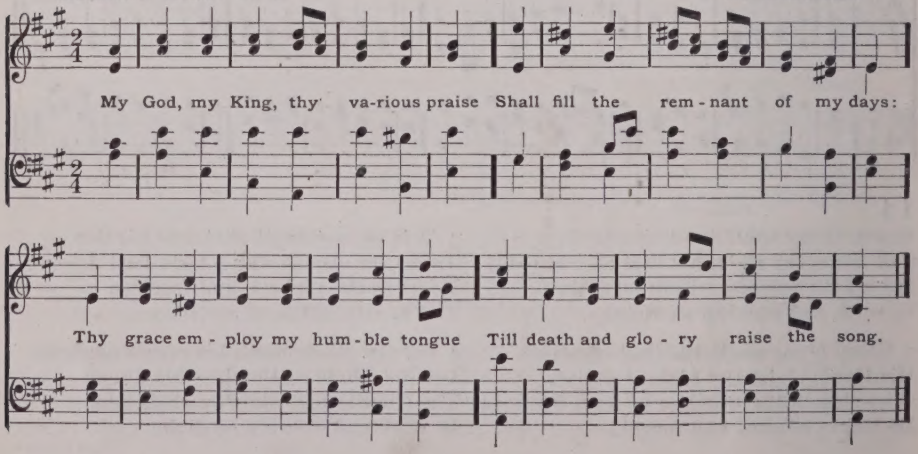
THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all,
Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home;
Of thee our King,
Oh, may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb.

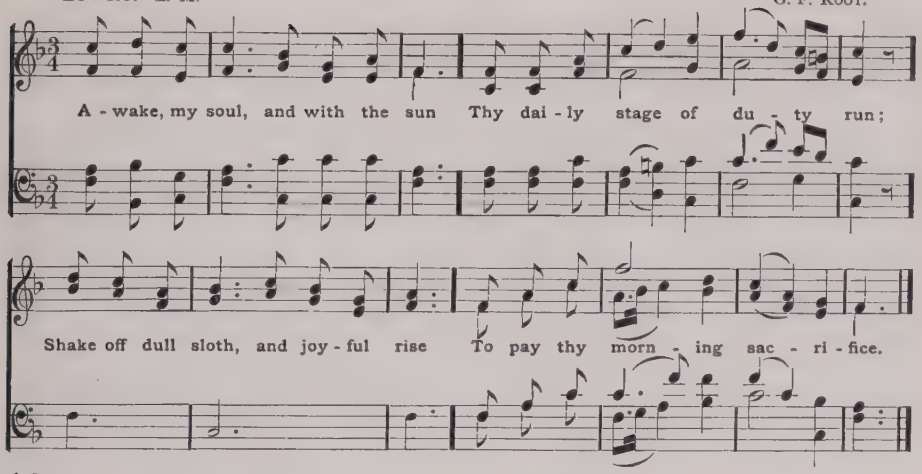
3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest,
Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

Thomas Kelly.

MORNING HYMN. L. M. F. H. BARTHELEMON.


My God, my King, thy va-rious praise Shall fill the rem - nant of my days:
Thy grace em - ploy my hum - ble tongue Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

LOWRY. L. M. G. F. ROOT.


A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

16 *Morning.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

17 *Psalm 145.*

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

18 *Each day's Duties.*

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven,

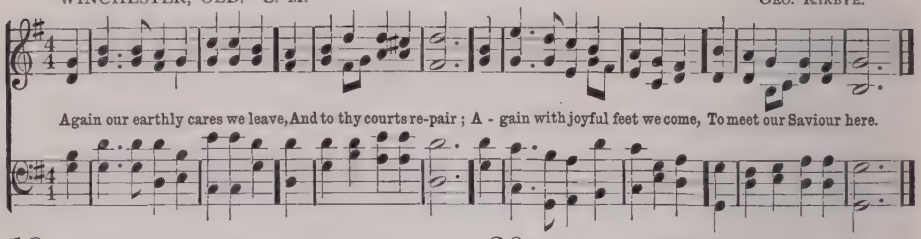
3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

WINCHESTER, OLD. C. M. GEO. KIRBYE.



19 *Christ's Presence sought.*

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove:
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton.

20 *"Guide us."*

NOW THAT the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

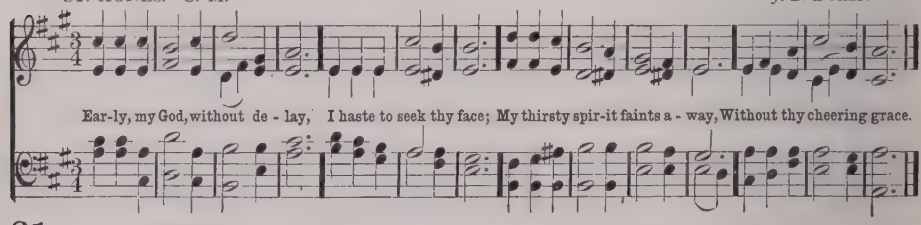
3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

5 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing:
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

J. H. Newman.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



21 *Psalm 63.*

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

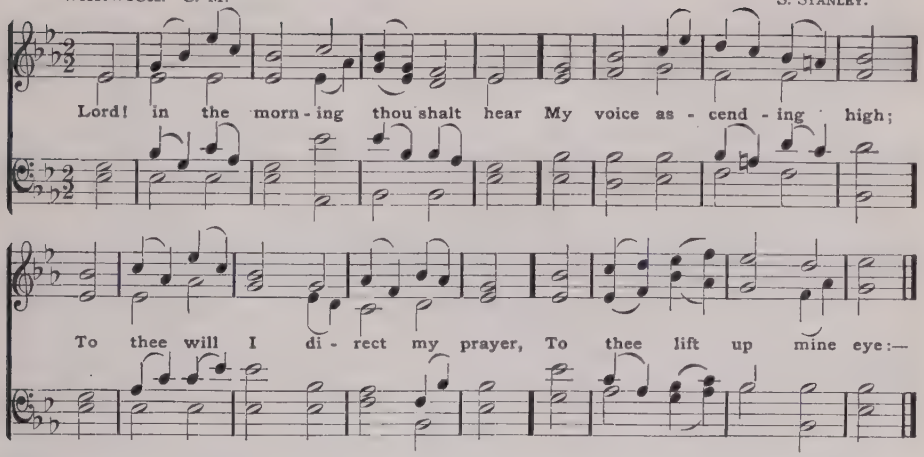
2 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts.

WARWICK. C. M. S. STANLEY.



22

Psalm 5.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

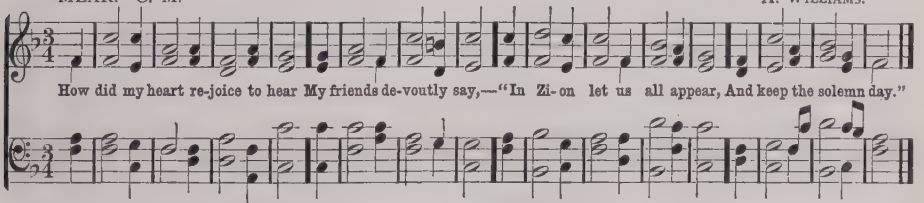
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

MEAR. C. M. A. WILLIAMS.



23

Psalm 122.

HOW DID my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

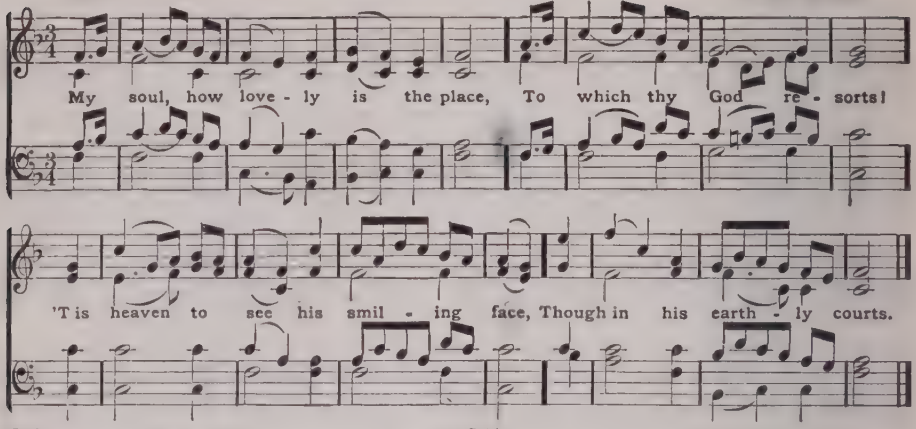
3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

Isaac Watts.

HEATH. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



24 *Psalm 84.*

My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

Isaac Watts.

25 *Psalm 25: 14.*

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.

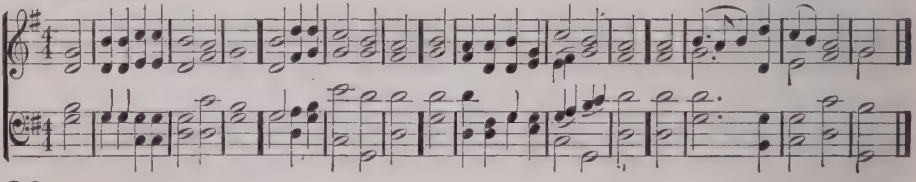
2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

PETERBORO'. C. M. R. HARRISON.



26 *"The Rising Day."*

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

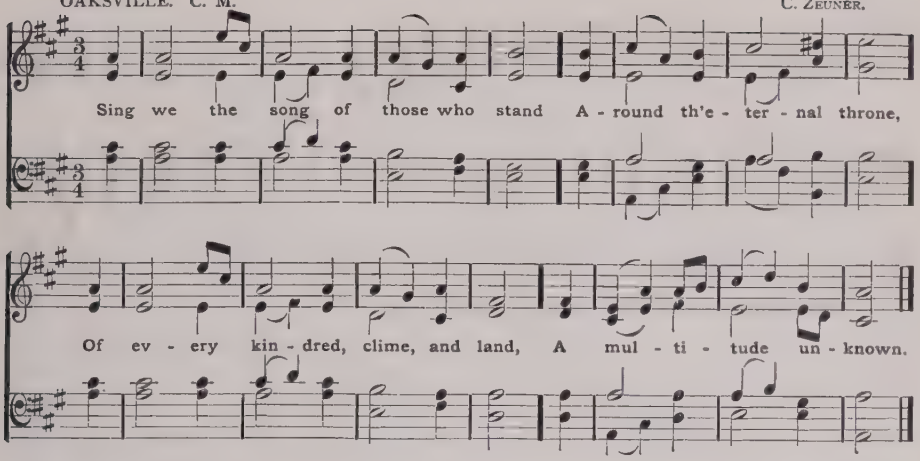
2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Isaac Watts.

OAKSVILLE. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



27 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

James Montgomery.

28 *Psalm 122.*

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber.

29 *Psalm 132.*

ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

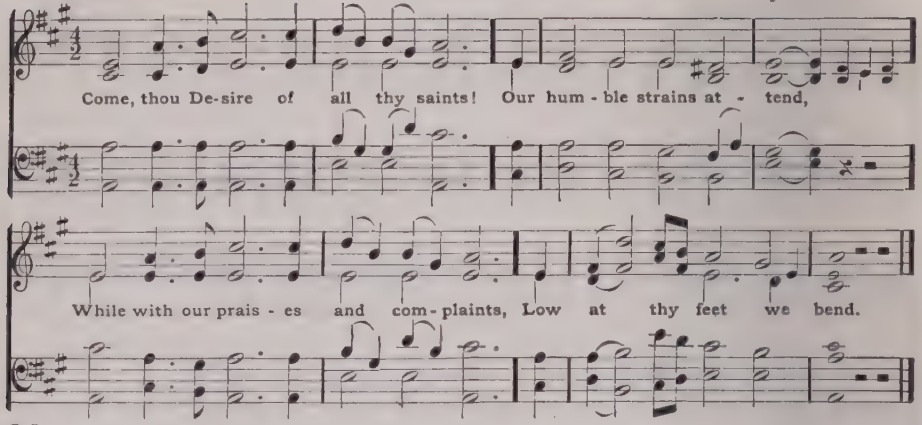
3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

HYMN. C. M. J. E. GOULD.


Come, thou De-sire of all thy saints! Our hum - ble strains at - tend,
While with our prais - es and com - plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

30 *"Come, Lord."*

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

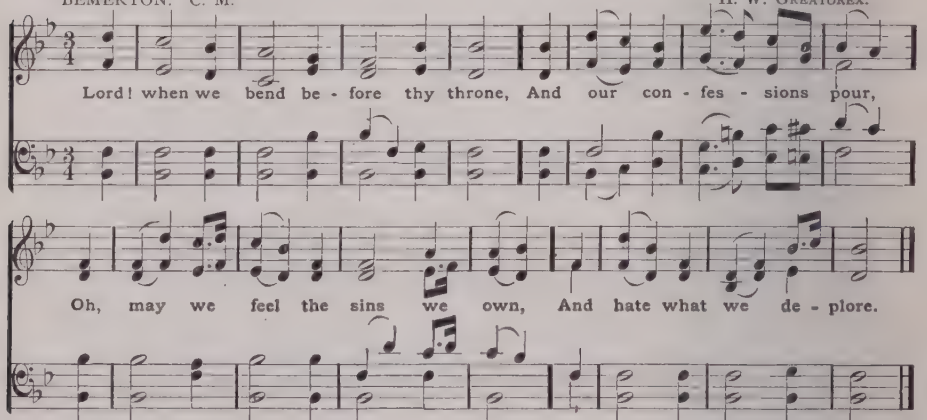
2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



31 *Sincerity.*

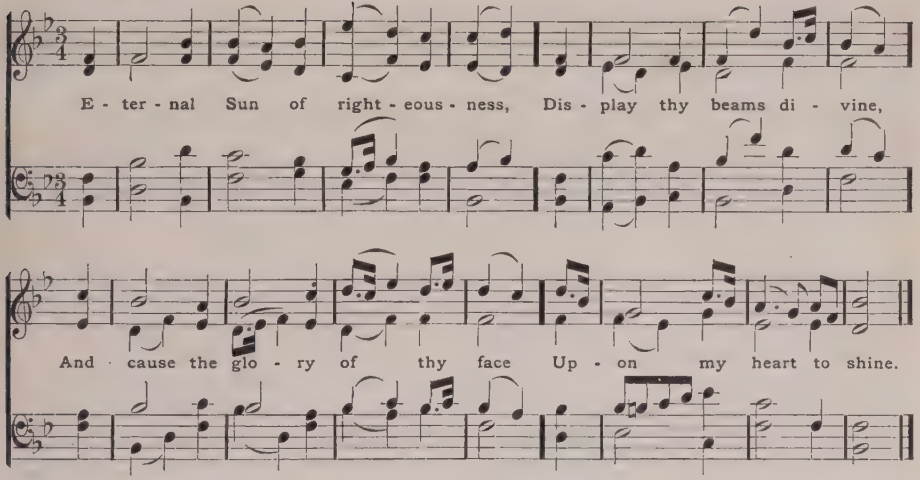
LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Jos. Dacre Carlyle.

ST. GEORGE'S. C. M. G. SMART.

32 *"Light in thy Light."*

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

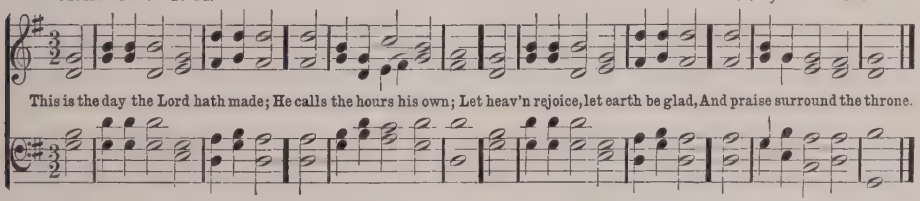
2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

MARLOW. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.


This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

33 *Psalm 118.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

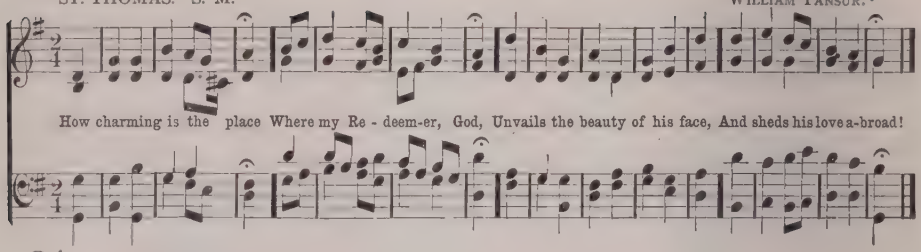
3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



34 *The Sanctuary.*

How CHARMING is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

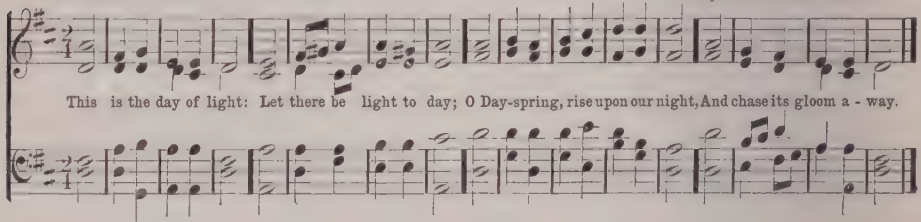
2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett.

SWABIA. S. M. Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.



35 *Day of light.*

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton.

36 *Rev. 15: 3.*

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

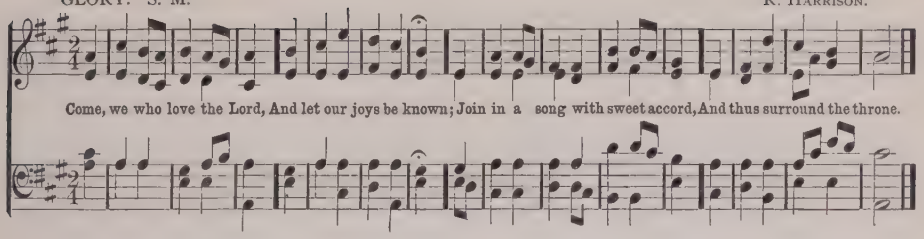
3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessèd children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

GLORY. S. M. R. HARRISON.



37 *"Immanuel's Ground."*

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

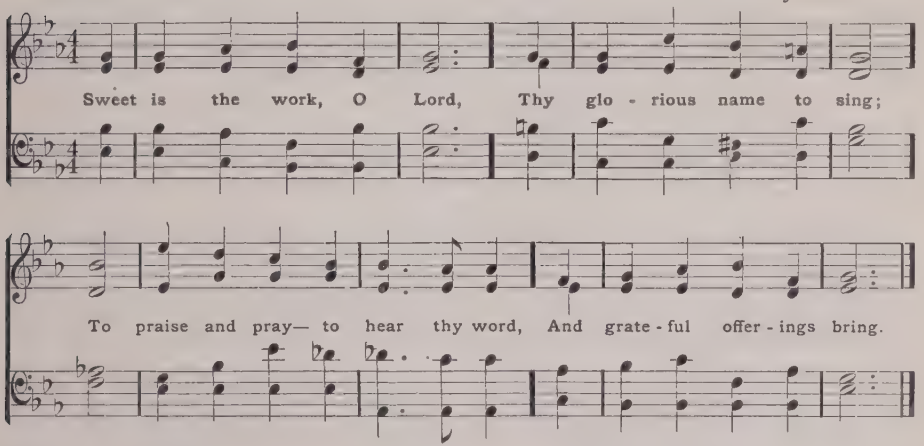
3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

AILEEN. S. M. J. BARNBY.



38 *Psalm 92.*

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

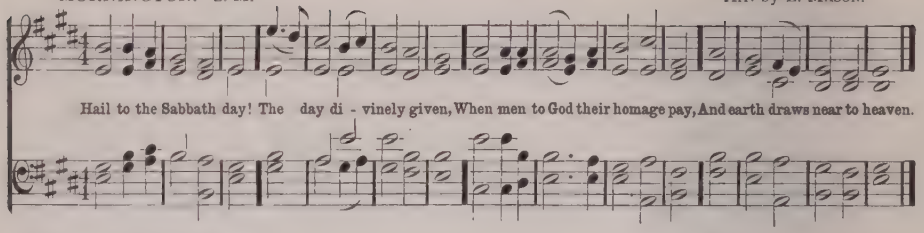
2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

MORNINGTON. S. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



39 *The eternal Sabbath.*

Hail to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power
Our Father and our Friend.

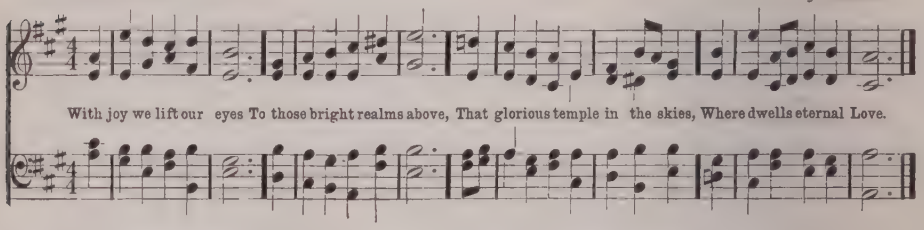
3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch.

PACKINGTON. S. M. J. Black.



40 *Hymn of praise.*

With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

41 *Christian outlook.*

Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

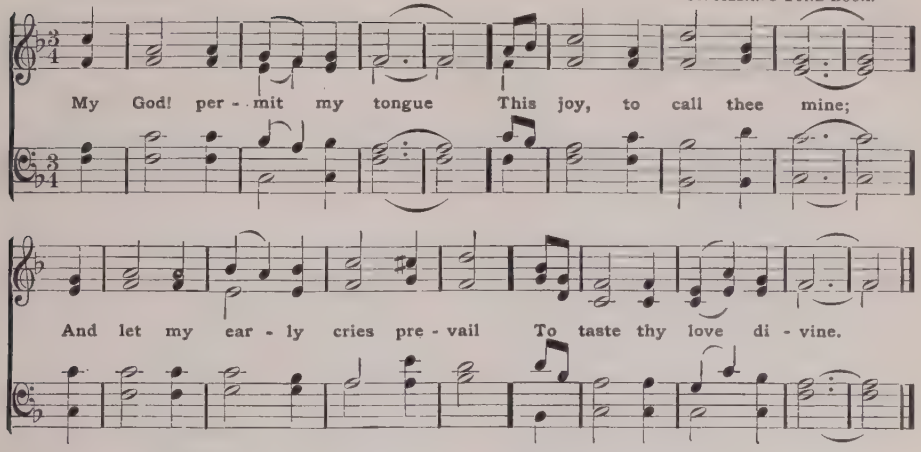
2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge.

VIGIL. S. M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK.



42 *Psalm 63.*

My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

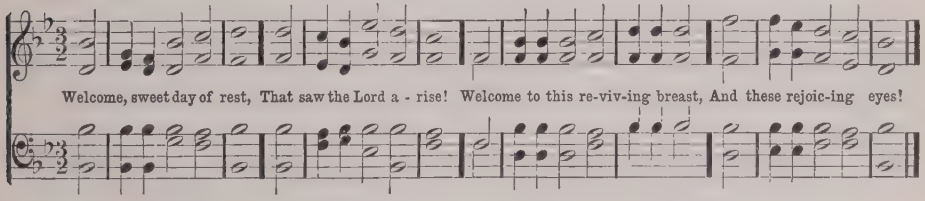
4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And, on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts.

LISBON. S. M. D. READ.



43 *Psalm 84.*

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

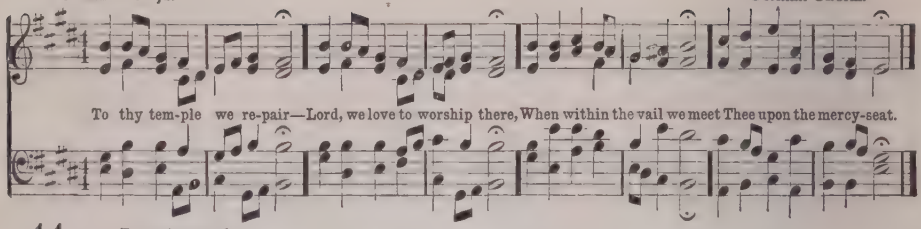
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

CHAPEL. 7s. German Choral.



44 *Jesus intercedes.*

To THY temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

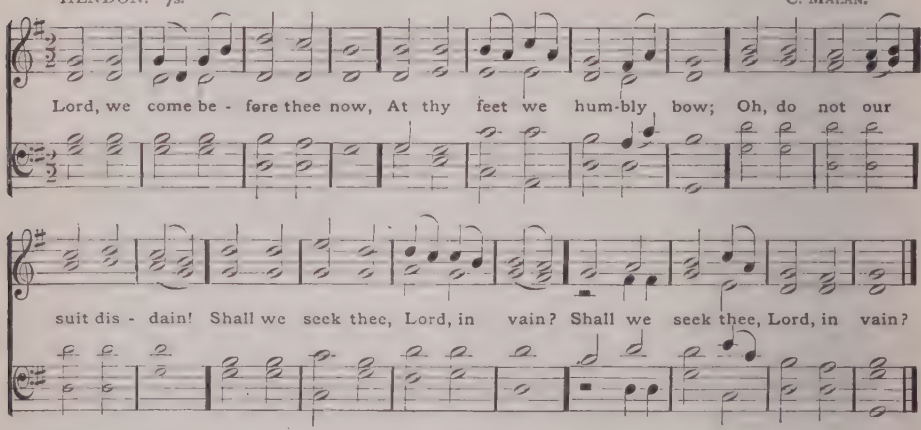
3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery.

HENDON. 7s. C. MALAN.


Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

45 *"Thy face we seek."*

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

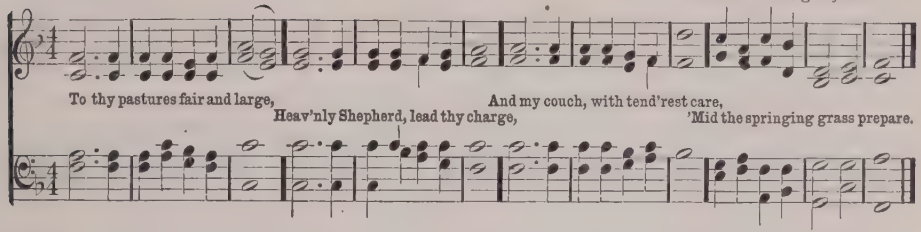
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

DIJON. 7s. German Evening Hymn.


To thy pastures fair and large,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

46 *Psalm 23.*

To THY pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick.

47 *Twilight.*

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

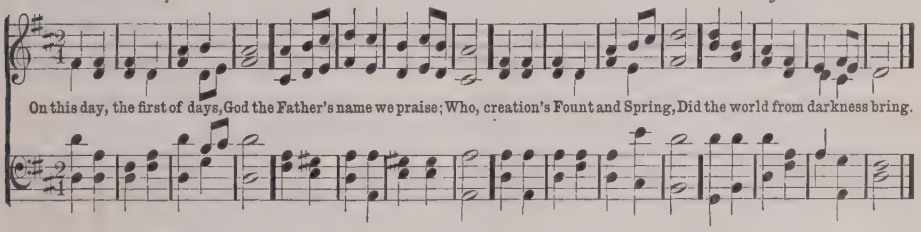
2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. Smith.

FERRIER. 7s. J. B. DYKES.


On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise; Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.

48 *"First of Days."*

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

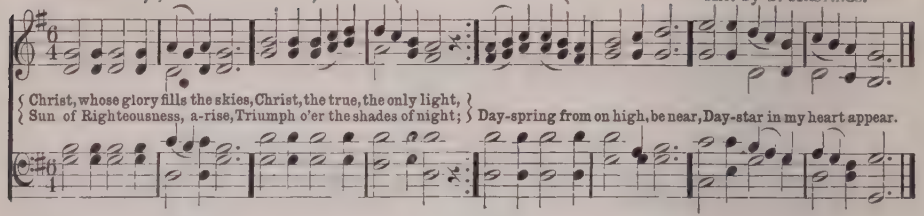
3 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

4 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

H. W. Baker, tr.

HALLE. 7s, 61. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, a-rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart appear.

49 *Morning.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

50 *Evening.*

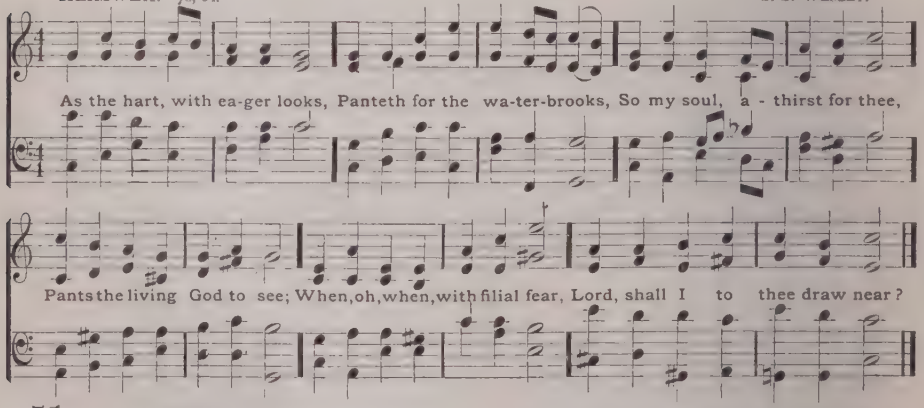
Now, FROM labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings.

HEIMWEH. 7s, 61. S. S. WESLEY.


As the hart, with ea-ger looks, Panteth for the wa-ter-brooks, So my soul, a - thirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see; When, oh, when, with filial fear, Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

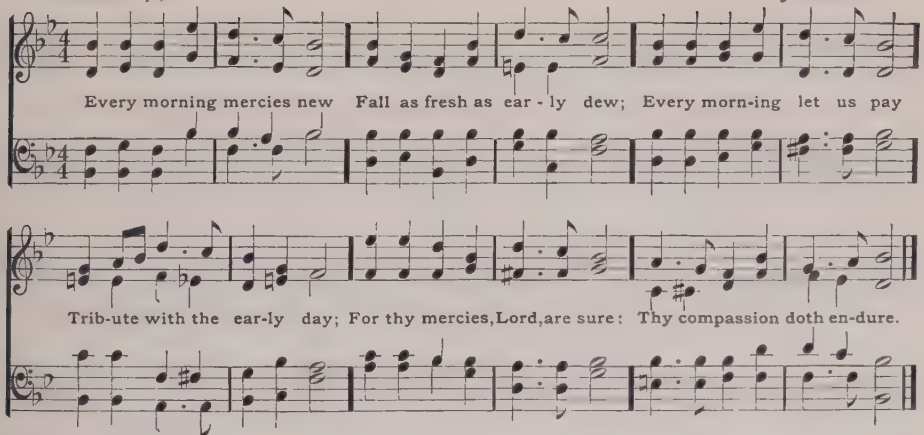
51 *Psalm 42.*

AS THE hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

KELSO. 7s, 6l. E. J. HOPKINS.


Every morning mercies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew; Every morn-ing let us pay
Trib-ute with the ear-ly day; For thy mercies, Lord, are sure: Thy compassion doth en-dure.

52 *"Mercies new."*

EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

H. Bonar.

53 *Psalm 67.*

ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber.

54 *The Sabbath.*

LORD, it is thy holy day;
Here we meet to praise and pray;
Joining with one heart and mind,
Earthly cares we leave behind.
On the day which thou hast made,
Us in our rejoicings aid.

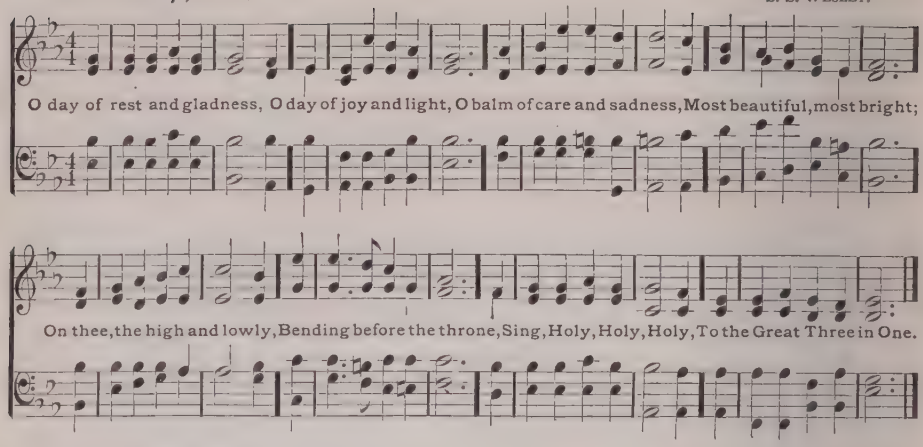
2 Glad as when the glorious shout
Of the morning stars rang out,
Thee, Creator, will we praise,
And our hymns of triumph raise.
Sun and moon, your songs unite;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

3 Louder yet our strains be borne,
Mindful of that happy morn,
When the world's Redeemer rose,
Victor from the grave's repose;
Who by death subdued the grave:
Mighty he our souls to save.

4 Looking for that rest above,
For the Sabbath of thy love,
Here to-day by hope we rise
To our mansion in the skies:
Here by faith and love prepare
For our endless Sabbath there.

Anon., 1805.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D. S. S. WESLEY.


O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly, Bending before the throne, Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy, To the Great Three in One.

55 *"Day of Rest."*

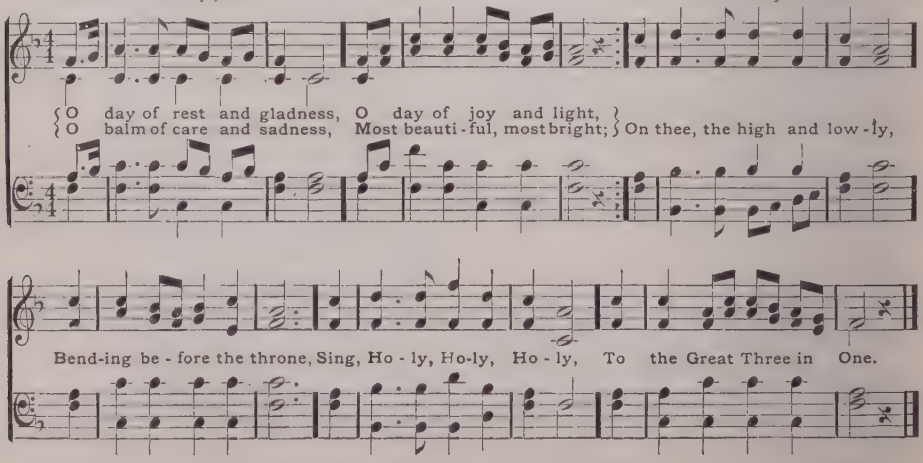
O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

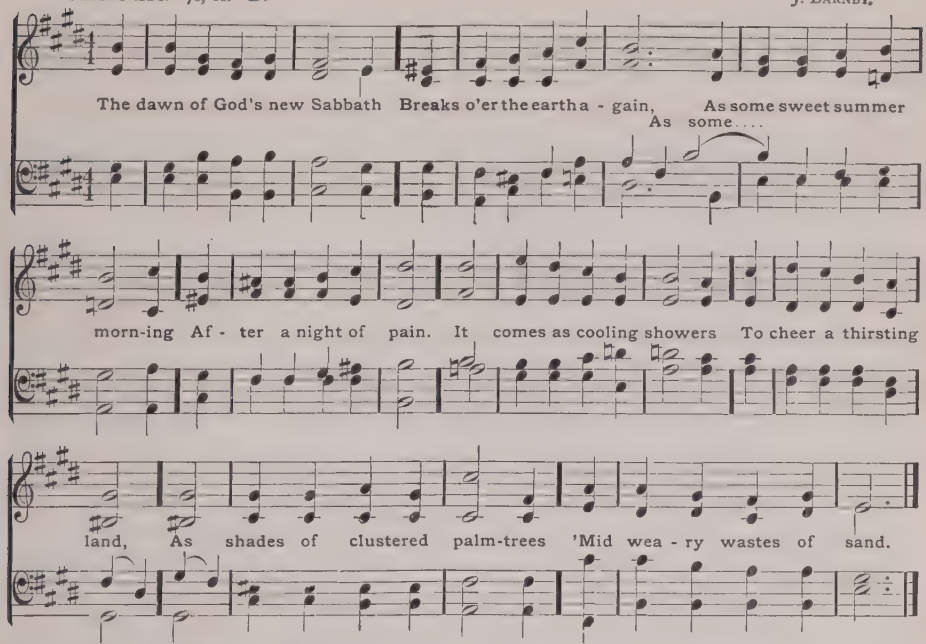
3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. by L. MASON.


O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beauti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly,
Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

GLADNESS. 7s, 6s. D. J. BARNBY.


The dawn of God's new Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet summer
As some . . .
morn-ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cooling showers To cheer a thirsting
land, As shades of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.

56 *Foretastes of Heaven.*

THE dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on thy day of blessings,
Within thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:—

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada C. Cross.

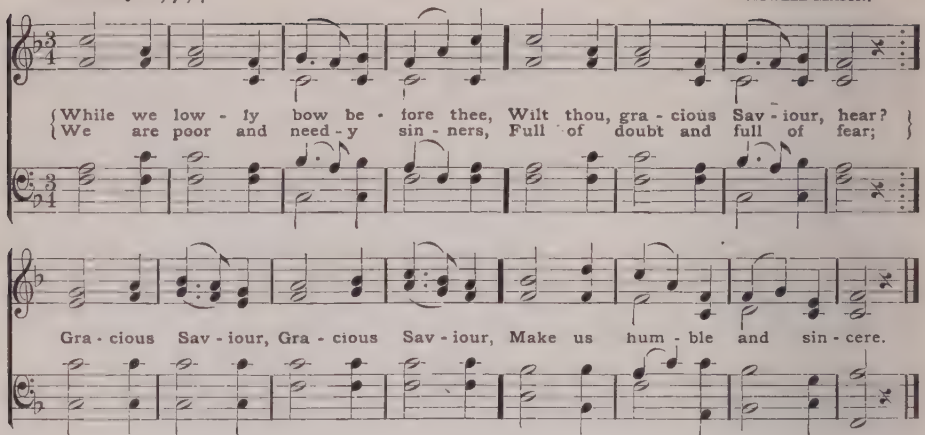
57 *Cheerful Devotion.*

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Ray Palmer.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s, 4. LOWELL MASON.


While we low - ly bow be - fore thee, Wilt thou, gra - cious Sav - iour, hear?
We are poor and need - y sin - ners, Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gra - cious Sav - iour, Gra - cious Sav - iour, Make us hum - ble and sin - cere.

58 *Humility.*

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blessèd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

D. C. Colesworthy.

59 *"Send blessing."*

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above;
All thy truth and mercy show us,
Be thou here in power and love;
Grant thy presence,
Be it ours thy grace to prove.

2 Nothing have we, Lord, without thee,
But thy promise is our stay;
And thy people must not doubt thee;
Saviour, now thy power display;
And let gladness
Fill thy people's hearts to-day.

Thomas Kelly.

60 *"Father, hear us!"*

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

F. S. Pierpont.

61 *Glory to God!*

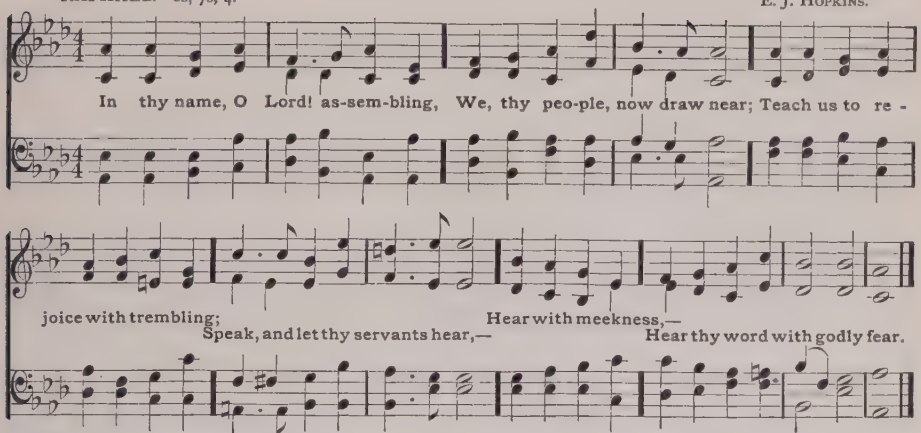
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

Horatius Bonar.

RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4. E. J. HOPKINS.


In thy name, O Lord! as-sem-bling, We, thy peo-ple, now draw near; Teach us to re -
joice with trembling; Hear with meekness,—
Speak, and let thy servants hear,— Hear thy word with godly fear.

62 *"Let thy servants hear."*

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

63 *"Bless the seed."*

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans.

64 *God's presence.*

God is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

James Montgomery.

65 *Continued meetings.*

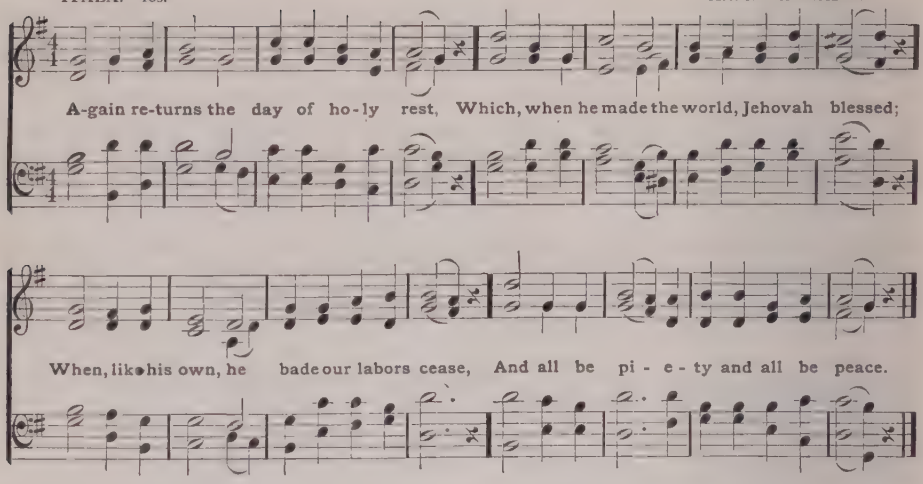
Welcome, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessèd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blessèd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

S. F. Smith.

ITALA. 10s. Arr. fr. LA FEUILLÉE.


A-gain re-turns the day of ho-ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

66 *The Lord's Day.*

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

William Mason.

67 *Evening Worship.*

OH, come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord!
Let us this evening bless his holy Name,
Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

2 Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice to give him thanks and praise;
Let us and all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessèd Saviour, Lord, and King.

3 For by his word the heaven and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at his divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

4 Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing his praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let his servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

Anon. Ps. 95.

68 *Penitent prayer.*

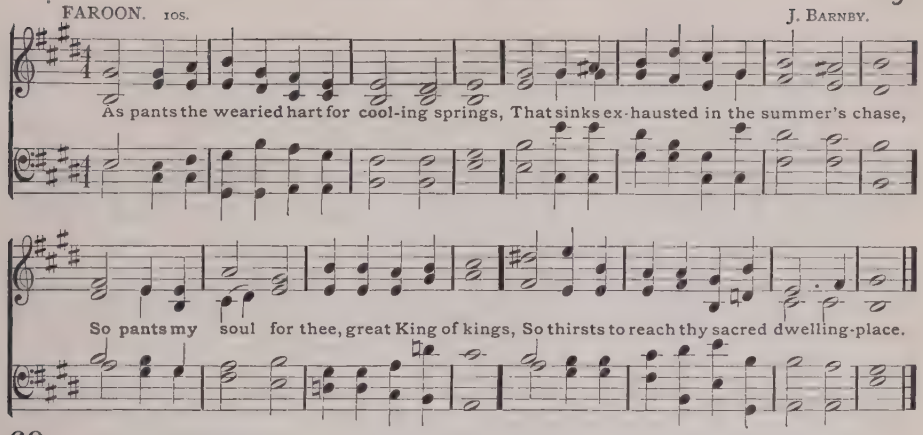
FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with early mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore.


FAROON. 10s.
J. BARNBY.
As pants the wearied hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex-hausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

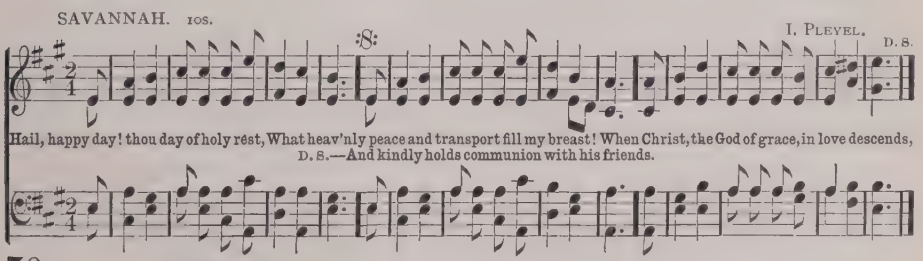
69 *Psalm 42.*

As PANTS the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I 'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid—
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love!

Robert Lowth.

SAVANNAH. 10s.
I. PLEYEL.
:S:
D. S.
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest, What heav'nly peace and transport fill my breast! When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
D. S.—And kindly holds communion with his friends.

70 *"Holy rest."*

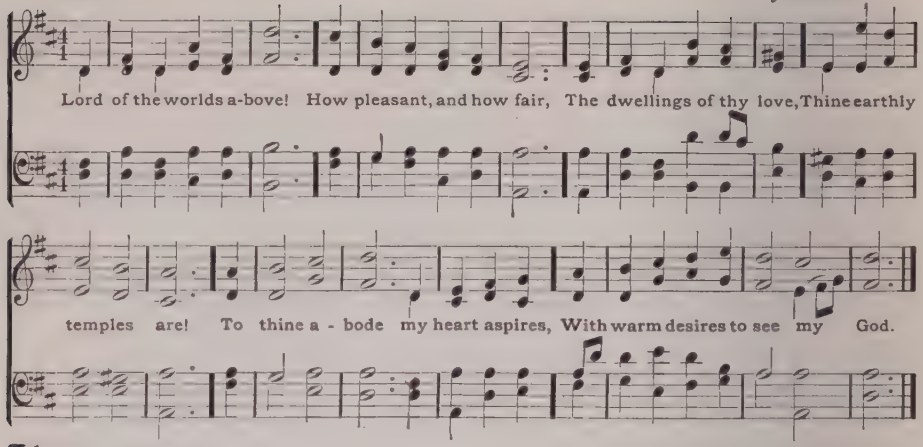
HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

Simon Browne.

DARWELL. H. M. J. DARWELL.


Lord of the worlds a-bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly
temples are! To thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

71 *Psalm 84.*

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Isaac Watts.

72 *"Light in thy light."*

O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new, divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

Philip Doddridge.

73 *Psalm 43.*

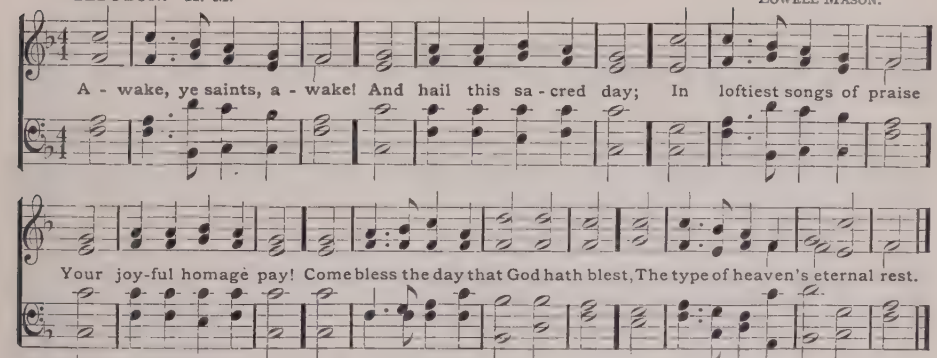
Now, TO thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

2 Oh, send thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight.

ZEBULON. H. M. LOWELL MASON.


A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail this sa - cred day; In loftiest songs of praise
Your joy-ful homage pay! Come bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's eternal rest.

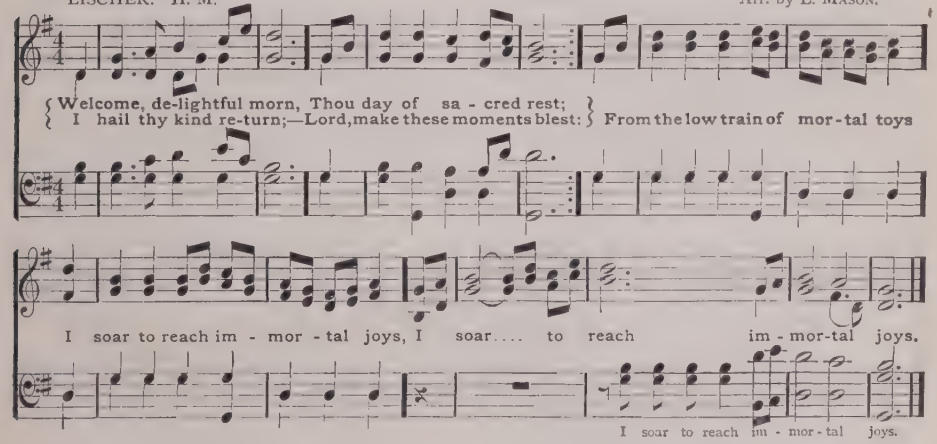
74 *Type of Heaven.*

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

Thomas Cotterill.

LISCHER. H. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

Welcome, de-lightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;
I hail thy kind re-turn;—Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mor-tal toys
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar.... to reach im - mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

75 *Welcome Worship.*

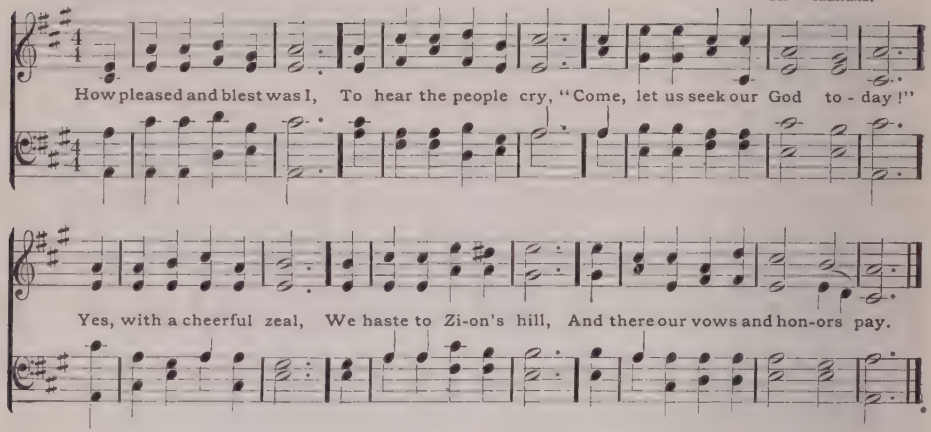
WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward.

DALSTON. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS.


How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.

76 *Psalm 122.*

HOW PLEASED and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

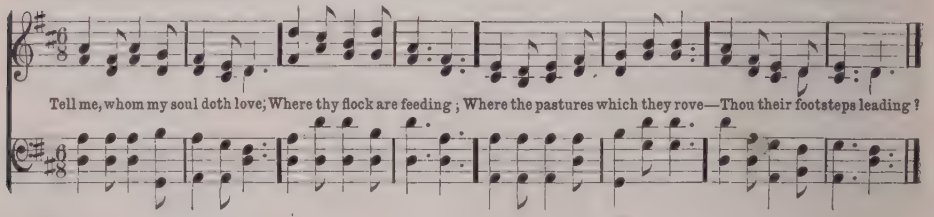
2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts.

GREEN PASTURES. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Tell me, whom my soul doth love; Where thy flock are feeding; Where the pastures which they rove—Thou their footsteps leading?

77 *Cant. 1:7.*

TELL me, whom my soul doth love,
Where thy flock are feeding;
Where the pastures which they rove-
Thou their footsteps leading?

2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,
Where at noon they rest them;
Where at night their safe retreat—
Fold, where none molest them?

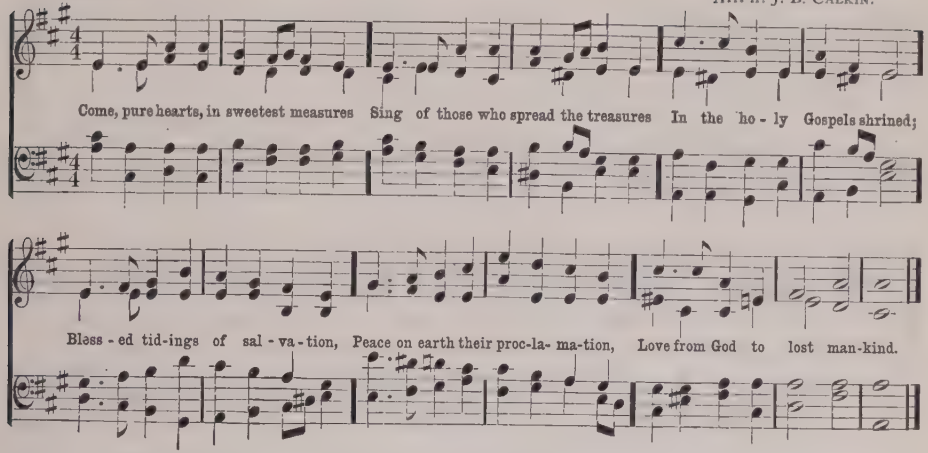
3 Strong is thy protecting arm;
Richly thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In thy bosom bear me.

Samuel Wolcott.

BONAR. P. M.

Arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN.


Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures Sing of those who spread the treasures In the ho - ly Gospels shrined;
Bless - ed tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their proc-la- ma-tion, Love from God to lost man-kind.

78 *Wells of Salvation.*

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

R. Campbell, tr.

79 *"Deliver us from evil."*

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of thy mercy large and free:
Through the day thy love hath fed us,
Through the day thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson.

80 *Evening Song.*

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

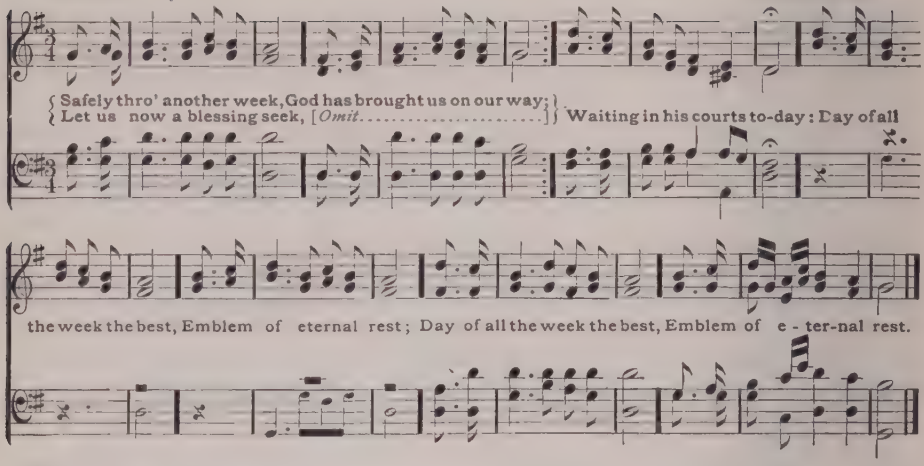
2 Far beyond the arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar.

SABBATH. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.


Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek, [Omit.....]
Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all
the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.

81 *Sabbath Morning.*

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

John Newton.

82 *The holy Day of Rest.*

WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day, when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.

William Browne.

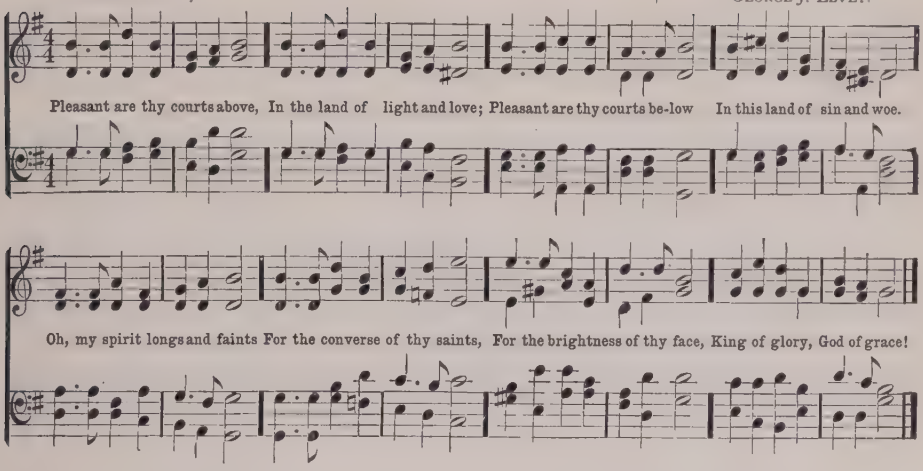
83 *Invocation.*

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.


Pleasant are thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glory, God of grace!

84 *Psalm 84.*

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte.

85 *"Rest and Love."*

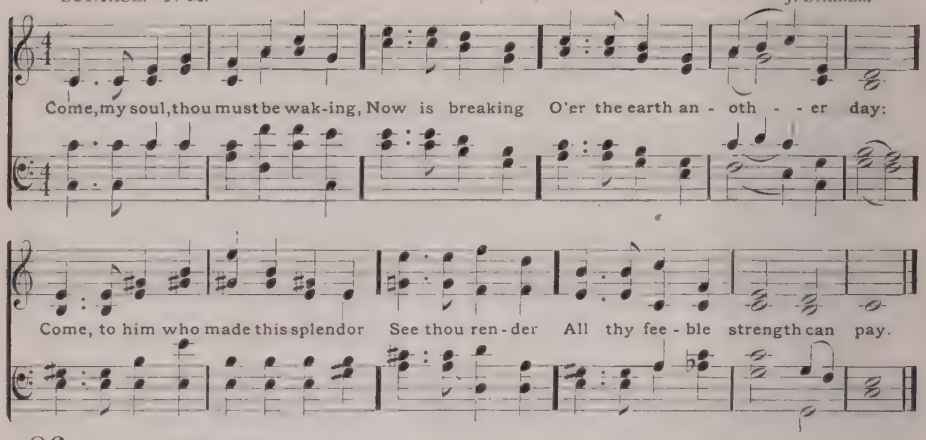
LORD, remove the vail away,
Let us see thyself to-day:
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let thy living church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give our souls the spotless dress
Of thy perfect righteousness;
So at length each welcome guest,
Then shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

Mrs. Eric Findlater, tr.

SUNRISE. P. M. J. STAINER.


Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - - er day:
Come, to him who made this splendor See thou ren-der All thy fee-ble strength can pay.

86 *Morning Song.*

COME, my soul, thou must be waking.
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

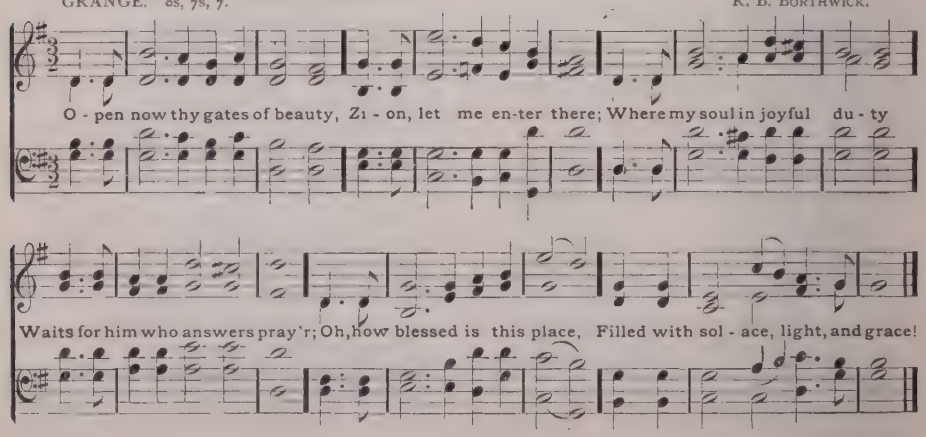
3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

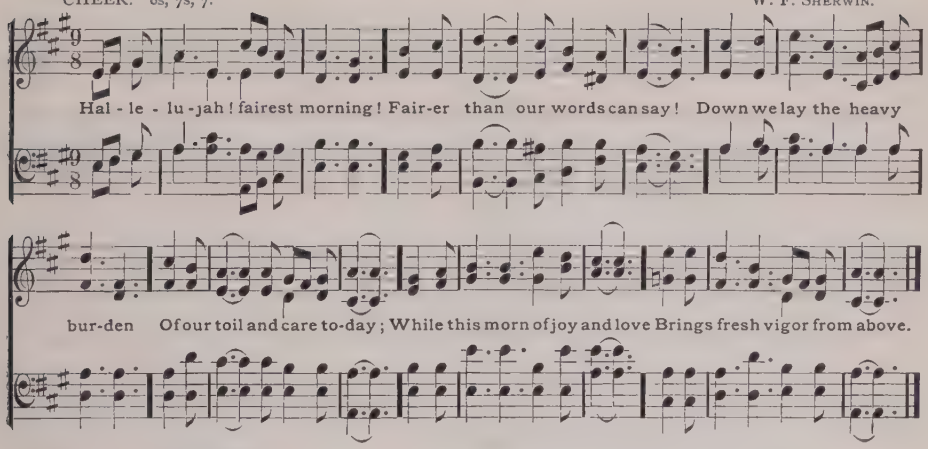
5 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

H. J. Buckoll, tr.

GRANGE. 8s, 7s, 7. R. B. BORTHWICK.


O - pen now thy gates of beauty, Zi - on, let me en-ter there; Where my soul in joyful du - ty
Waits for him who answers pray'r; Oh, how blessed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace!

CHEER. 8s, 7s, 7. W. F. SHERWIN.


Hal - le - lu - jah! fairest morning! Fair-er than our words can say! Down we lay the heavy
bur-den Of our toil and care to-day; While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vigor from above.

87 *Morning Hymn.*

HALLELUJAH! fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of our toil and care to-day:
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blesséd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray:
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with thee be ended,
As with thee it has begun;
And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

88 *The Gates of Zion.*

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there;
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers prayer:
Oh, how blesséd is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before thee,
Come thou also down to me;
Where we find thee and adore thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter thou,
Let it be thy temple now.

3 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
Let thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near thee
Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

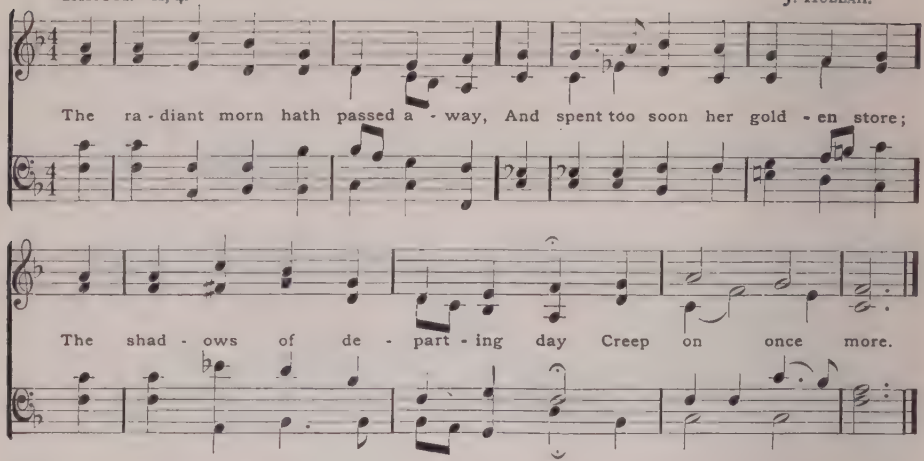
89 *Hallelujah!*

UNTO thee be glory given,
Word incarnate! evermore;
Thee the spirits blest in heaven,
Thee the angel choirs adore;
Still their hallelujahs rise
Midst the anthems of the skies.

2 We too, bending low before thee,
Lord of all, blest Trinity!
Of thy mercy now implore thee,
That throughout eternity
In thy kingdom we may raise
Hallelujahs to thy praise.

Hymnary; "*H. M. C.*" alt.

SARUM. 8s, 4. J. HULLAH.



90 *"Departing Day."*

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Godfrey Thring.

91 *"We follow thee."*

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,-
We follow thee.

2 With enemies on every side,
We lean on thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow thee.

3 O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow thee.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by thy grace:
We follow thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save thee, to love?
Still in thy light we onward move;
We follow thee!

Horatius Bonar.

92 *Sabbath rest.*

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil secure and trouble free;
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

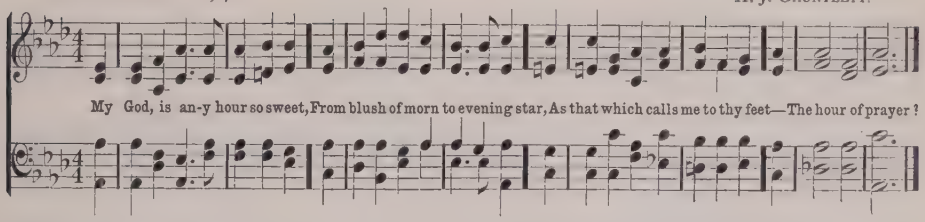
2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
And peace on all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As now the weekly labors cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this restful day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring, alt.

RISEHOLME. 8s, 4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



93 *The hour of prayer.*

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

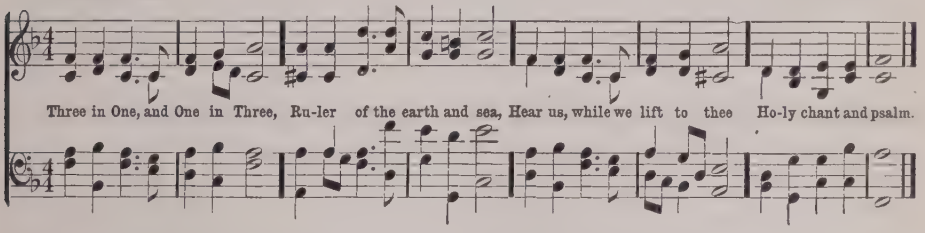
3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

GREY. 7s, 5. F. R. GREY.



94 *Evening psalm.*

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights; with morning, shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

95 *Jesus, have mercy.*

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
Jesus, hear and save!

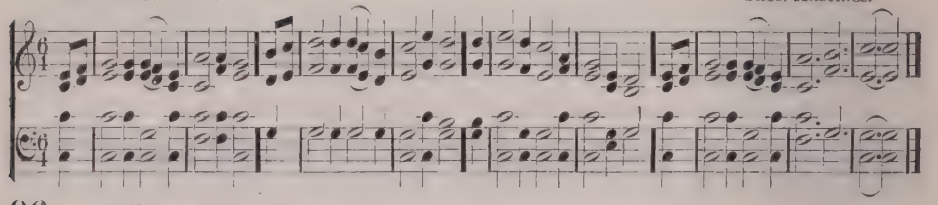
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

Reginald Heber.

RETREAT. L. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



96 *The mercy-seat.*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

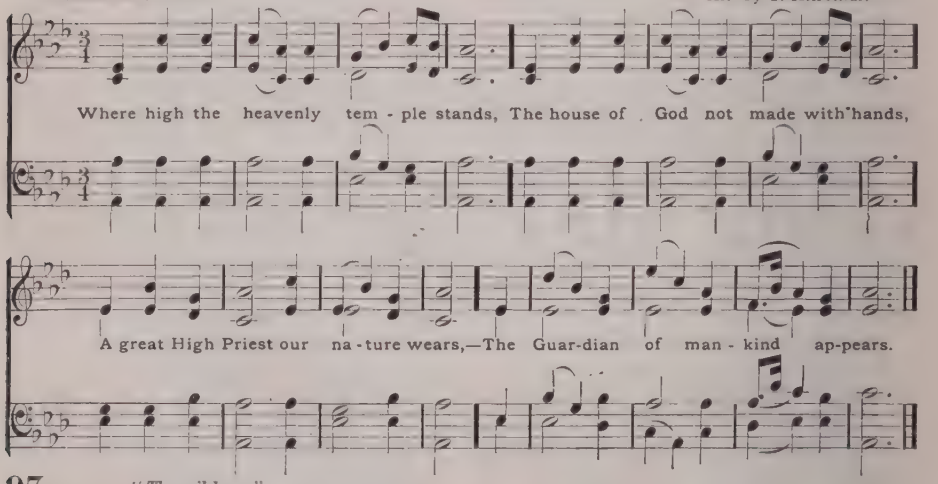
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

OBERLIN. L. M. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


Where high the heavenly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our na - ture wears,—The Guar-dian of man - kind ap-pears.

97 *"The evil hour."*

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

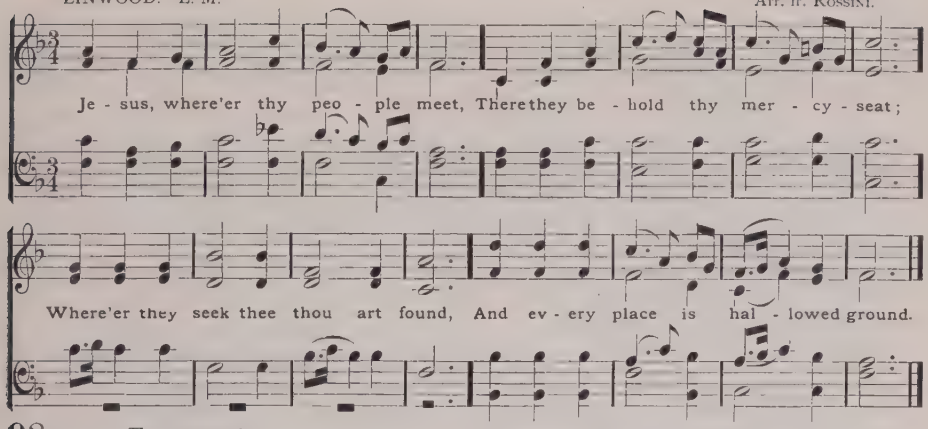
3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce.

LINWOOD. L. M. Arr. fr. ROSSINI.


Je - sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

98 *The mercy-seat.*

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

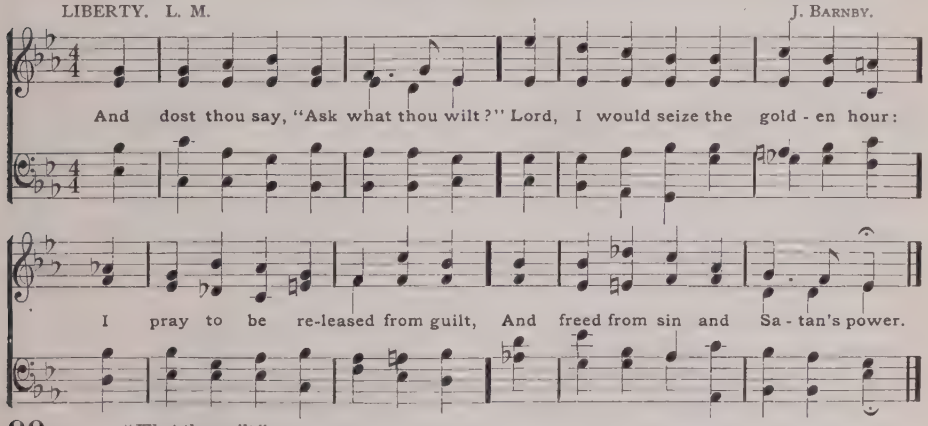
2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

LIBERTY. L. M. J. BARNBY.


And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the gold - en hour:
I pray to be re-leased from guilt, And freed from sin and Sa - tan's power.

99 *"What thou wilt."*

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

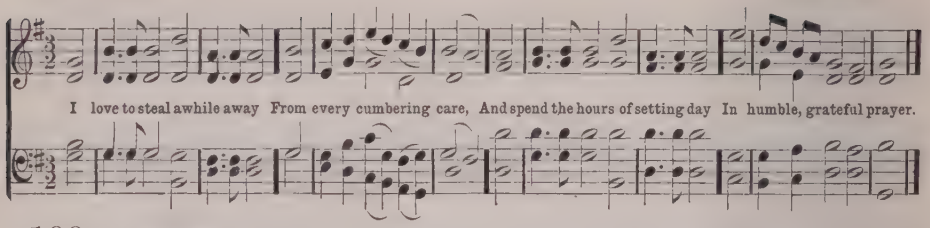
2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

John Newton.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.



100 *Retirement.*

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

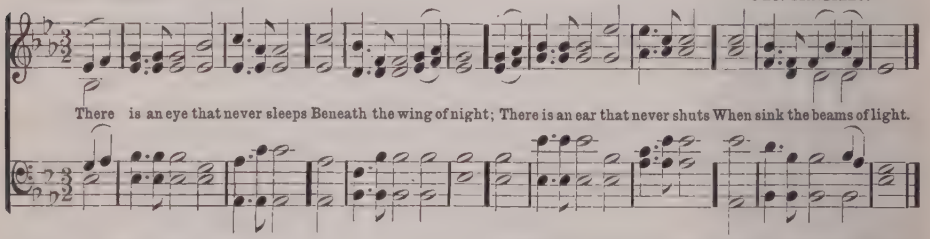
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

SOUTHPORT. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



101 *Prayer has power.*

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

John A. Wallace.

102 *"Two or three."*

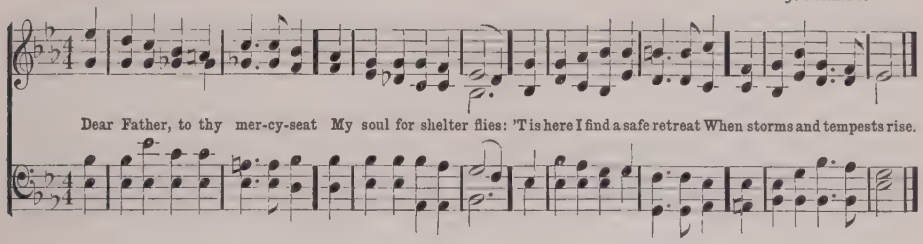
WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thomas Hastings.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M. J. BARNBY.



103 *The mercy-seat.*

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

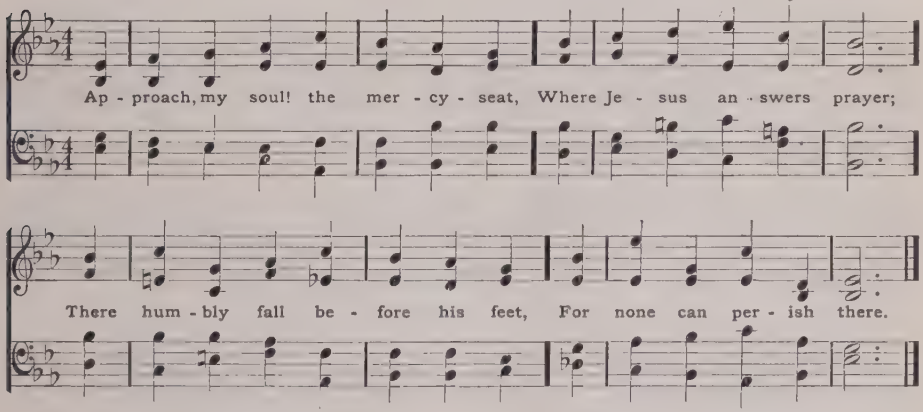
2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

GIFT. C. M. J. BARNBY.



104 *"Weary, heavy laden."*

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee.
And such, O Lord! am I.

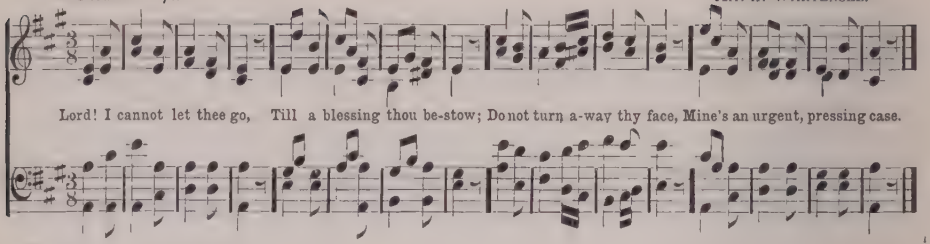
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

John Newton.

HORTON. 7s. Arr. fr. WARTENSEE.



105 *Gen. 32 : 26.*

LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

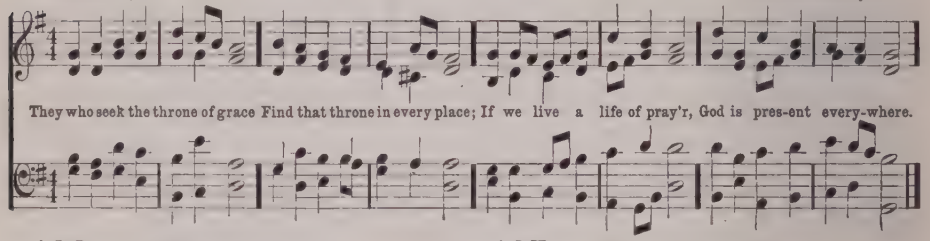
3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

HALL. 7s. German Melody.



106 *God everywhere.*

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

107 *Quiet communion.*

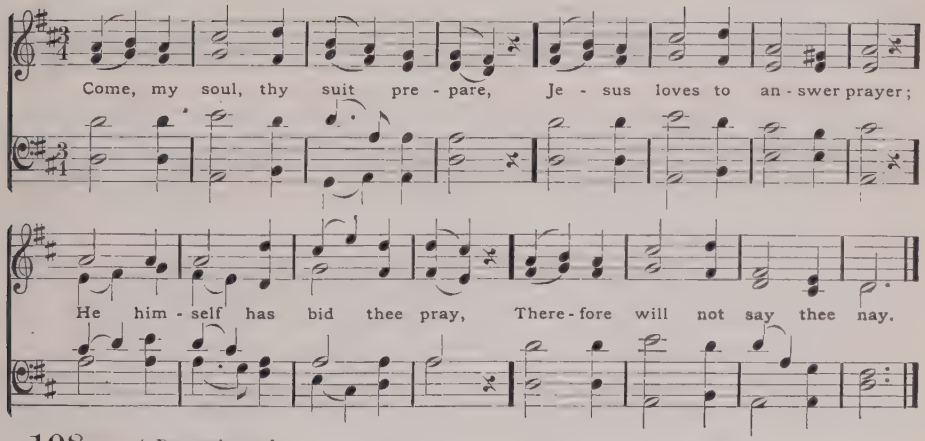
STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light:
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears:
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

DALLAS. 7s. Arr. fr. CHERUBINI.

108 *A Prayer in need.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

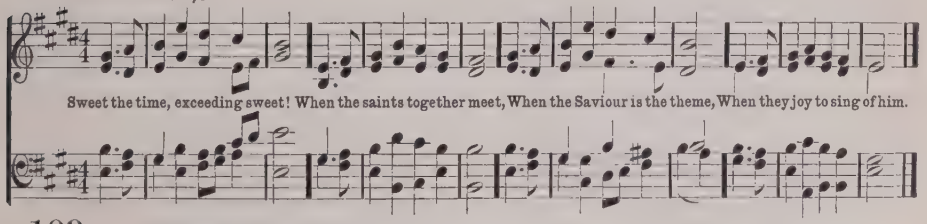
3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

INNOCENTS. 7s. W. H. MONK.



109 *Redeeming Love.*

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

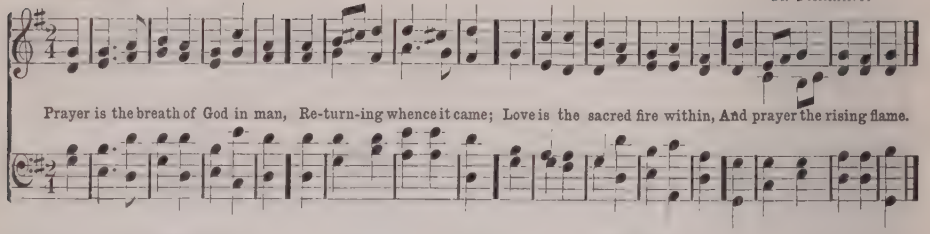
3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

George Burder.

FARRANT. C. M. R. FARRANT.



110 *"The sacred fire."*

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

111 *Retirement.*

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

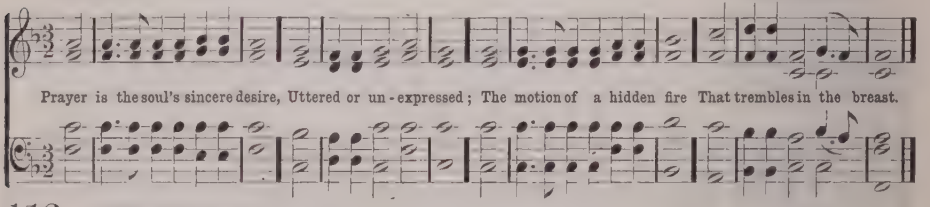
2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy great bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

William Cowper.

BYEFIELD. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



112 *"Behold he prays."*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

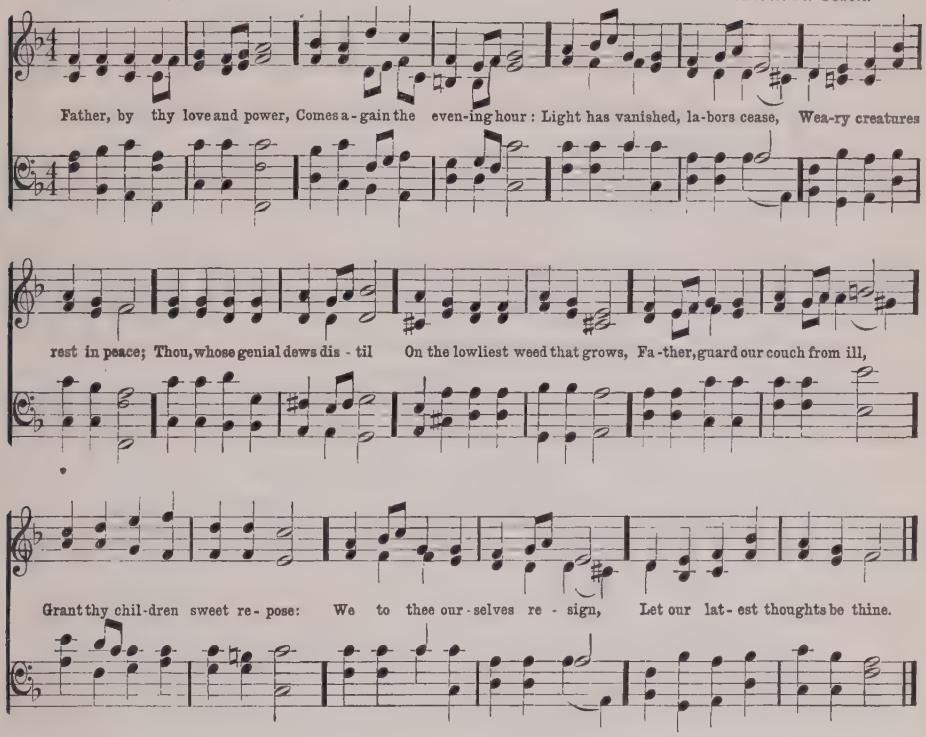
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

PHILIPPI. 7s, 10 l. Arr. fr. M. COSTA.


Father, by thy love and power, Comes a-gain the even-ing hour: Light has vanished, la-bors cease, Wea-ry creatures
rest in peace; Thou, whose genial dews dis - til On the lowliest weed that grows, Fa-ther, guard our couch from ill,
Grant thy chil-dren sweet re - pose: We to thee our-selves re - sign, Let our lat-est thoughts be thine.

113 *The evening hour.*

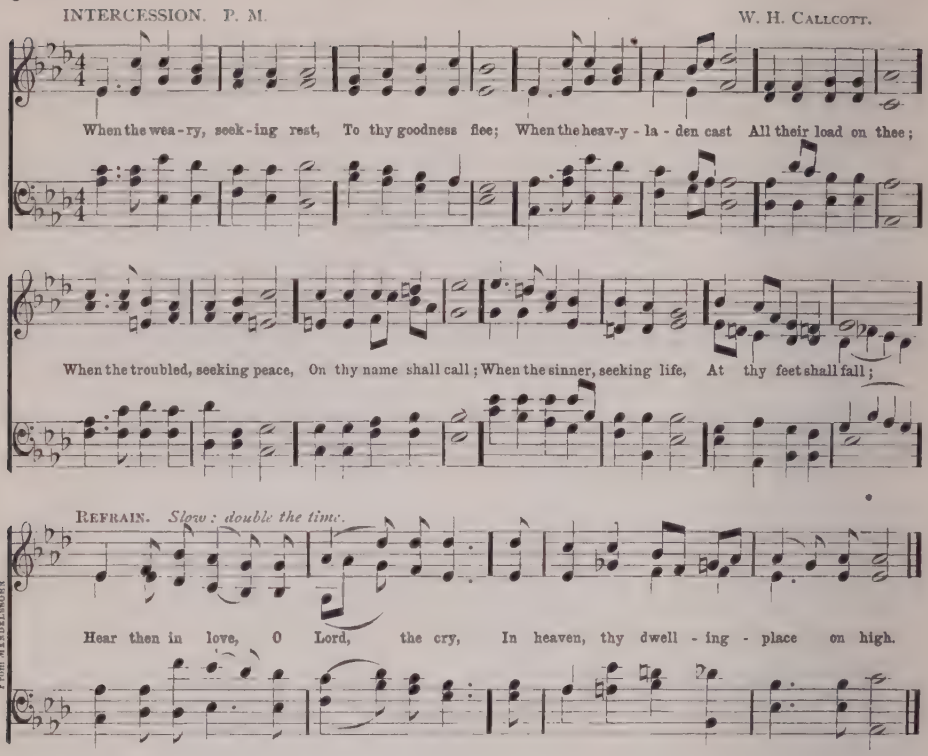
FATHER, by thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, whose genial dews distil
  On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
  Grant thy children sweet repose:
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

2 Saviour, to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
  Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
  Meet the spirit-piercing view;
Blesséd Saviour, yet through thee
Pray that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
  Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
  Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blesséd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let thy angels' guardian host
  Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Joseph Anstice.


INTERCESSION. P. M.
W. H. Callcott.
When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To thy goodness flee; When the heav-y-la-den cast All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At thy feet shall fall;
Refrain. Slow: double the time.
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, thy dwell-ing-place on high.
From Mendelssohn

114 *Hear, O Lord!*

When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

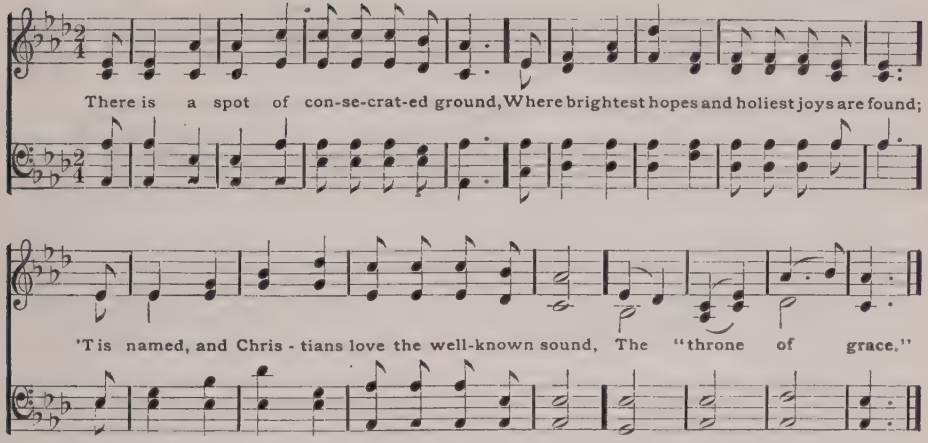
2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnéd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blesséd Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

Horatius Bonar.

MORGAN. 10s, 4. Arr. fr. J. E. GOULD.


There is a spot of con-se-crat-ed ground, Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found;
'T is named, and Chris - tians love the well-known sound, The "throne of grace."

115 *The Throne of Grace.*

THERE is a spot of consecrated ground,
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found;
'T is named, and Christians love the well-known sound,
The "throne of grace."

2 'T is here a calm retreat is always found;
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground;
Pure airs and heavenly odors breathe around
The "throne of grace."

3 While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view commands;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands—
Abodes of peace.

4 This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of the incarnate Deity;
'T is here they find it good indeed to be,
And view his face.

5 Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind,
One who delights the broken heart to bind—
The Prince of Peace.

6 Saviour! the sinner's Friend, our hope, our all!
Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall;
Here on thy name, with love and faith, to call
For pardoning grace.

7 Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till numbered with thy ransomed flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The throne of grace!

Charlotte Elliott.

116 *"Forsake me not."*

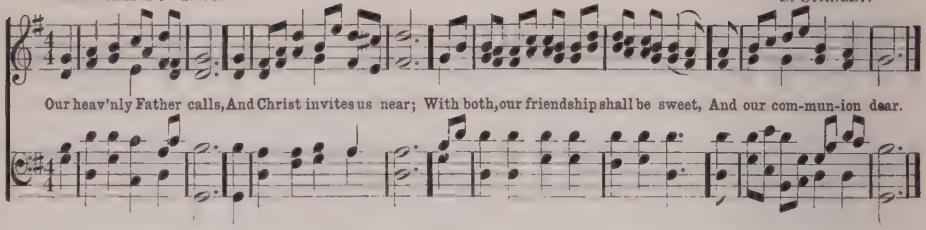
FORSAKE me not! O thou, my Lord, my Light!
I lift mine eyes unto thy holy height,
And trust thee with a child's sweet trust—untaught:
Forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not! By sorrow oft depressed,
On thee alone, Almighty Power, I rest!
Strength faileth me; be thou my strength —Christ-bought:
Forsake me not!

3 Forsake me not! Help me to know thy way!
Let me at last, at closing of my day,
Into the light of thy dear face be brought!
Forsake me not!

Mrs. J. P. Morgan, tr.

SHIRLAND. S. M. S. STANLEY.



117 *"God pities."*

Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

118 *"The throne of grace."*

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

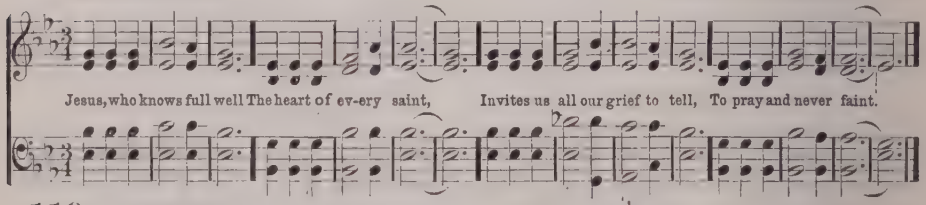
3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

LANGTON. S. M. Arr. by C. STREETFIELD.



119 *Importunity.*

Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

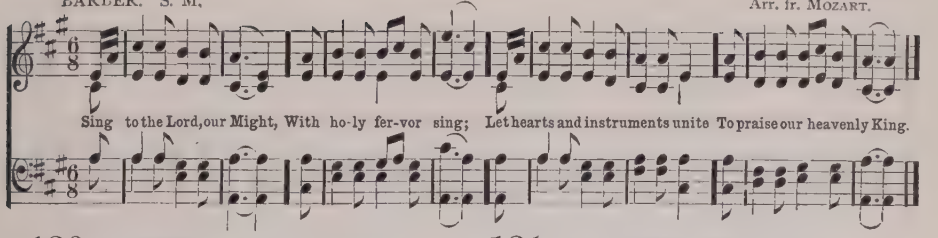
2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton.

BARBER. S. M. Arr. fr. MOZART.



120 *Psalm 81.*

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

Henry F. Lyte.

121 *"Bless the Lord."*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

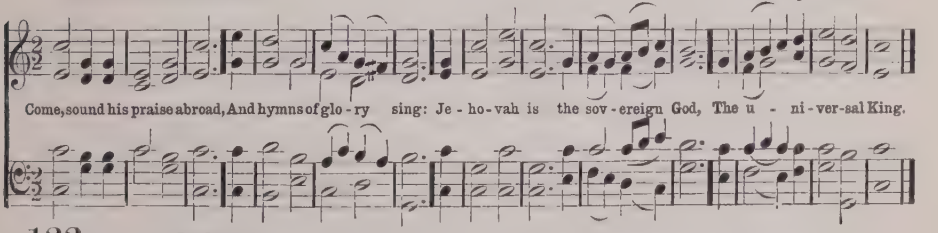
3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

SILVER STREET. S. M. J. SMITH.



122 *Psalm 95.*

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

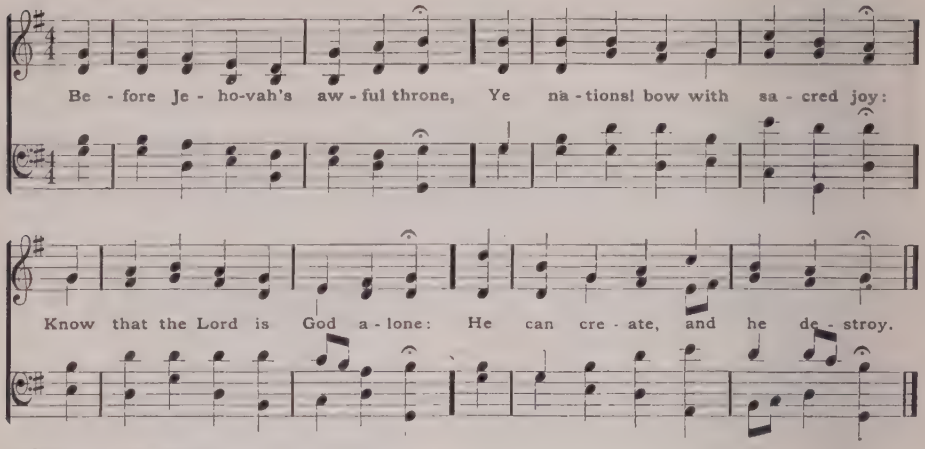
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. G. FRANC.



123 *Psalm 100.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

124 *Psalm 100.*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

125 *Doxology.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

126 *Doxology.*

TO GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts.

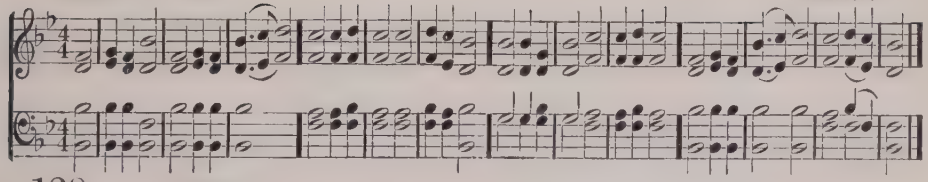
127 *Psalm 117.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



128 *Psalm 65.*

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

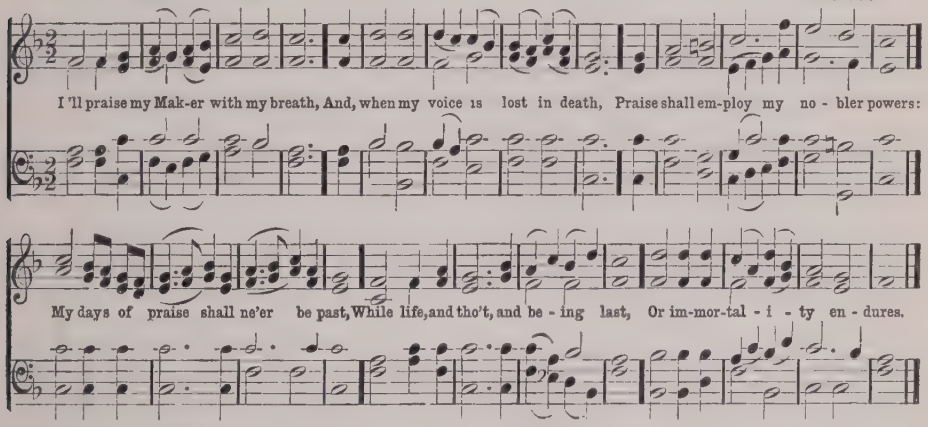
3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M. H. BOND.


I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath, And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and be - ing last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en - dures.

129 *Psalm 146.*

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

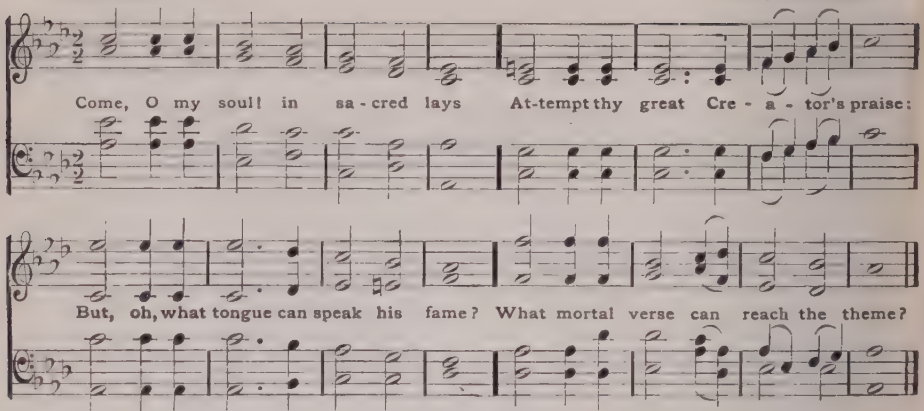
2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

GROSTETE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX.


Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays At-tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

130 *God's glory.*

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works through all this wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

Thomas Blacklock.

131 *Psalm 29.*

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

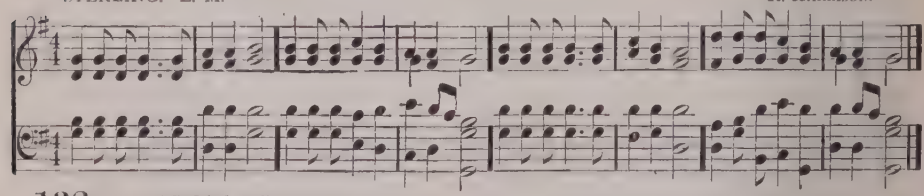
2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

Isaac Watts.

STERLING. L. M. R. HARRISON.



132 *"God is here."*

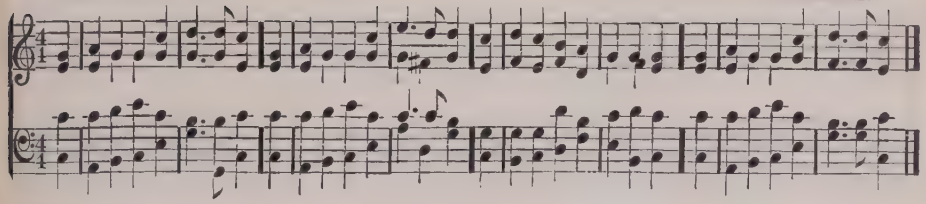
LO, GOD is here!—let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

J. Wesley, tr.

LAUDS. L. M. R. REDHEAD.



133 *A joyful song.*

SING to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair:—

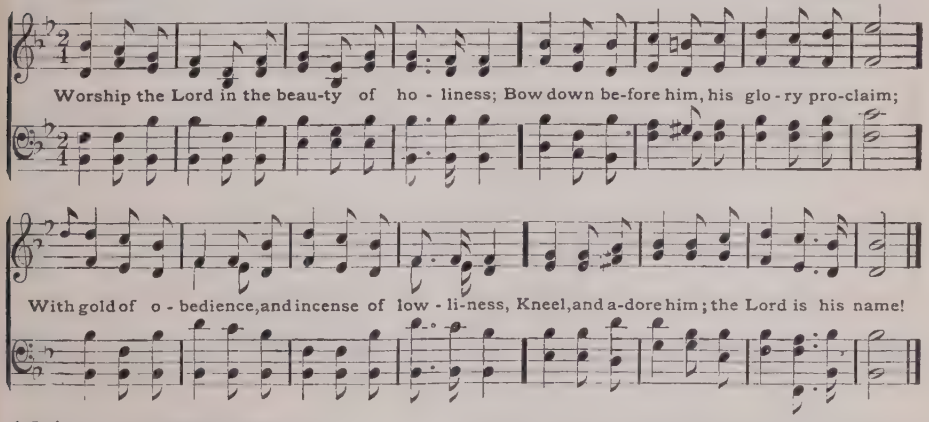
3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true:—

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy:—

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. Monsell.

MONSELL. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - liness; Bow down be-fore him, his glo - ry pro-claim;
With gold of o - bedience, and incense of low - li-ness, Kneel, and a-dore him; the Lord is his name!

134 *"Beauty of holiness."*

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

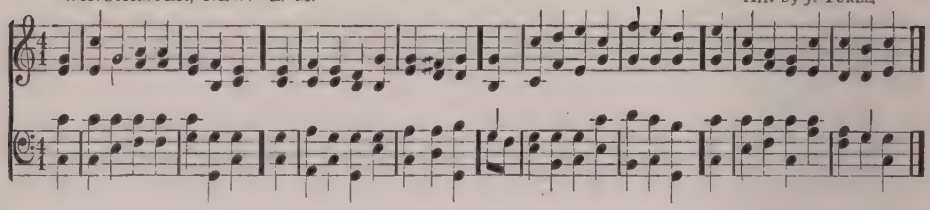
2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our [fear.

J. S. B. Monsell

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M. Arr. by J. TURLE.



135 *God's grace.*

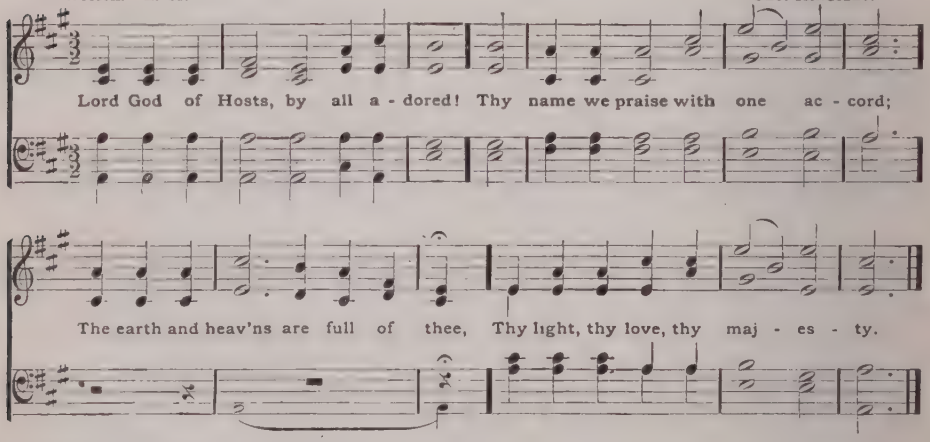
Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts.

WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.

Lord God of Hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;
The earth and heav'ns are full of thee, Thy light, thy love, thy maj - es - ty.

136 *"Te Deum."*

LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

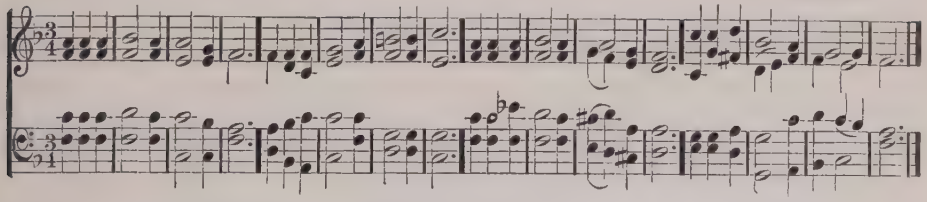
3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

John Gambold, alt.

ST. ALBAN. L. M. ST ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK.



137 *Psalm 36.*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

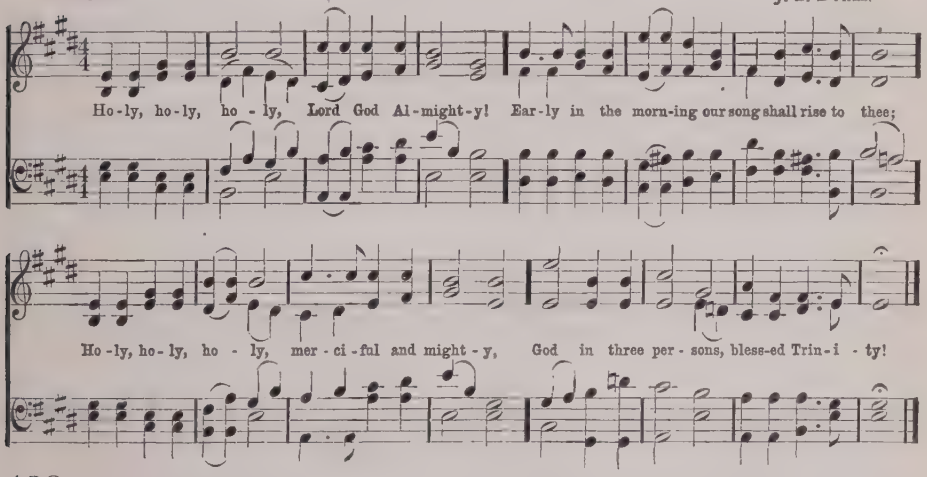
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There, mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

NICÆA. P. M. J. B. DYKES.


Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

138 *The triune God.*

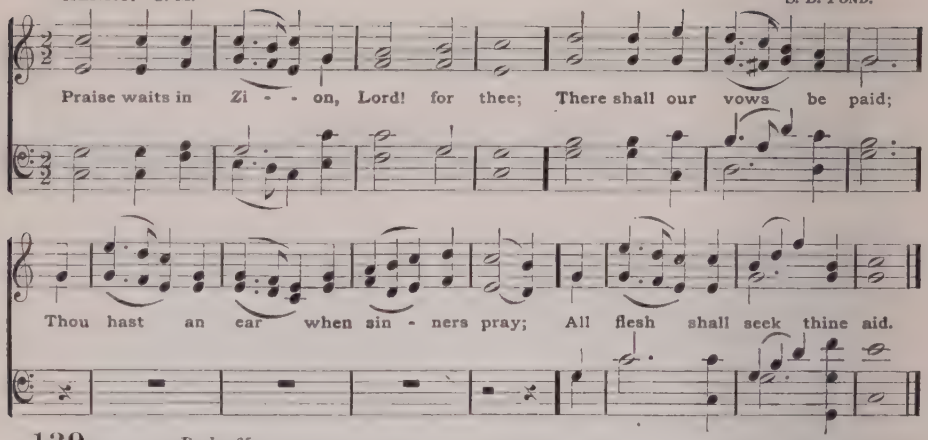
HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

HENRY. C. M. S. B. POND.

Praise waits in Zi - - on, Lord! for thee; There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

139 *Psalm 65.*

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

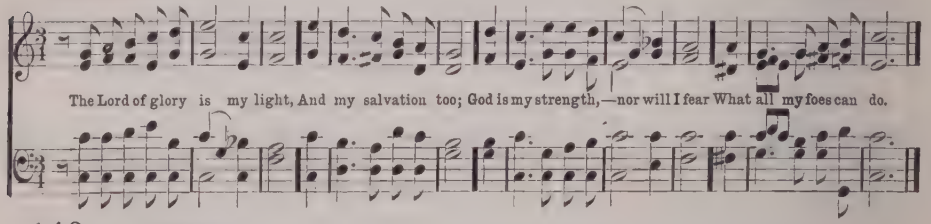
2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

Isaac Watts.

MERTON. C. M. H. K. OLIVER.

140 *Psalm 27.*

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,—
Oh, grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,—
The temples of my God.

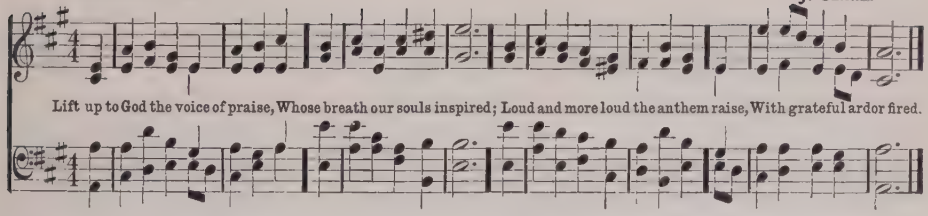
3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. J. CLARK.


Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired.

141 *"The voice of praise."*

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

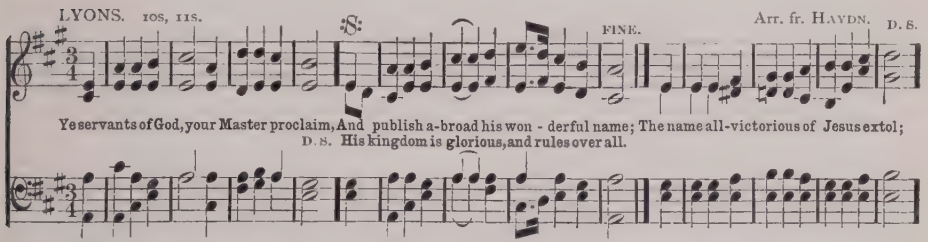
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw.

LYONS. 10s, 11s. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


FINE.
D. S.
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-broad his won - derful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
D. S. His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

142 *"Salvation to God."*

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

143 *"Worship the King."*

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

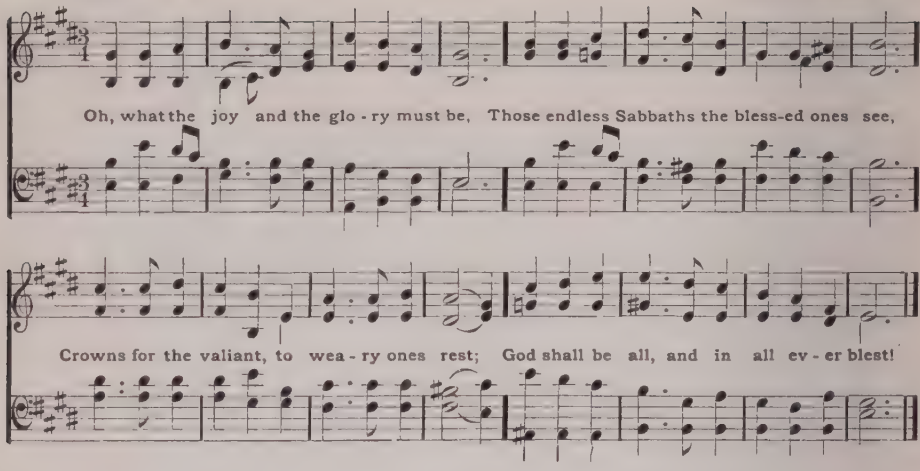
2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Robert Grant.

THORNE. 10s. E. H. THORNE.


Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those endless Sabbaths the bless-ed ones see,
Crowns for the valiant, to wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest!

144 *"There remaineth a rest."*

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see,
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

2 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing,
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise,
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever one.

John M. Neale, tr.

145 *Glory to the Lamb.*

BLESSING, and honor, and glory, and power,
Wisdom, and riches, and strength, evermore,
Give ye to him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

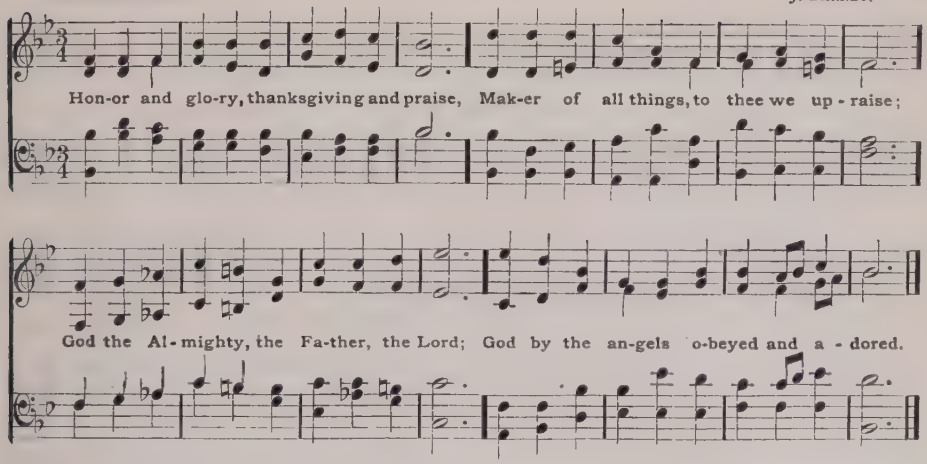
3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar.

LEYDEN. 10s. J. BARNBY.


Hon-or and glo-ry, thanksgiving and praise, Mak-er of all things, to thee we up - raise;
God the Al - mighty, the Fa-ther, the Lord; God by the an-gels o-beyed and a - dored.

146 *God in Creation.*

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to thee we upraise;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to thee owe their birth;
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,
Started to light and to life at thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are thy creatures, and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, thou art Father of all, and thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Sharing our nature, though sinless, thy Son
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in three Persons! give ear to our prayer;
Thought, word, and deed in thine image repair;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

Edwin A. Dayman.

147 *Angels' Worship.*

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice-holy" song ever and aye!

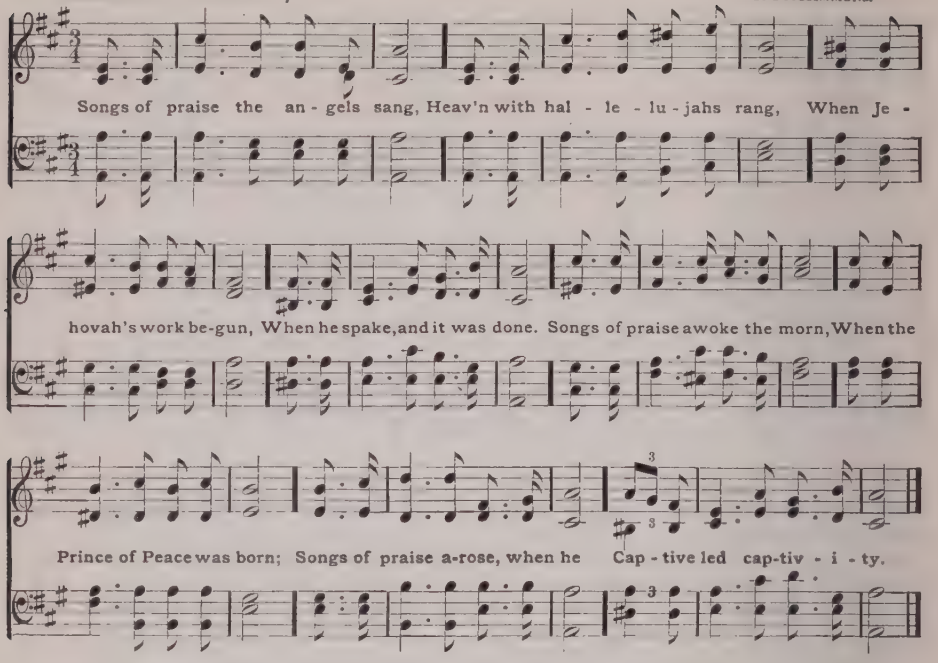
2 These are thy counselors: these dost thou own,
God of Sabàoth! the nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers; these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 When by thy word earth was first poised in space;
When the far planets first sped on their race;
When was completed the six days' employ,
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore!

John M. Neale, tr.

MEMORIAL CHURCH. 7s. D. C. FITZSIMMONS.


Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je -
hovah's work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the
Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a-rose, when he Cap - tive led cap-tiv - i - ty.

148 *Singing to God.*

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

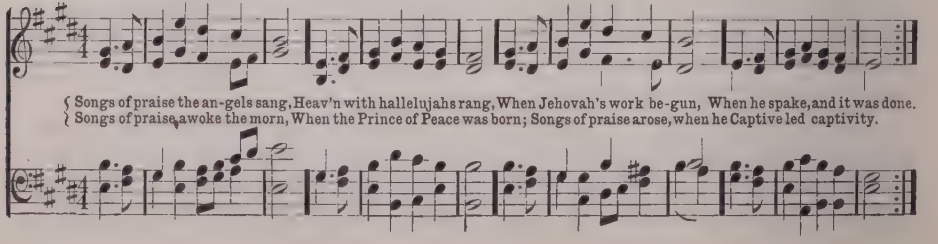
2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

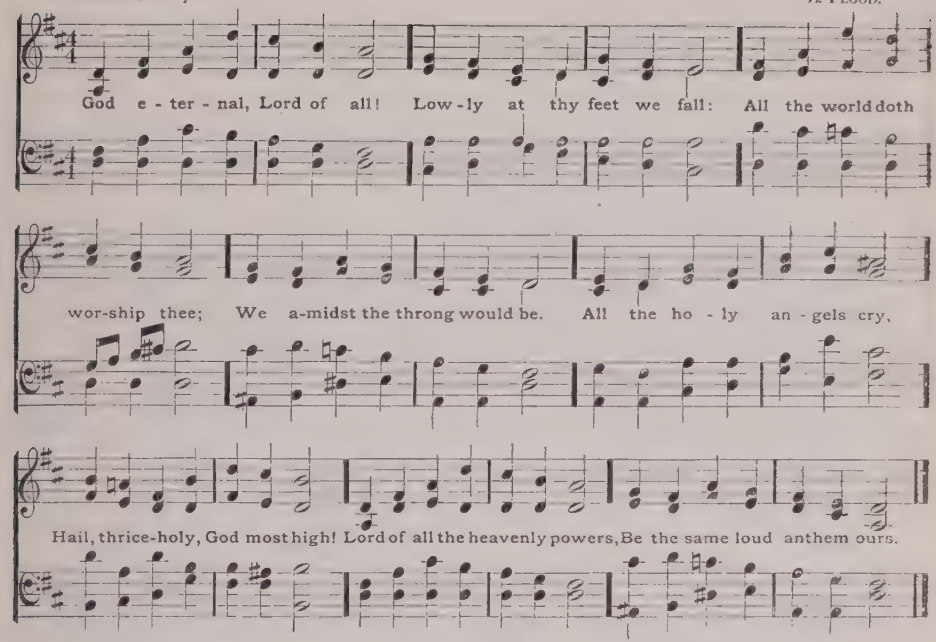
3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

INNOCENTS. 7s. D. W. H. MONK.


Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Captive led captivity.

HONITON. 7s. D. E. FLOOD.


God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Low - ly at thy feet we fall: All the world doth
wor-ship thee; We a-midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high! Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud anthem ours.

149 *"Te Deum."*

GOD eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall:
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.
All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophet's goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.
All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

J. E. Millard, tr.

150 *"In Excelsis."*

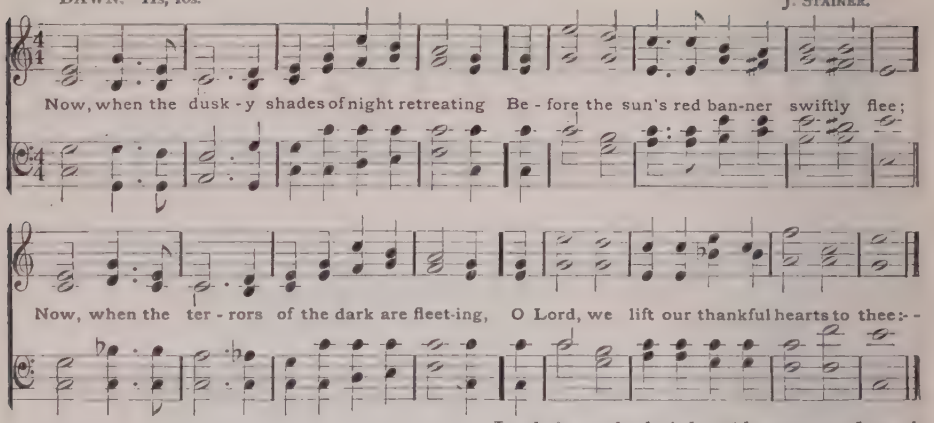
GLORY be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love!
Christ our Lord and God we own,—
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by thy blood.
Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
One supreme eternal Three.

Charles Wesley.

DAWN. 11s, 10s. J. STAINER.


Now, when the dusk-y shades of night retreating Be-fore the sun's red ban-ner swiftly flee;
Now, when the ter-rors of the dark are fleet-ing, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee:--

151 *The light of the Lord.*

Now, WHEN the dusky shades of night retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee:—

2 To thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

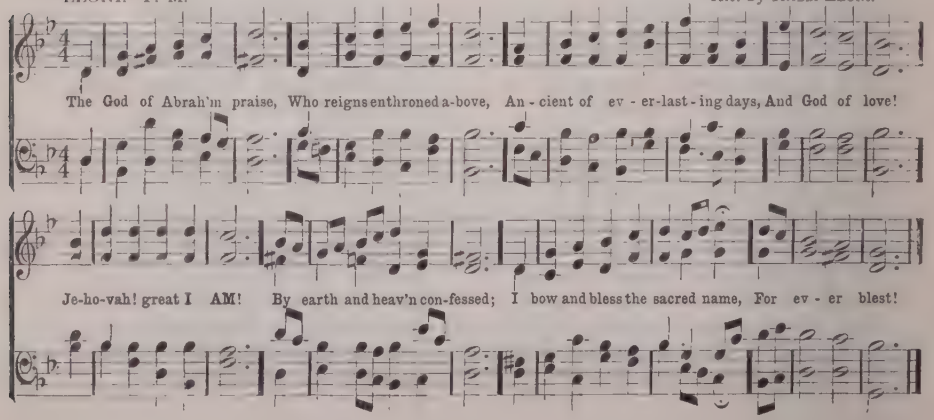
3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

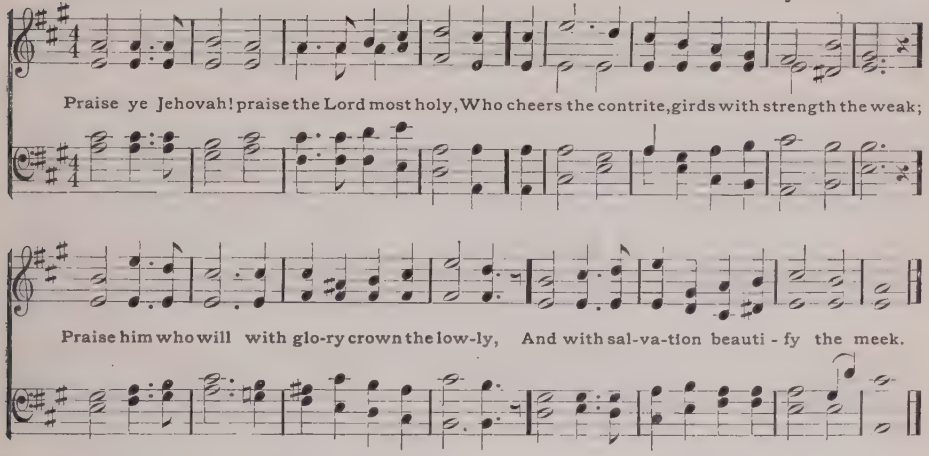
5 Be this by thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confest.

Anon., 1853.

LEONI. P. M. ARR. by RABBI LEONI.


The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove, An-cient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love!
Je-ho-vah! great I AM! By earth and heav'n con-fessed; I bow and bless the sacred name, For ev-er blest!

WORSHIP. 11s, 10s. E. J. HOPKINS.


Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glo-ry crown the low-ly, And with sal-va-tion beauti - fy the meek.

152 *"Praise Jehovah."*

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah! for his loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessings;
Before his gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son:
Praise ye the Son! who died himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One!

Lady Margaret C. Campbell.

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153 P M. *"I am."*

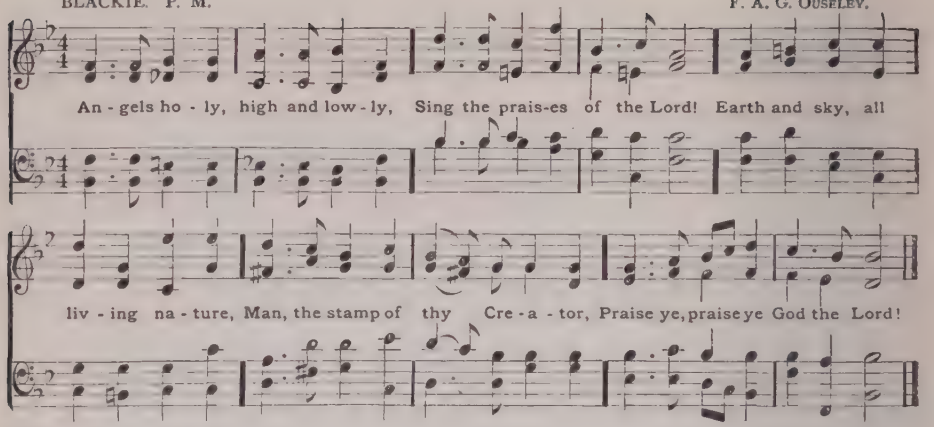
THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

2 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

Thomas Olivers.

BLACKIE. P. M. F. A. G. OUSELEY.


An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all
liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

154 *Universal Adoration.*

ANGELS holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary, tell his glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

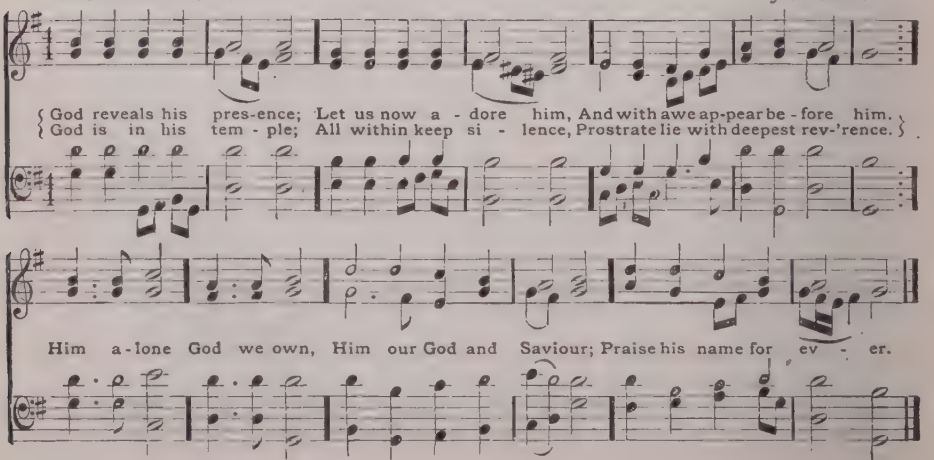
4 Rock and high land, wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks, cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

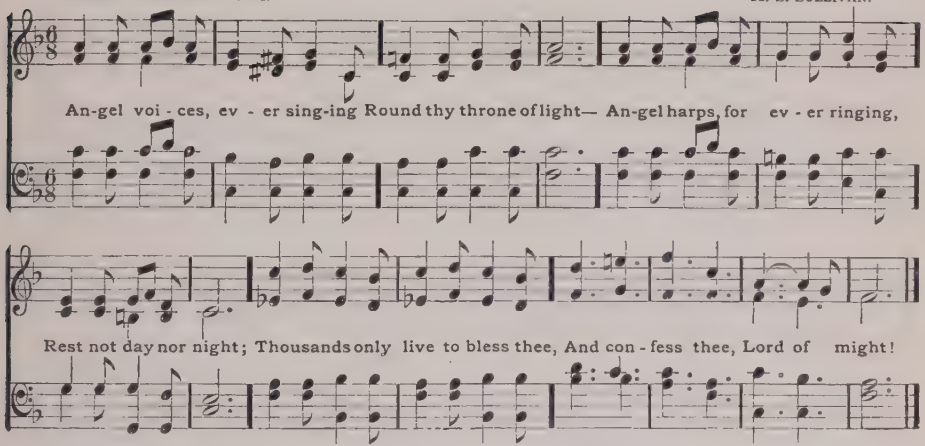
6 Praise him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie.

GRÖNINGEN. P. M. J. NEANDER.


{ God reveals his pres-ence; Let us now a - dore him, And with awe ap-pear be - fore him.
{ God is in his tem - ple; All within keep si - lence, Prostrate lie with deepest rev-'rence.
Him a - lone God we own, Him our God and Saviour; Praise his name for ev - er.

ANGEL VOICES. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.


An-gel voi - ces, ev - er sing-ing Round thy throne of light— An-gel harps, for ev - er ringing,
Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

155 *"Lord of Might."*

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light—
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blesséd Trinity!
Of the best that thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render thee!

Francis Pott.

---

156 P. M. *Divine Presence.*

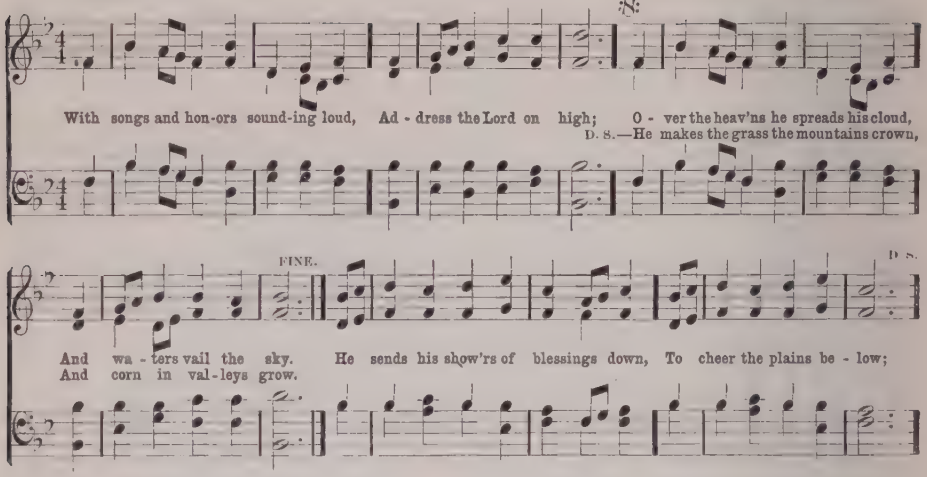
GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him.
God is in his temple;
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence;
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding:
"Holy, holy, holy,"
Hear the hymn ascending—
Angels, saints, their voices blending--
Bow thine ear To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O thou Fount of blessing,
Purify our spirit,
Trusting only in thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold thy glory,
May we ceaselessly adore thee:
Let thy will Ever still,
Rule thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 Jesus, condescending
To the meek and lowly
From thy heaven high and holy,
Make us now thy temple;
Waft us then to regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions;
May this hope Bear us up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on thee, our Saviour.

William Mercer.

ELLACOMBE. C. M. D. St. Gall's Collection.

With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
D. S.—He makes the grass the mountains crown,
FINE.
D. S.
And wa - ters vail the sky. He sends his show'rs of blessings down, To cheer the plains be - low;
And corn in val-leys grow.

157 *Psalm 147.*

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts.

158 *Psalm 139.*

Jehovah God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

John Thomson.

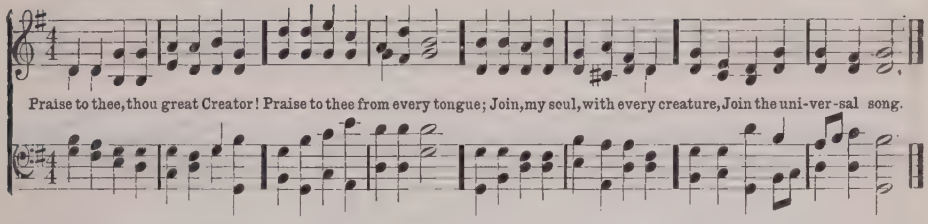
159 *Alpha and Omega.*

To him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—
To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

2 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centres all in thee,
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

Isaac Watts.

STUTTGARD. 8s, 7s. J. G. C. STORL.


Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the uni-ver-sal song.

160 *"Ten thousand blessings."*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine!

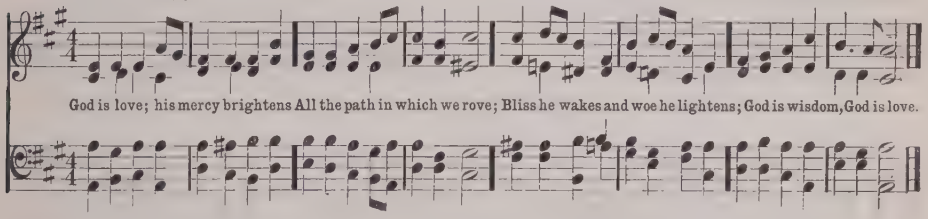
3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

John Fawcett.

CARTER. 8s, 7s. E. S. CARTER.



161 *Wisdom and Love.*

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

162 *Divine Perfections.*

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

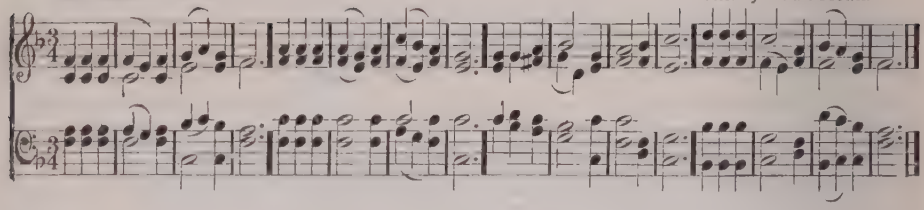
2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

Richard Mant.

HURSLEY. L. M. Arr. by W. H. Monk.



163 *"Sun of my soul!"*

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

John Keble.

164 *Evening Shadows.*

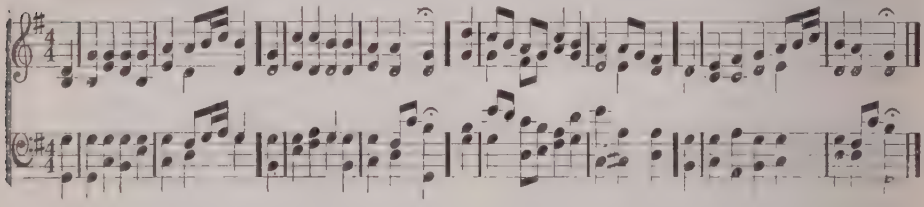
Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. T. Tallis.

165 *Evening song.*

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

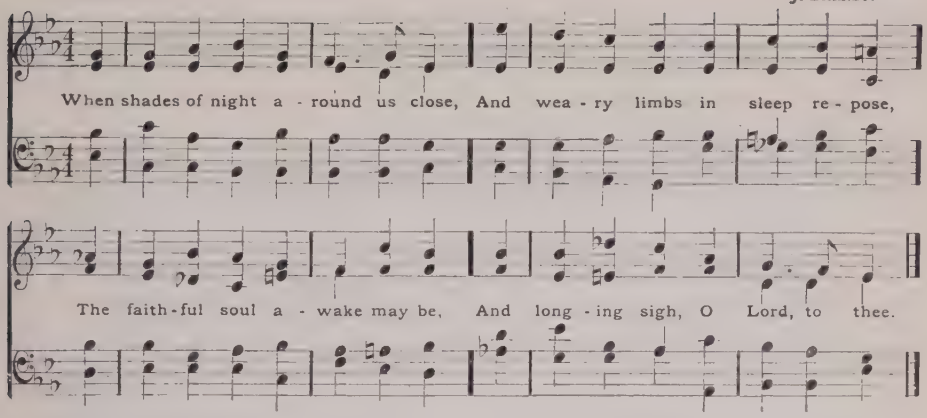
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

LIBERTY. L. M. J. BARNBY.


When shades of night a - round us close, And wea - ry limbs in sleep re - pose,
The faith-ful soul a - wake may be, And long - ing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

166 *"Desire of Nations."*

WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 Oh, come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

4 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Tr. fr. C. Coffin.

167 *"Bless us this eve!"*

O FATHER, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do thy will,
Bless us this eve for Jesus' sake,
And for thy work preserve us still.

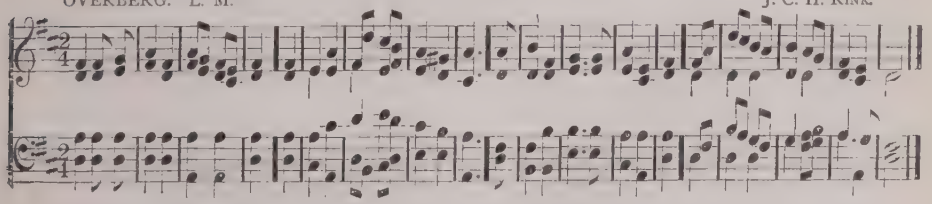
2 O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with thee.

3 O Holy Ghost, who by thy power
Dost sanctify the church elect,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
Our bodies guard, our souls direct.

4 Praise to the Father, and the Son,
O Spirit, equal praise to thee:
All glory be to God alone,
Now, and throughout eternity!

H. B. Heathcote.

OVERBERG. L. M. J. C. H. RINK.



168 *Twilight.*

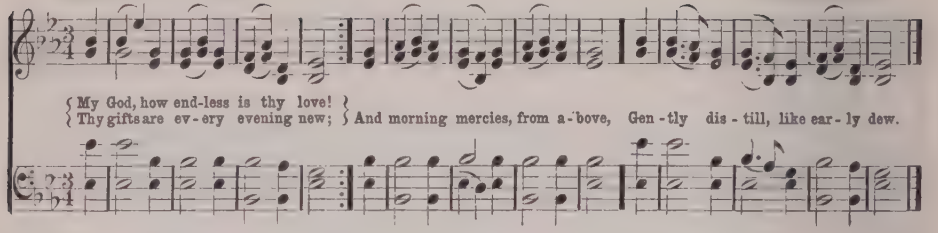
GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

Anne Steele.

GRATITUDE. L. M. T. HASTINGS.


My God, how end-less is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev-ery evening new;
And morning mercies, from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till, like ear-ly dew.

169 *"Perpetual blessings."*

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

170 *Benediction.*

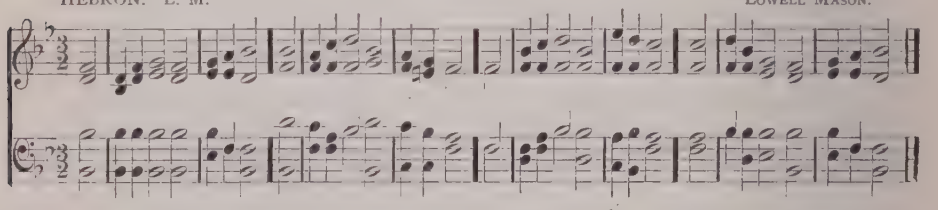
The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Newton.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



171 *Evening.*

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

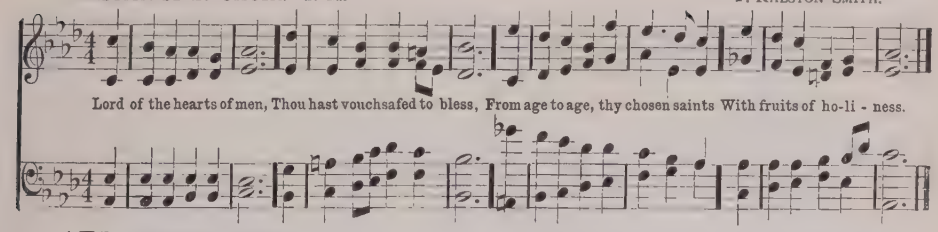
172 *Dismissal.*

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.

WESTMINSTER CHOIR. S. M. T. RALSTON SMITH.



173 *Fruits of Holiness.*

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.

2 Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

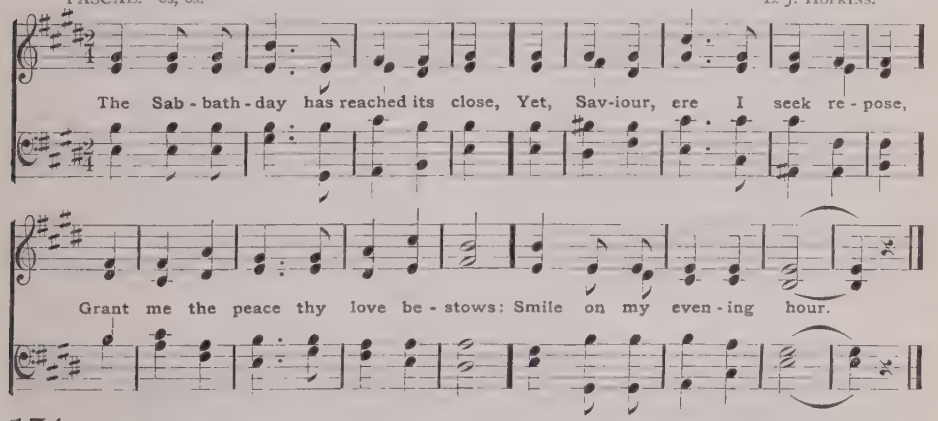
3 Oh, love, oh, truth, oh, light!
Light never to decay!
Oh, rest from thousand labors past!
Oh, endless Sabbath-day!

4 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear
Our harvest-burdens home.

5 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits thyself dost love;
Soon shalt thou from thy judgment-seat
Crown thine own gifts above.

J. R. Woodford, tr.

PASCAL. 8s, 6s. E. J. HOPKINS.


The Sab - bath - day has reached its close, Yet, Sav-iour, ere I seek re - pose,
Grant me the peace thy love be - stows: Smile on my even - ing hour.

174 *The evening hour.*

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace thy love bestows:
Smile on my evening hour.

2 Weary I come to thee for rest;
Hallow and calm my troubled breast:
Grant me thy Spirit for my guest:
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.

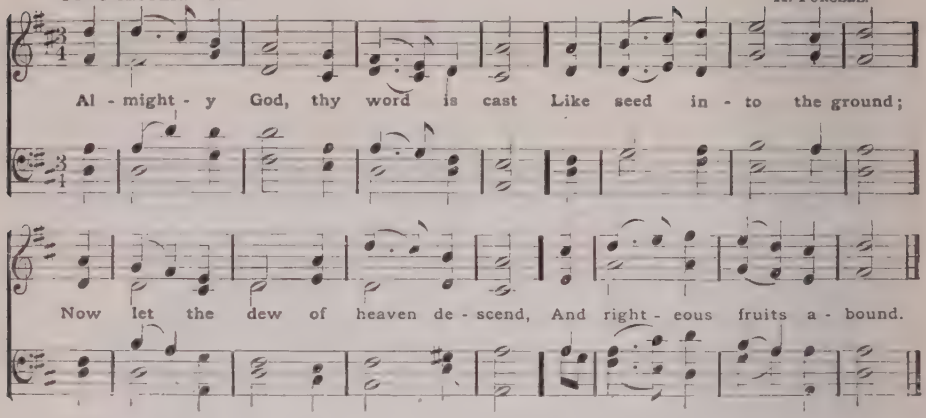
4 O Jesus, Lord enthroned on high,
Thou hearest the contrite spirit's sigh;
Look down on me with pitying eye:
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor thou,
Mingle thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer, and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when time's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott.

COLCHESTER. C. M. H. PURCELL.



175 *"Precious seed."*

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

John Cawood.

176 *"Keep us."*

ANOTHER day is past and gone,
O God, we bow to thee;
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To thy defence we flee.

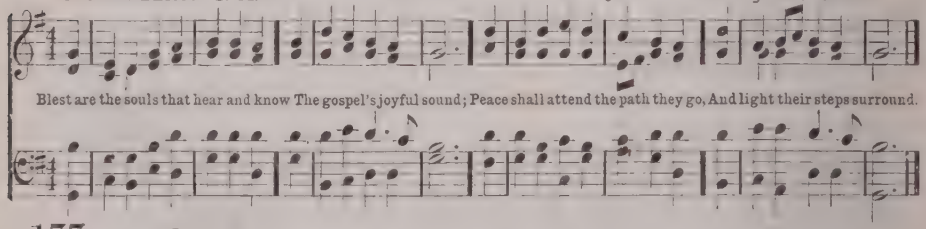
2 Forgive us all the evil done,
The good undone, to-day;
And keep us from the Wicked One,
Now, Father, and for aye.

3 When shall that day of gladness come,
Ne'er sinking in the west;
That country and that blesséd home,
Where none shall break our rest;—

4 Where we, O God, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing?

Isaac Williams, tr

GRAFENBERG. C. M. J. G. C. STORL.


Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the path they go, And light their steps surround.

177 *Psalm 89.*

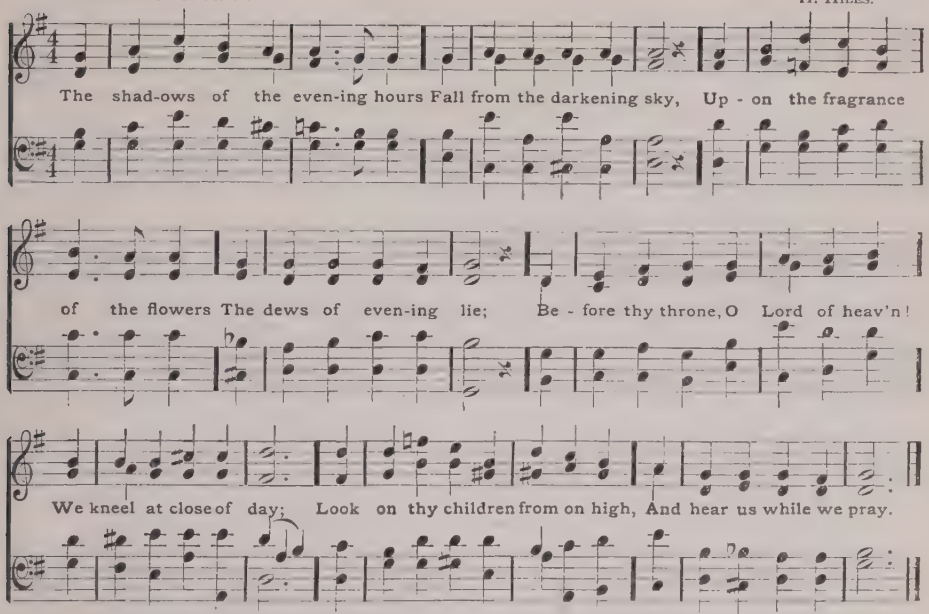
BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts.

LEONARD. C. M. D. H. HILES.


The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky, Up - on the fragrance
of the flowers The dews of even-ing lie; Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n!
We kneel at close of day; Look on thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

178 *Twilight.*

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows of our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

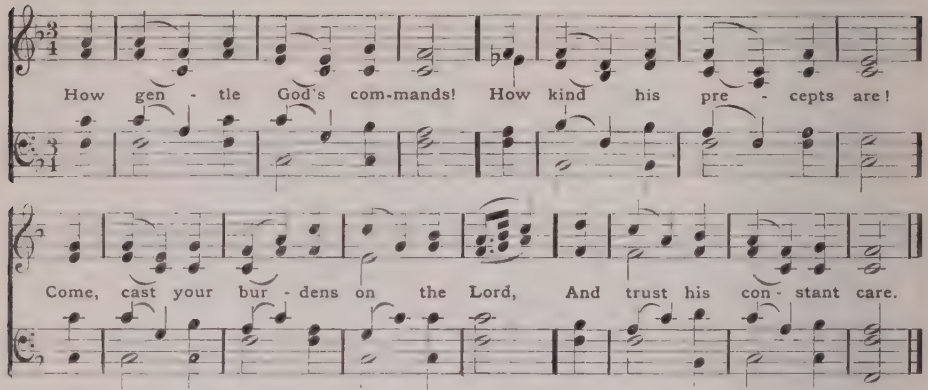
Adelaide A. Procter.

179 *Psalm 134.*

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!
Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

2 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge.

DENNIS. S. M. Arr. fr H. G. NAGELI.

180 *"He careth."*

How GENTLE God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord.
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet.
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

181 *"Still with thee."*

STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

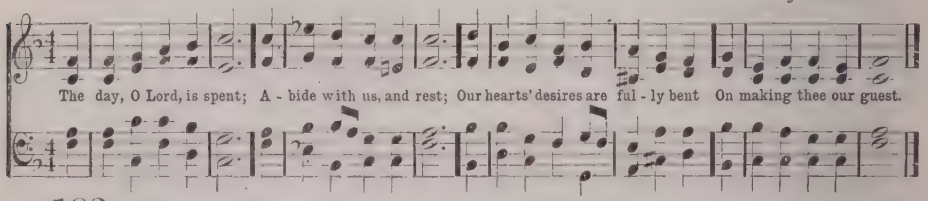
2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns.

NEALE. S. M. J. BARNBY.



182 *"Abide with us"*

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

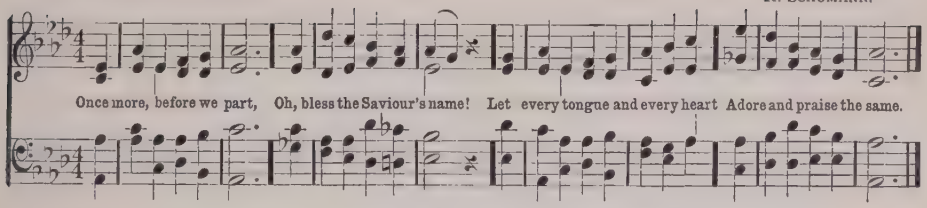
2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

John M. Neale.

SCHUMANN. S. M. R. SCHUMANN.



183 *At Dismission.*

ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart.

184 *Evening.*

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

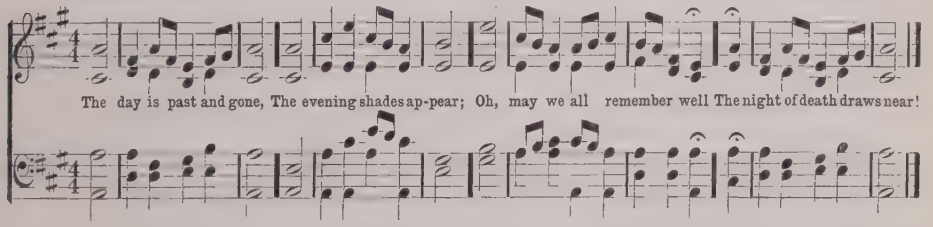
2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

Philip Doddridge

EVENING. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



185 *Home Hymn.*

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

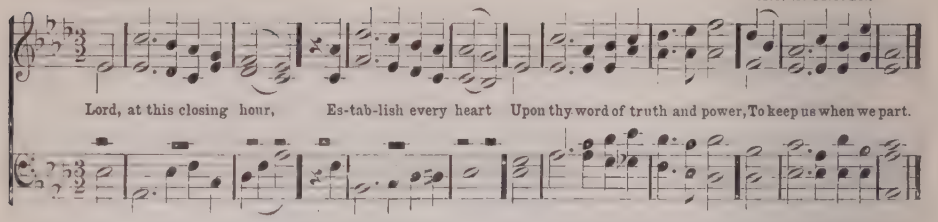
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland.

HAYDN. S. M. Arr. fr. HAYDN.



186 *"Closing Hour."*

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

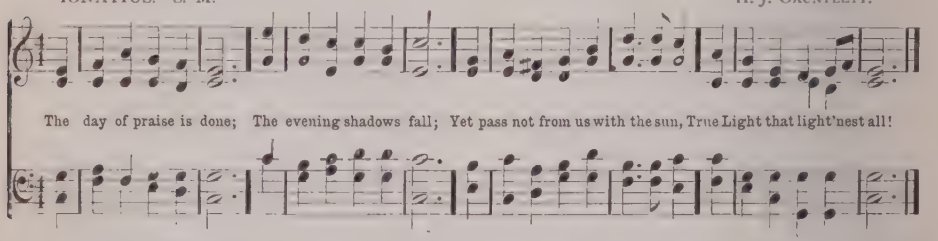
2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

E. T. Fitch.

IGNATIUS. S. M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



187 *Sabbath ended.*

THE day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton.

188 *Doxology.*

TO GOD the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

Isaac Watts.

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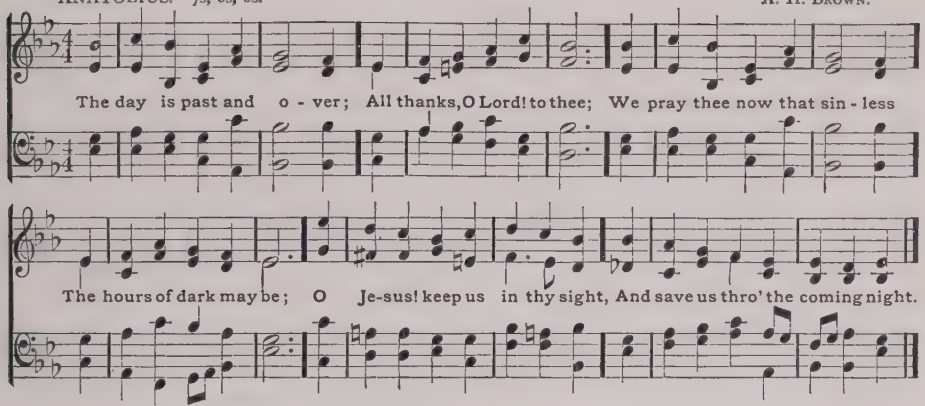

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord! to thee; We pray thee now that sin - less
The hours of dark may be; O Je-sus! keep us in thy sight, And save us thro' the coming night.

189 *"Guard and save."*

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord! to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

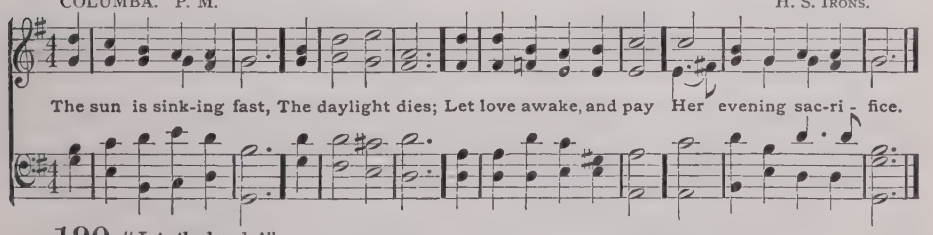
2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee;
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

J. M. Neale, tr.

COLUMBA. P. M. H. S. IRONS.



190 *"Into thy hands!"*

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;—

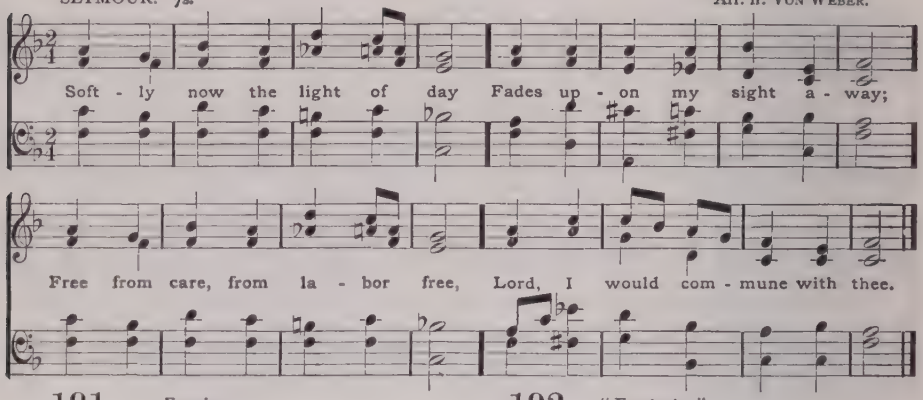
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

5 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

Edward Caswall, tr.

SEYMOUR. 7s. Arr. fr. VON WEBER.



191 *Evening.*

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane.

192 *"Foretastes."*

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

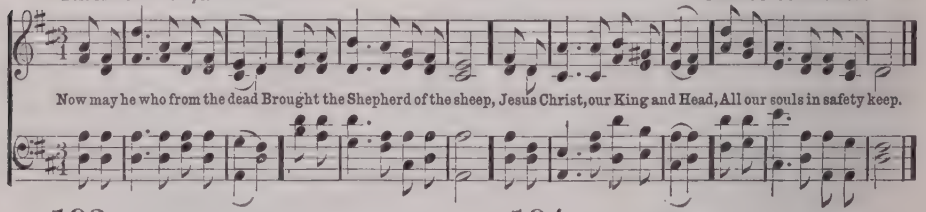
2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Fortastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

O. P., 1820.

BEMINSTER. 7s. BRISTOL COLLECTION.



193 *Closing Benediction.*

NOW MAY he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

John Newton.

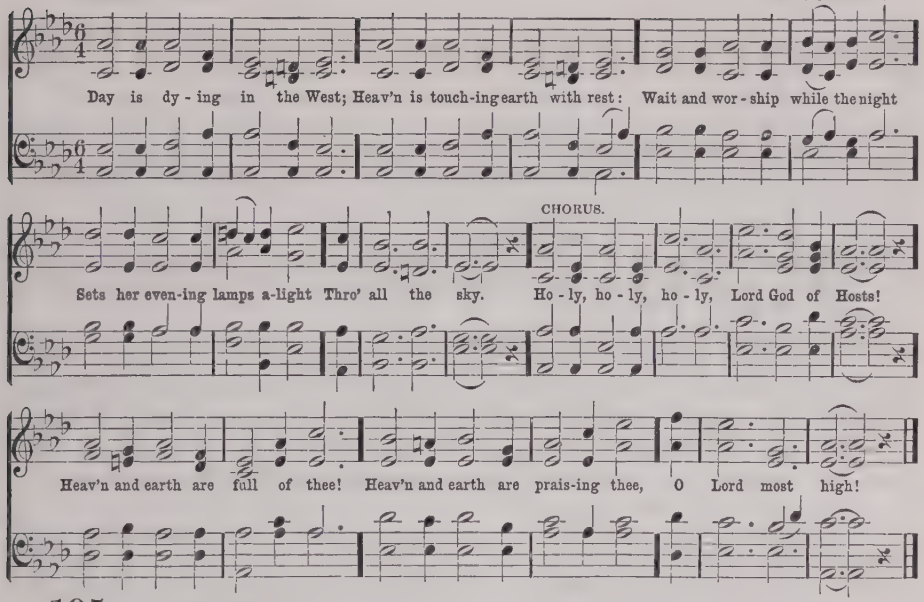
194 *Doxology.*

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:—

2 Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;—
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder.

EVENING PRAISE. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest: Wait and wor - ship while the night
CHORUS.
Sets her even-ing lamps a-light Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing thee, O Lord most high!

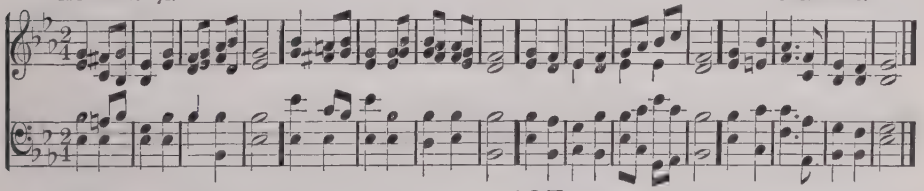
195 *"Day is dying."*

DAY is dying in the West;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.—CHO.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.—CHO.

Mary A. Lathbury.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



196 *Separation.*

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

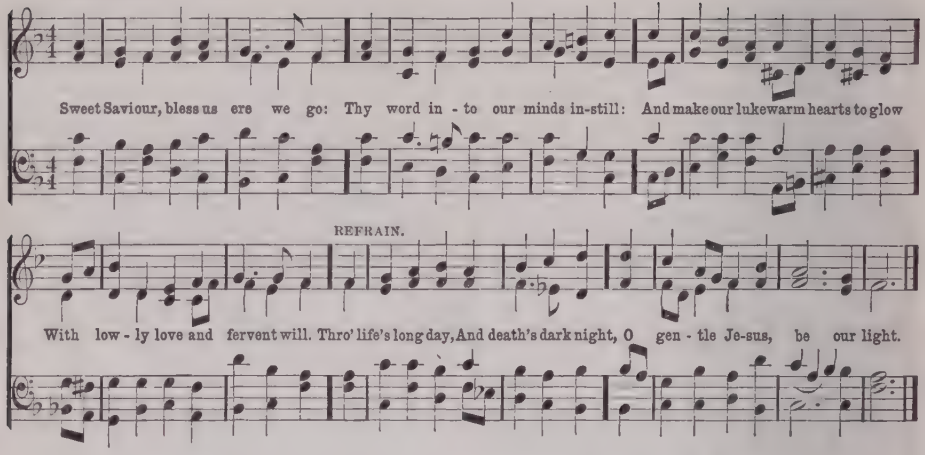
197 *Hymn at Parting.*

THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

Eliza Lee Follen.

MATTHIAS. L. M. 61. W. H. MONK.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in-still: And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
REFRAIN.
With low - ly love and fervent will. Thro' life's long day, And death's dark night, O gen - tle Je-sus, be our light.

198 *"Ere we go."*

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

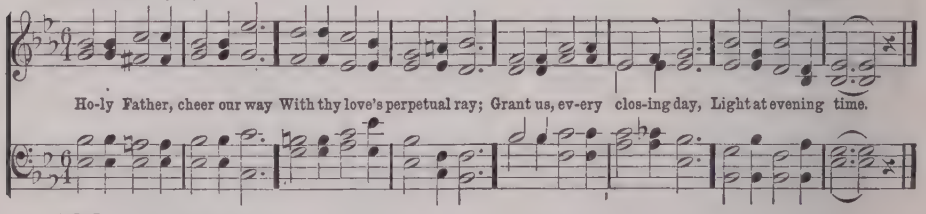
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.—REF.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

NELLINE. 7s, 5. W. F. SHERWIN.



199 *Evening Hymn.*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

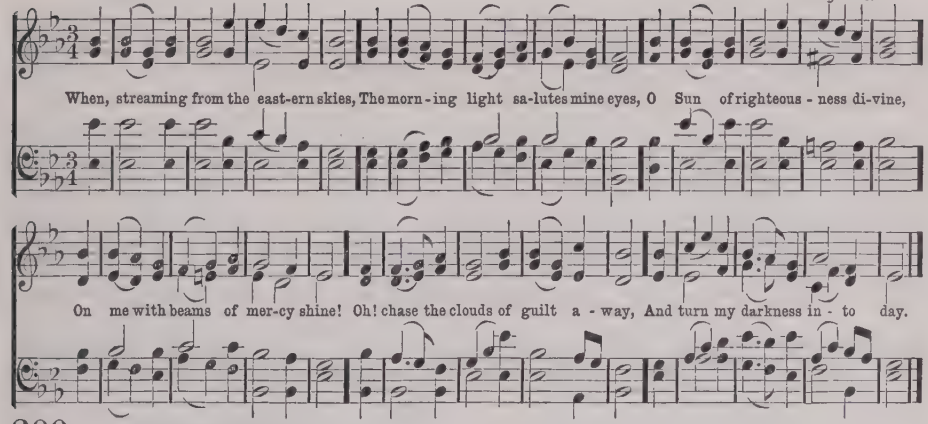
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson.

STELLA. L. M. 61. CROWN OF JESUS.


When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes, O Sun of righteous-ness di-vine,
On me with beams of mer-cy shine! Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my darkness in-to day.

200 *Constant Devotion.*

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

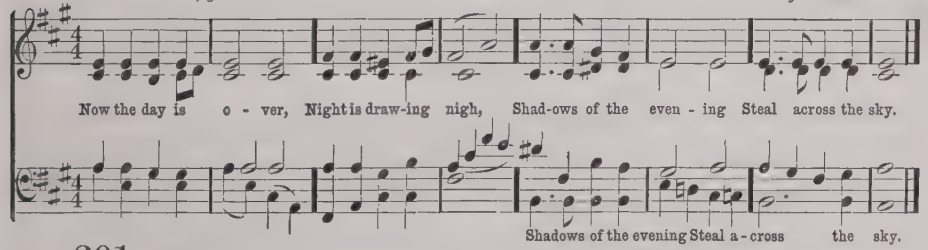
2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s. J. BARNBY.


Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the even - ing Steal across the sky.
Shadows of the evening Steal a-cross the sky.

201 *Day is Over.*

NOW THE day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

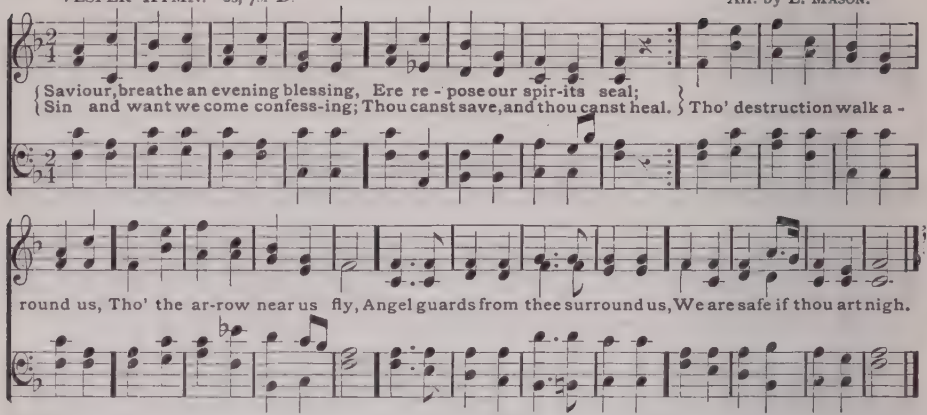
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by L. MASON.


{Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;
{Sin and want we come confess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.} Tho' destruction walk a -
round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

202 *Evening blessing.*

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

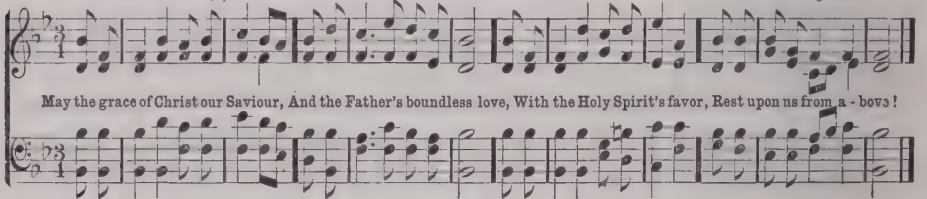
203 *The Pilgrim.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. D. E. JONES.



204 *Benediction.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

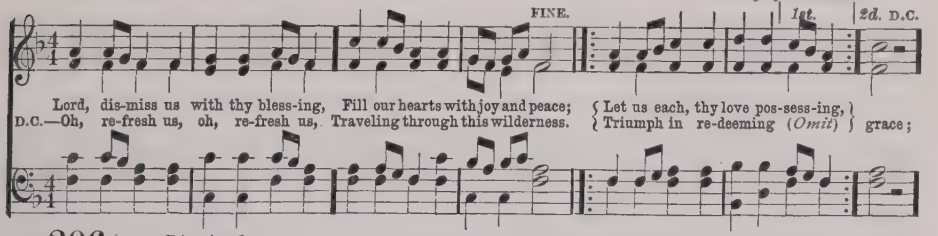
205 *Dismissal.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we 'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker.

GREENVILLE 8s, 7s, 4s. J. J. ROUSSEAU.


FINE.
1st. 2d. D.C.
Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, }
D.C.—Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness. { Triumph in re-deeming (Omit) } grace;

206 *Dismissal.*

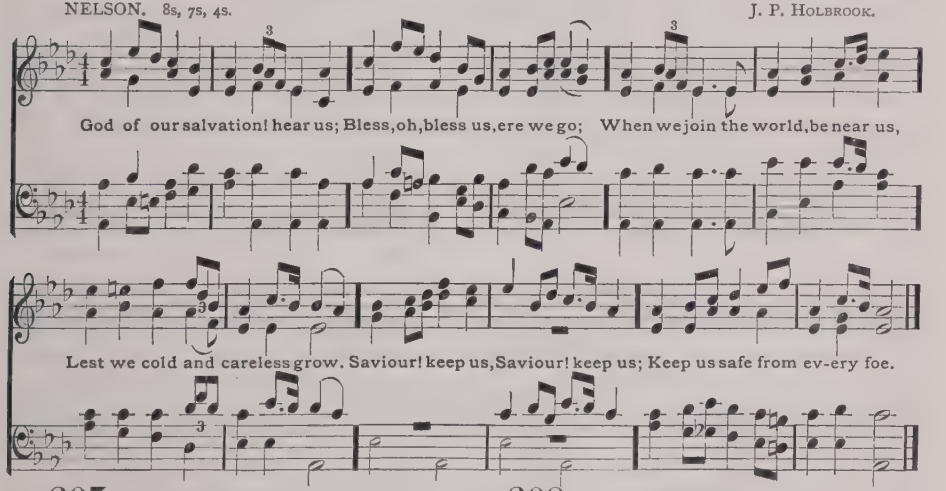
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

John Fawcett.

NELSON. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.


God of our salvation! hear us; Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go; When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow. Saviour! keep us, Saviour! keep us; Keep us safe from ev-ery foe.

207 *"Keep us safe."*

GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly.

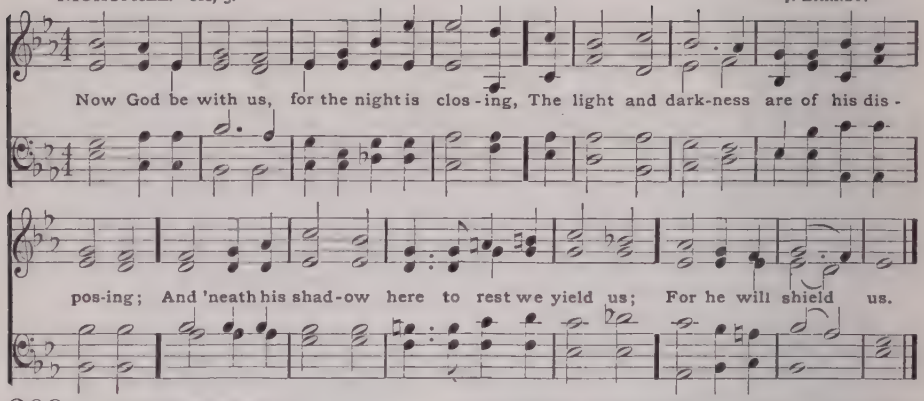
208 *"Lord, keep us."*

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

Thomas Kelly.

NIGHTFALL. 11s, 5. J. BARNBY.


Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing, The light and dark-ness are of his dis-
pos-ing; And 'neath his shad-ow here to rest we yield us; For he will shield us.

209 *"Lord everlasting."*

Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us;
For he will shield us.

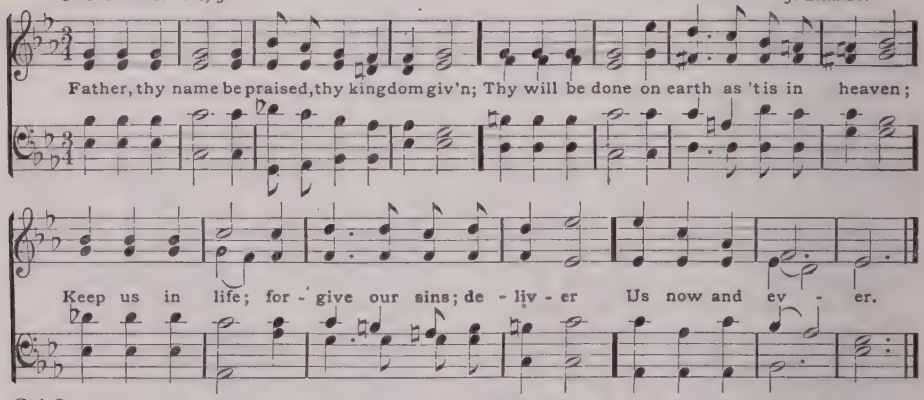
2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

C. Winkworth, tr.

CLOISTERS. 11s, 5. J. BARNBY.


Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom giv'n; Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life; for-give our sins; de-liv-er Us now and ev-er.

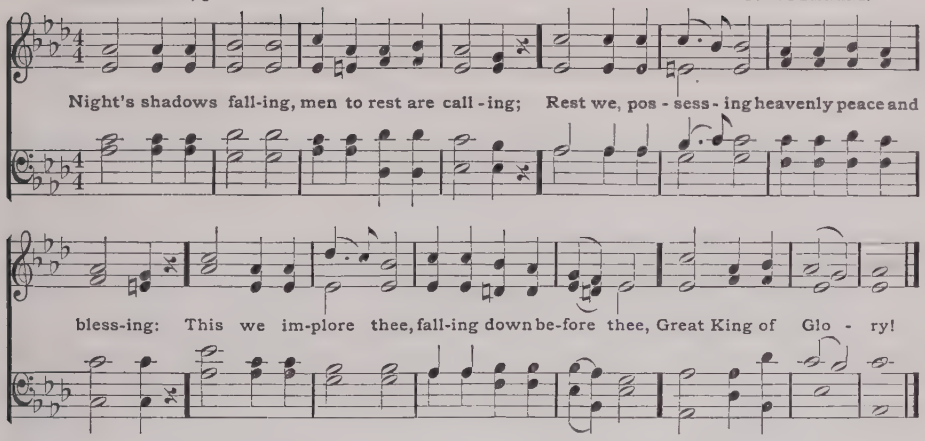
210 *Prayer and Praise.*

FATHER, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given;
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

2 Praise be to thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting!

C. Winkworth, tr.

INTEGER. 11s, 5. F. F. FLEMMING.


Night's shadows fall-ing, men to rest are call-ing; Rest we, pos-sess-ing heavenly peace and
bless-ing: This we im-plore thee, fall-ing down be-fore thee, Great King of Glo-ry!

211 *"King of Glory!"*

NIGHT'S shadows falling, men to rest are calling;
Rest we, possessing heavenly peace and blessing:
This we implore thee, falling down before thee,
Great King of Glory!

2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth, whom thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
Oh, hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

4 Thou ever livest; endless life thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er thy faithful sleeping;
In thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Arthur T. Russell.

212 *Evening confession.*

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness!
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us!
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

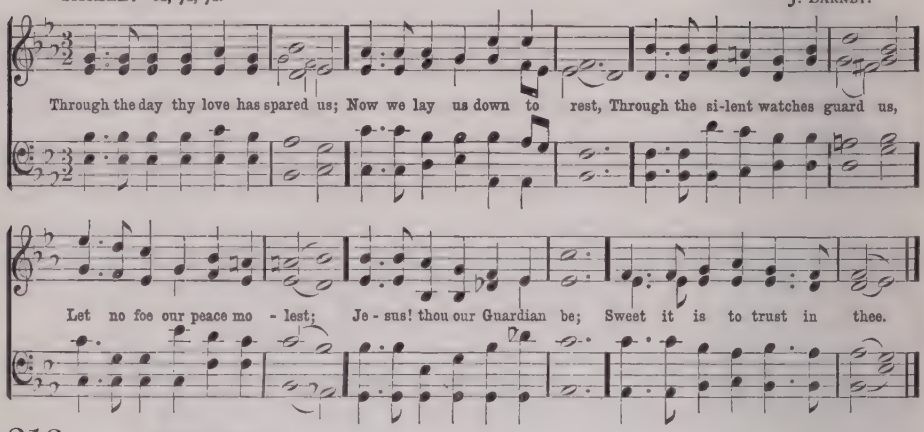
3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest,
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where ev'ry flower, escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

John Bowring.

SHIELD. 8s, 7s, 7s. J. BARNBY.


Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest, Through the si-lent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace mo - lest; Je - sus! thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee.

213 *Abiding Trust.*

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly.

214 *Parting blessing.*

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let thy Holy Dove descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Bless the gospel message spoken,
In thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of thy tender love to-day:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by thy grace divine;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

4 Pardon thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By thy great example taught:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney.

215 *Divine Love.*

HOLY Father! we address thee—
Loved in thy belovéd Son;
Holy Son of God, we bless thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one;
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
This glad work to thee belongs.

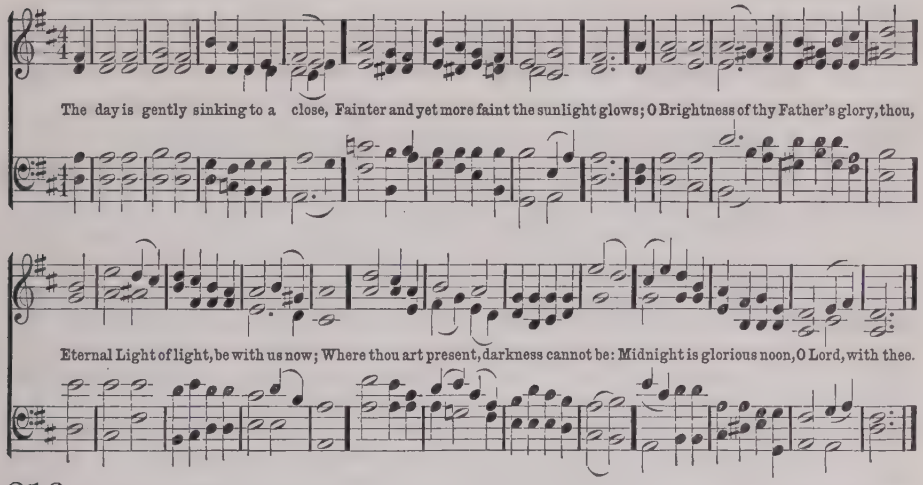
2 Wondrous was thy love, O Father!
Wondrous thine, O Son of God!
Vast the love that bruised and wounded,
Vast the love that bore the rod;
Holy Spirit, still reveal
How those stripes alone can heal.

3 Gracious Father! thy good pleasure
Is to love us as thy Son,
Meting out the self-same measure,
Since thou seest us as one.
Blesséd Jesus, loved are we,
As the Father loveth thee.

4 Hallelujah! we are hasting
To our Father's house above;
By the way our souls are tasting
Rich and everlasting love;
In Jehovah is our boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

GENNESARET. 10s. 6l. H. SMART.


The day is gently sinking to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows; O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now; Where thou art present, darkness cannot be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

216 *"It is I."*

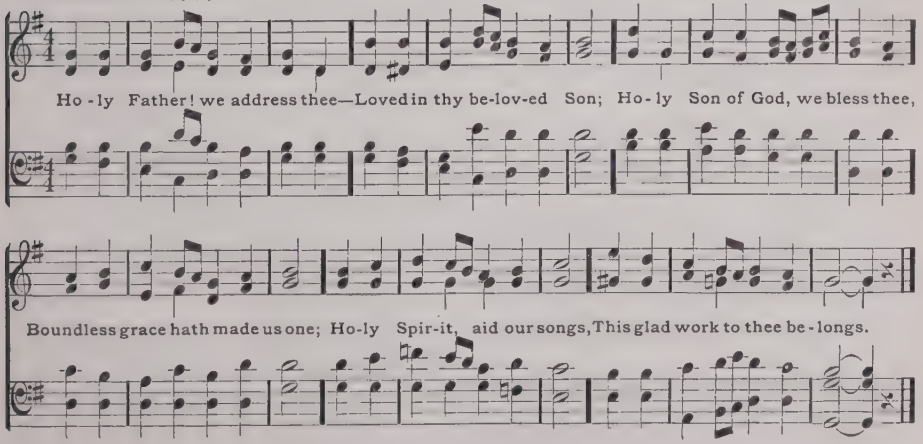
THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where thou art present, darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

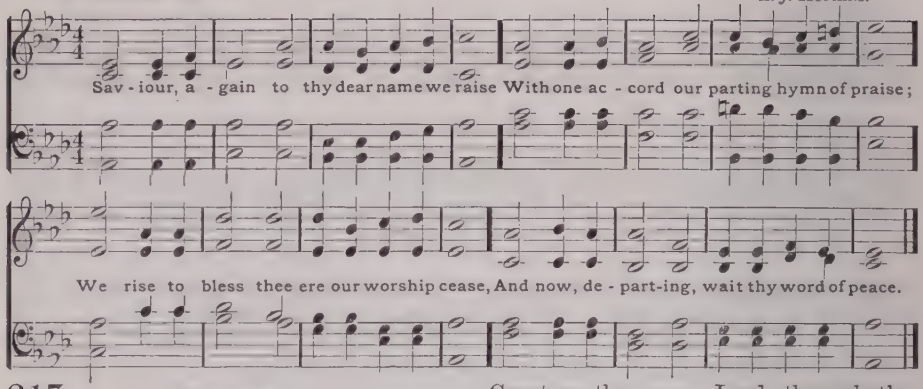
3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth.

MURIEL. 8s, 7s, 7s. C. GOUNOD.


Ho-ly Father! we address thee—Loved in thy be-lov-ed Son; Ho-ly Son of God, we bless thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one; Ho-ly Spir-it, aid our songs, This glad work to thee be-longs.

ELLERTON. 10s. E. J. HOPKINS.


Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now, de - part-ing, wait thy word of peace.

217 *"Go in peace."*

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

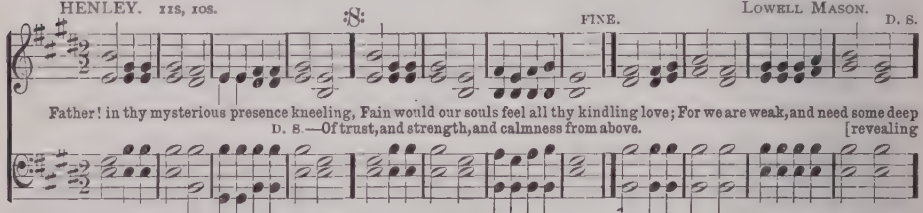
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

HENLEY. 11s, 10s. 𝄋 FINE. LOWELL MASON. D. S.


Father! in thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love; For we are weak, and need some deep
D. S.—Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. [revealing

218 *"Trust, strength, calmness."*

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

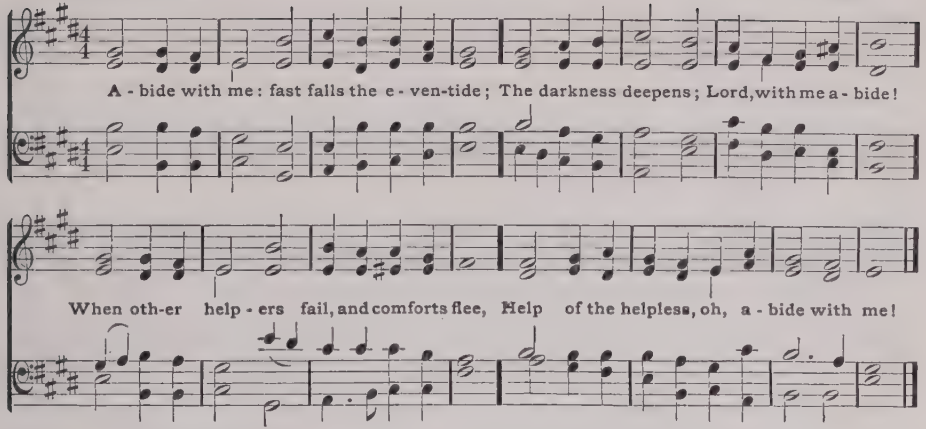
2 Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father! now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson.

EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK.


A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!

219 *Evening of the Day.*

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
Henry F. Lyte.

220 *Evening of Life.*

SWIFT to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

2 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me.

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
Henry F. Lyte.

221 *"A word of Blessing."*

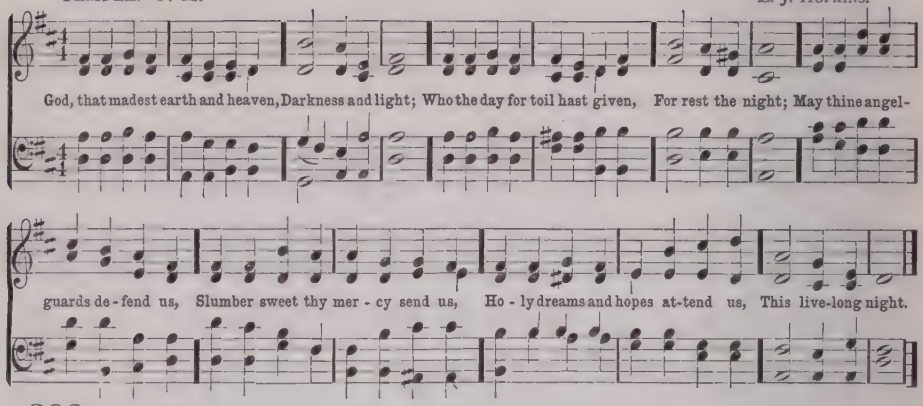
O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with us also in the silent night,
Be with us when the daylight fades away.

2 Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On human hearts worn out with toil, thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be our guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
Oh, come to bring us peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

4 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in each bosom from the day just past,
And let us on a Father's loving heart
Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest at last.
Richard Massie, tr.

TEMPLE. P. M. E. J. HOPKINS.


God, that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night; May thine angel-
guards de-fend us, Slumber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.

222 *"Keep us, Lord!"*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

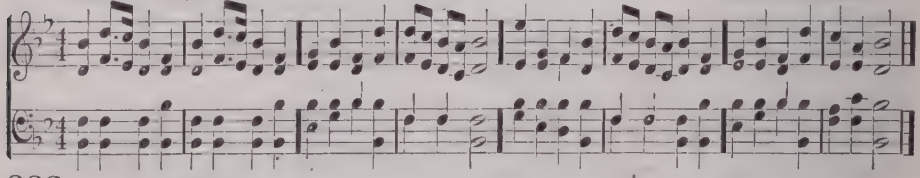
2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given,
Blest Three in One!
Grant thy grace, we now implore thee,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
And in worthier strains adore thee,
While ages run.

Reginald Heber.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s. Arr. by L. MASON.



223 *Doxology.*

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

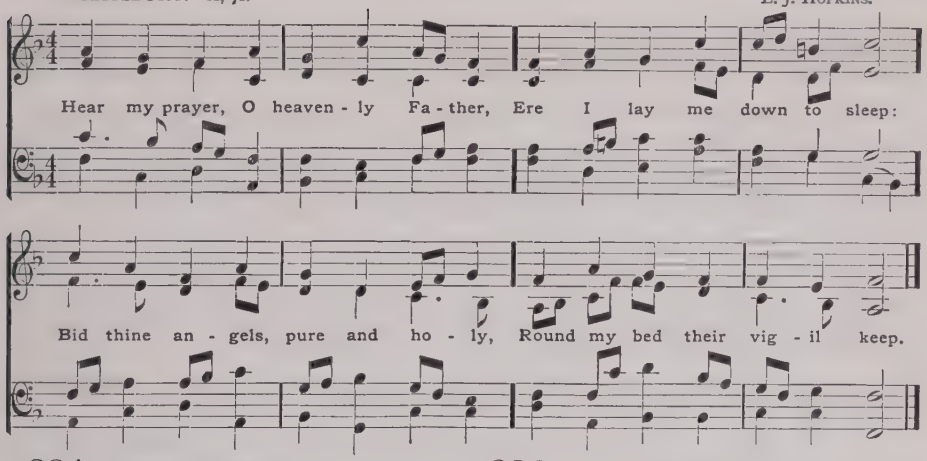
2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Anon., 1790.

WRAYSBURY. 8s, 7s. E. J. HOPKINS.



224 *Evening Prayer.*

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has brought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr.

225 *"Turn us, O Lord!"*

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? oh, forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

Anon., 1835.

226 *"Thou hearest."*

LORD! in love and mercy save us,
For our trust is all in thee:
In that cleansing fountain lave us,
Which alone can make us free!

2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting,
Through the long lone dismal night,
Grant that calmly, on thee resting,
We may wait for morning light.

3 Lord! we pray, and know thou hearest,
For thy promises are true:
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest;
He who knows can also do!

A. J. Symington.

227 *Blessing sought.*

GRACIOUS Saviour, thus before thee
With our varied want and care;
For a blessing we implore thee,
Listen to our evening prayer!

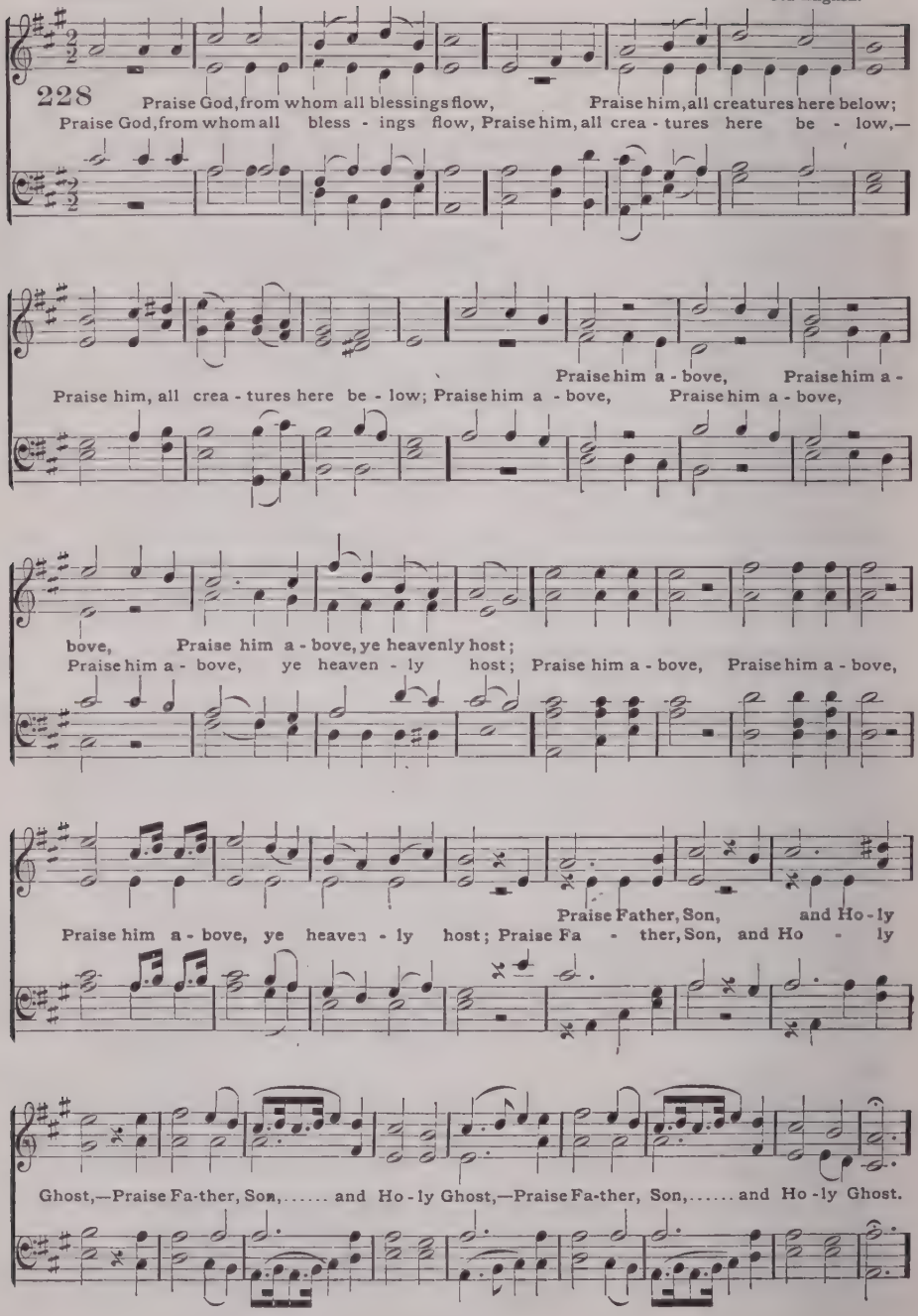
2 By thy favor safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise.

3 Through the day, Lord, thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank thee, and adore thee,
For the solace of thy love;
And rejoicing thus before thee,
Wait thy blessing from above!

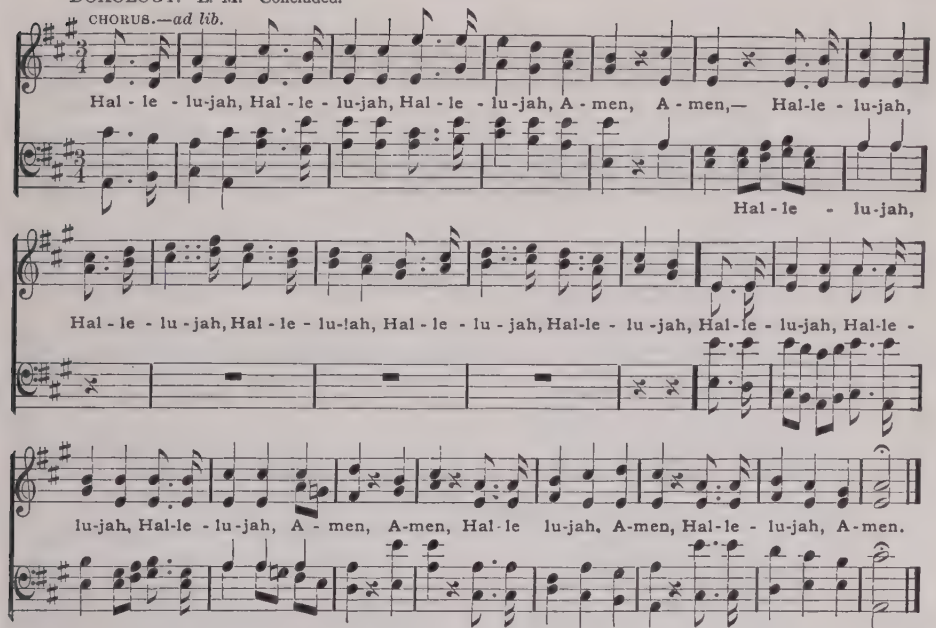
Henry Bateman.

DOXOLOGY. L. M. Old English.

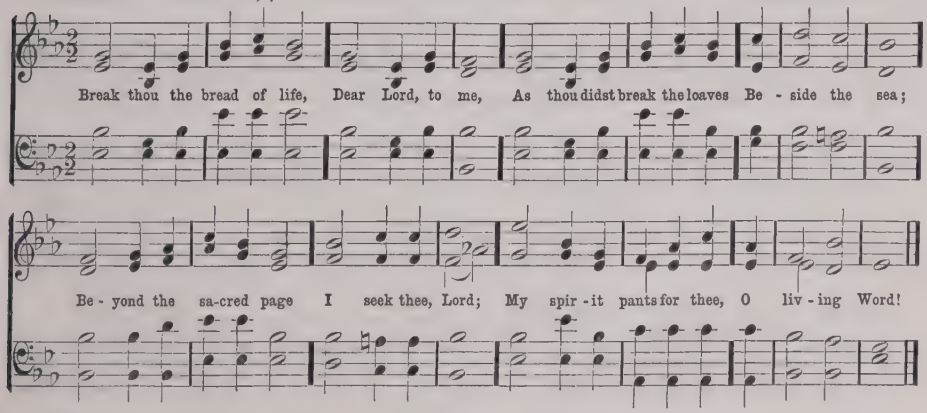

228
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,—
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a -
Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,
bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host;
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,
Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly
Ghost,—Praise Fa-ther, Son,..... and Ho - ly Ghost,—Praise Fa-ther, Son,..... and Ho - ly Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. L. M. Concluded.

CHORUS.—*ad lib.*


Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, A - men, A - men,— Hal-le - lu-jah,
Hal - le - lu-jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-lah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le -
lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, A-men, Hal - le lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah, A-men.

BREAD OF LIFE. 6s, 4s. W. F. SHERWIN.


Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
Be - yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!

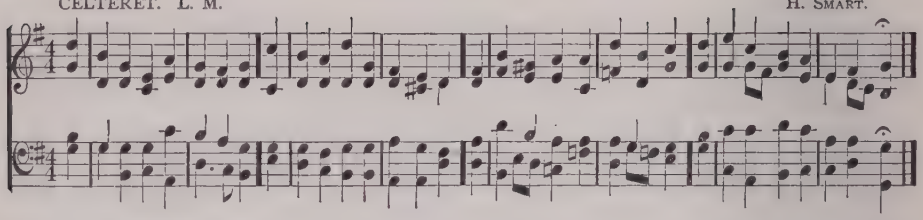
229 *"By Galilee"*

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

Mary A. Lathbury.

CELTERET. L. M. H. SMART.



230 *The Gospel Word.*

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

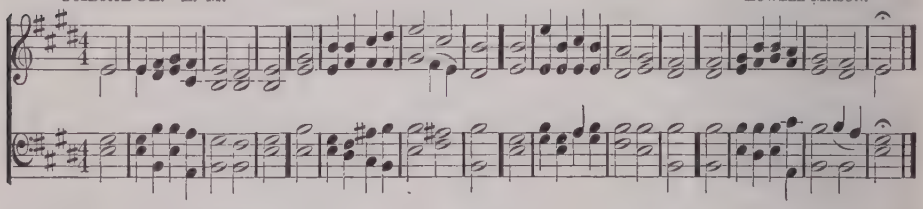
3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



231 *Psalm 19.*

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts.

232 *Psalm 19.*

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

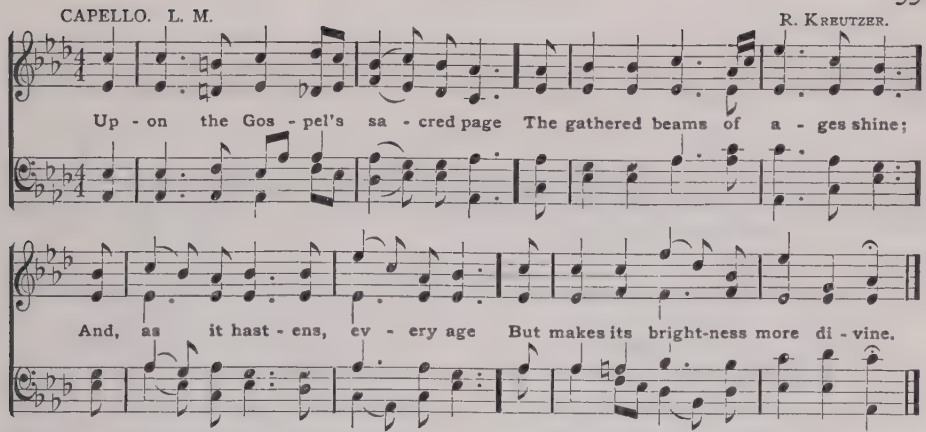
Isaac Watts.

233 *Psalm 19.*

ALMIGHTY Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

2 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant.


CAPELLO. L. M.
R. KREUTZER.
Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;
And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age But makes its bright-ness more di - vine.

234 *Christian Evidence.*

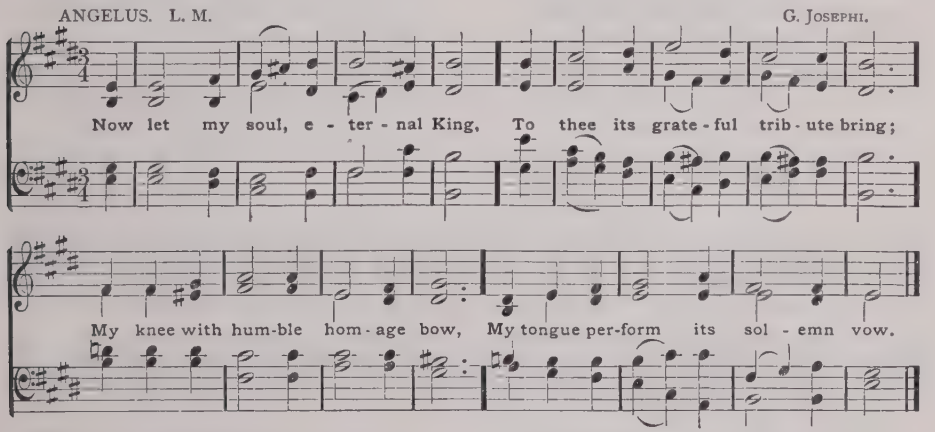
UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious, still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

John Bowring.


ANGELUS. L. M.
G. JOSEPHI.
Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate - ful trib - ute bring;
My knee with hum-ble hom - age bow, My tongue per-form its sol - emn vow.

235 *"Nature sings."*

NOW LET my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

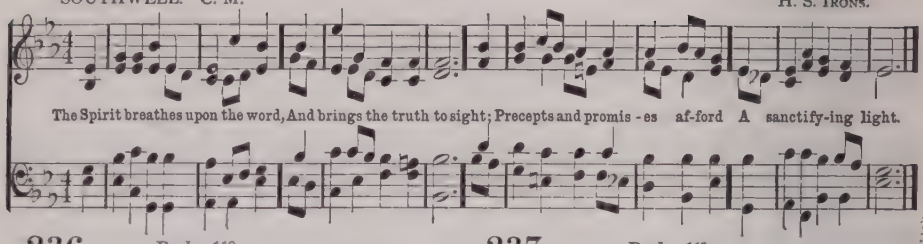
2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessèd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

O. Heginbotham.

SOUTHWELL. C. M. H. S. IRONS.



236 *Psalm 119.*

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

237 *Psalm 119.*

HOW SHALL the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

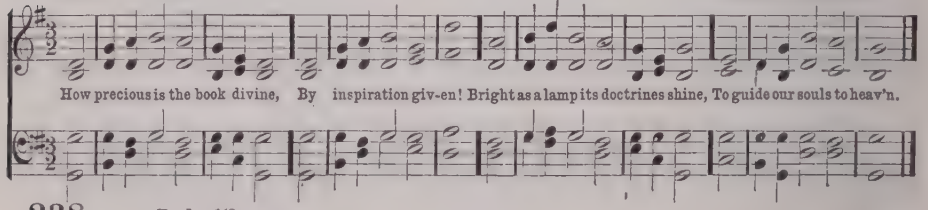
3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

KNOX. C. M. Fr. TEMPLE MELODIES.



238 *Psalm 119.*

HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

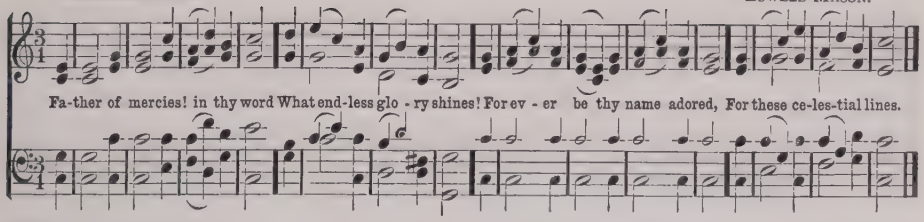
2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold a clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

CHIMES. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



239 *"Endless glory."*

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

240 *Psalm 119.*

OH, how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

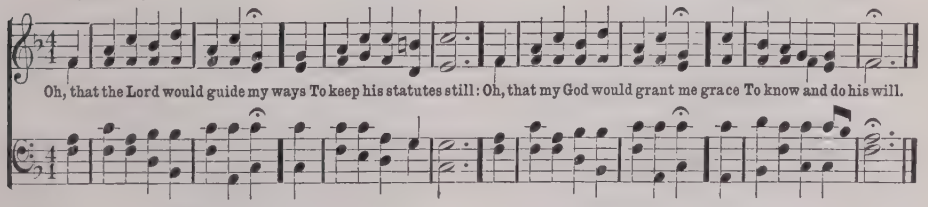
3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

YORK. C. M. Fr. SCOTCH PSALTER.



241 *Psalm 119.*

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

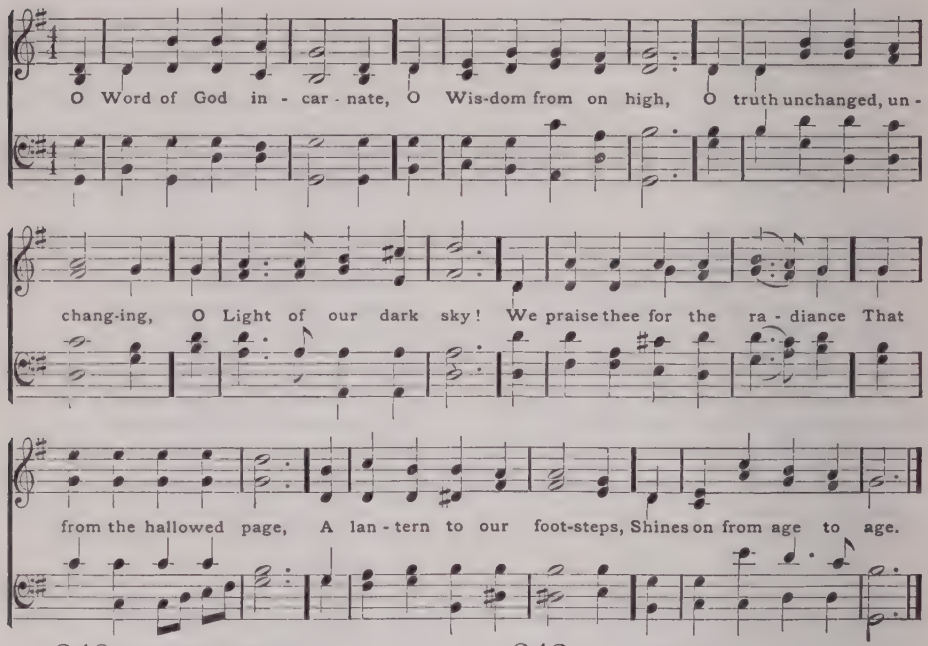
2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.


O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O truth unchanged, un -
chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That
from the hallowed page, A lan - tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.

242 *The Church's Gift.*

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William W. How.

243 *Psalm 19.*

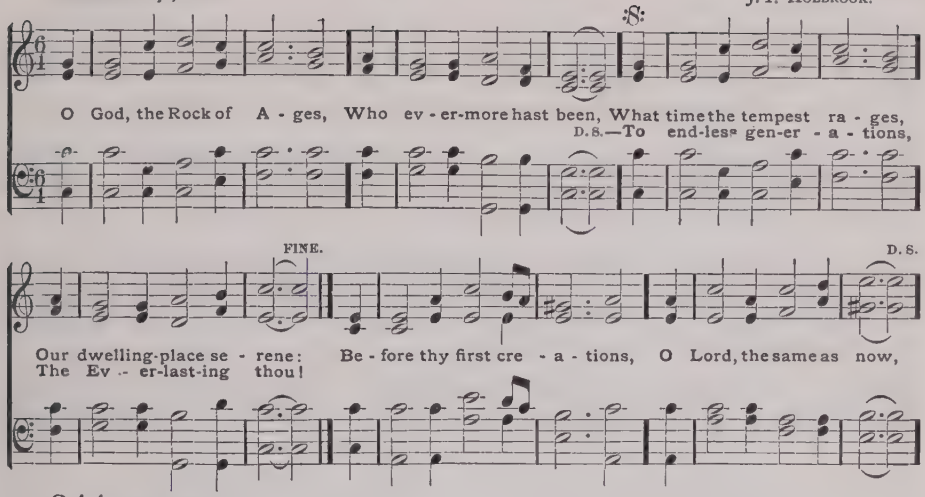
THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!

Josiah Conder.

MIRIAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tempest ra - ges,
D.S.—To end-less gen-er - a - tions,
FINE.
D.S.
Our dwelling-place se - rene:
The Ev - er-last-ing thou!
Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

244 *Everlasting.—Ps. 90.*

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

E. H. Bickersteth.

245 *Omnipresent.*

ON mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace,
Alike are his abode.
With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight;
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

Tr. fr. *the Dutch.*

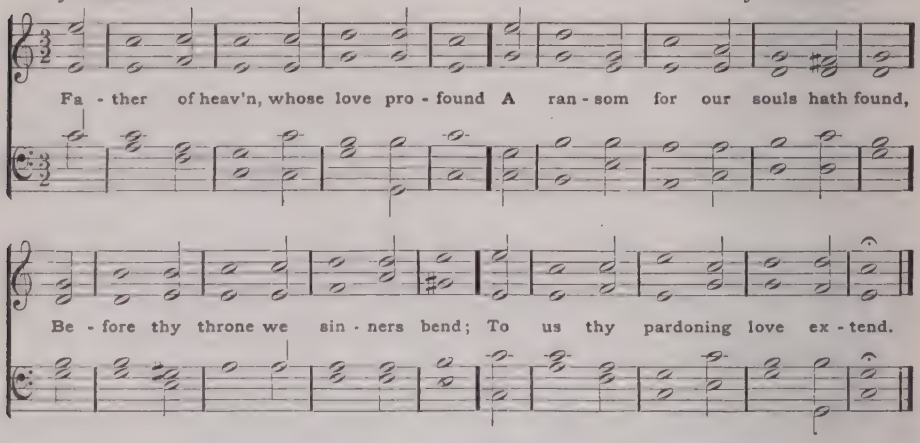
246 *Sovereign Love.*

'T IS NOT that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder.

JUDGMENT. L. M. J. N. PATTISON.


Fa - ther of heav'n, whose love pro - found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us thy pardoning love ex - tend.

247 *The Trinity.*

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Edward Cooper.

248 *Unsearchableness.*

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
Oh, may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

Edmund Butcher.

249 *Long-suffering.*

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

Elizabeth Scott.

250 *Mystery.*

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

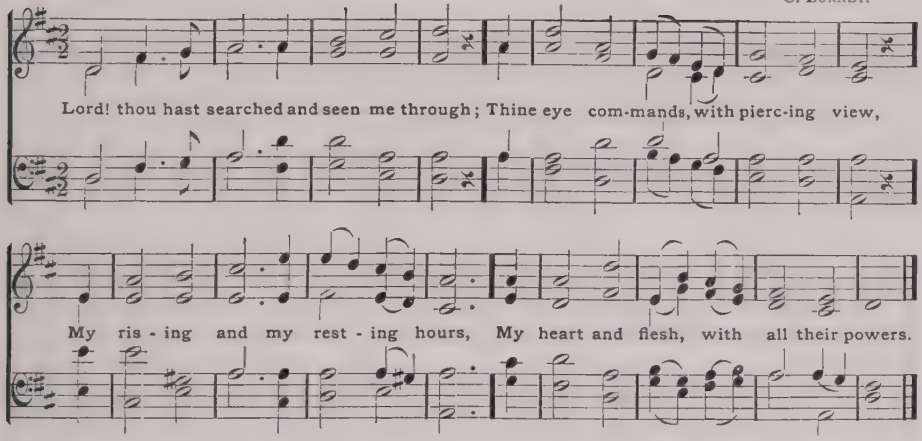
2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

TRURO. L. M. C. BURNEY.


Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye com-mands, with pierc-ing view,
My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

251 *Omniscience.—Ps. 139.*

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts.

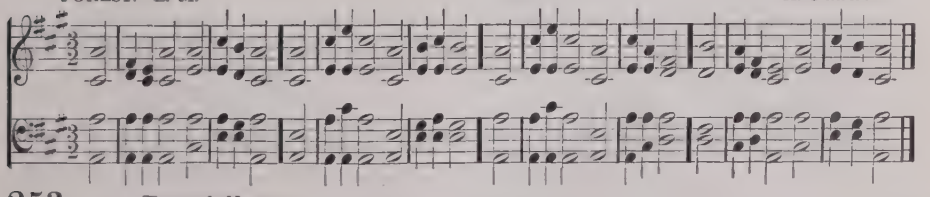
252 *Faithfulness.*

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son!
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts.

FOREST. L. M. A. CHAPIN.



253 *Unsearchableness.*

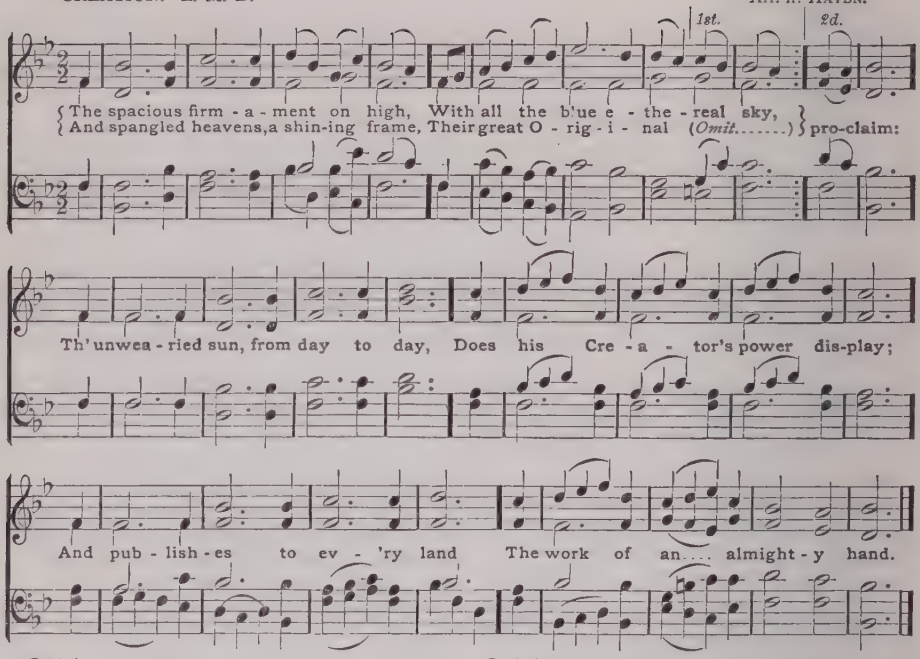
WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down, opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

Elizabeth Scott.

CREATION. L. M. D. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


1st.
2d.
{The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
{And spangled heavens, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal (Omit.....) pro-claim:
Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis-play;
And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an.... almight - y hand.

254 *In Nature.—Ps. 19.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

255 *In the Seasons.*

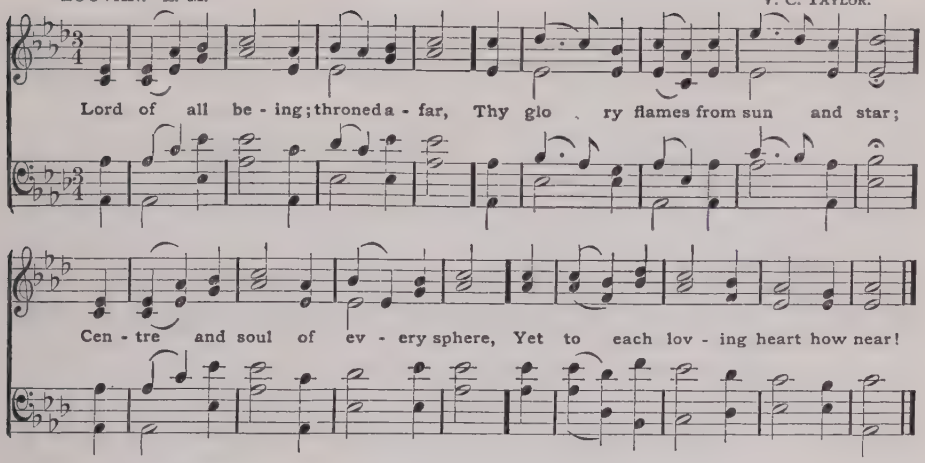
ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.


Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

256 *Omnipresence.*

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

257 *Providence.*

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

Anne Steele.

258 *Sovereignty.*

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

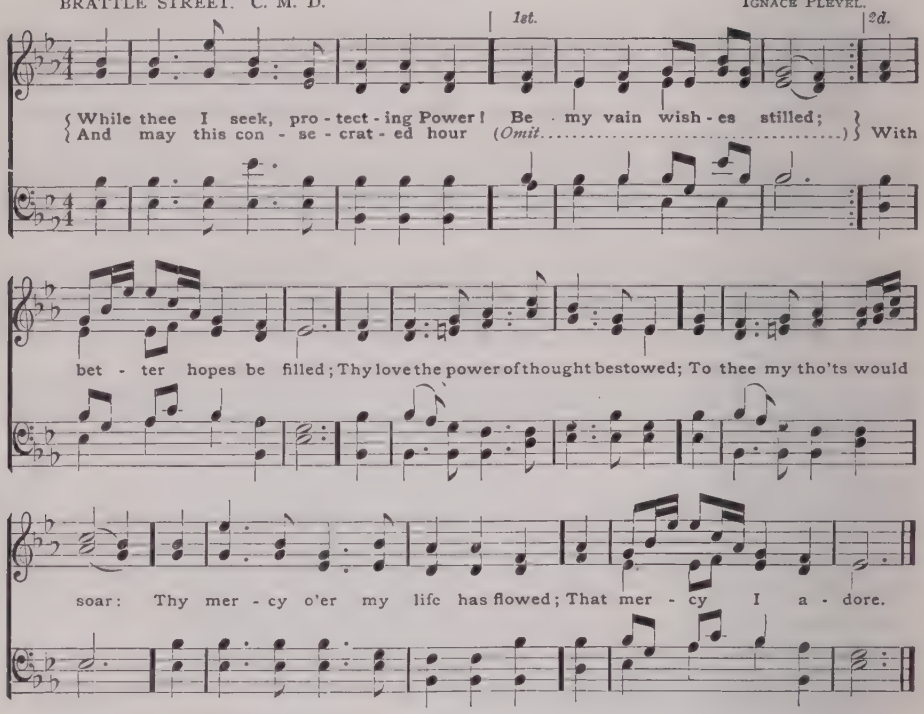
3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1st.
2d.
While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (Omit.....) With
bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would
soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

259 *Providence.*

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled;
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

260 *Psalm 116.*

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

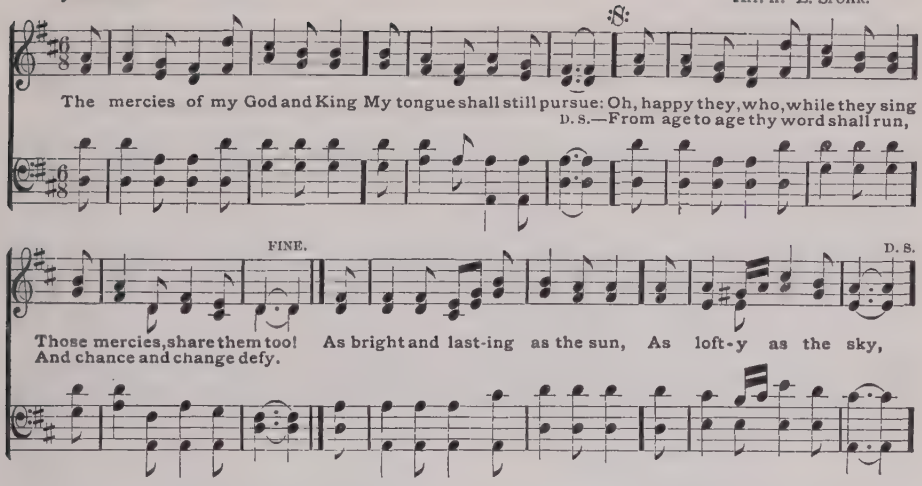
2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Isaac Watts.

JERUSALEM. C. M. D. Arr. fr. L. Spohr.


The mercies of my God and King My tongue shall still pursue: Oh, happy they, who, while they sing
D. S.—From age to age thy word shall run,
FINE.
D. S.
Those mercies, share them too! As bright and last-ing as the sun, As loft-y as the sky,
And chance and change defy.

261 *God's Mercies.*

The mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!
As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like thee?
Oh, spread the gospel of thy love,
Till all thy glories see!

Henry F. Lyte.

262 *God in Nature.*

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

3 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

John Keble.

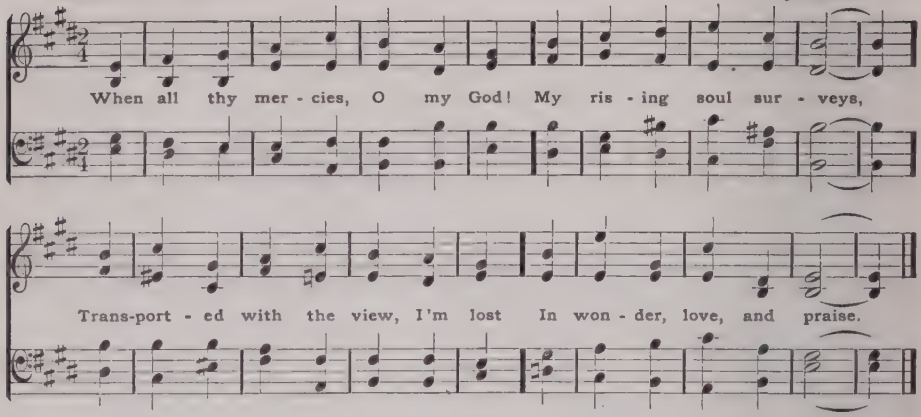
263 *Mystery.*

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

2 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love and praise.

John Fawcett.

RALSTON. C. M. J. BARNBY.



264 *Continued help.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

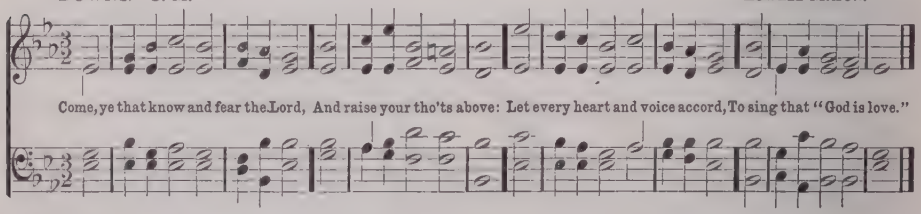
4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise:
For, oh, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



265 *Love.*

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

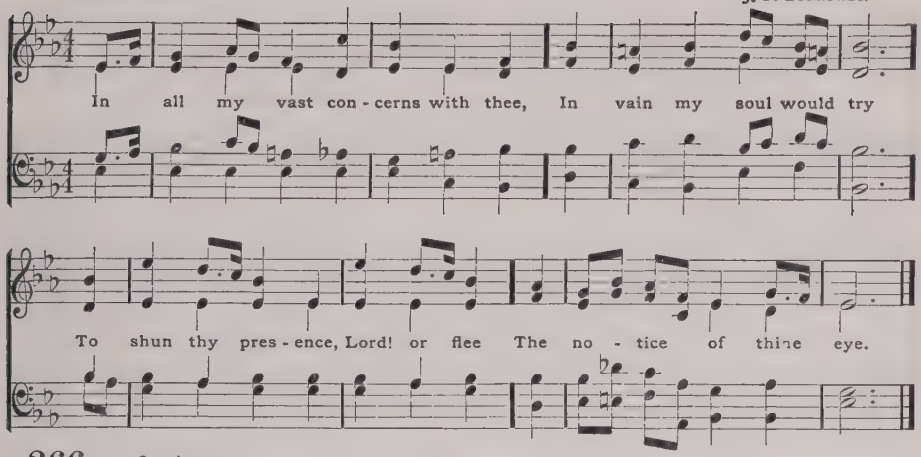
2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

George Burder.

BURLINGTON. C. M. J. F. BURROWES.



266 *Omnipresence.*

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

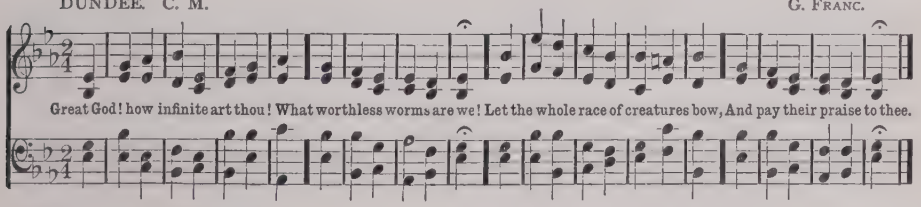
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC.


Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

267 *Eternity.*

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

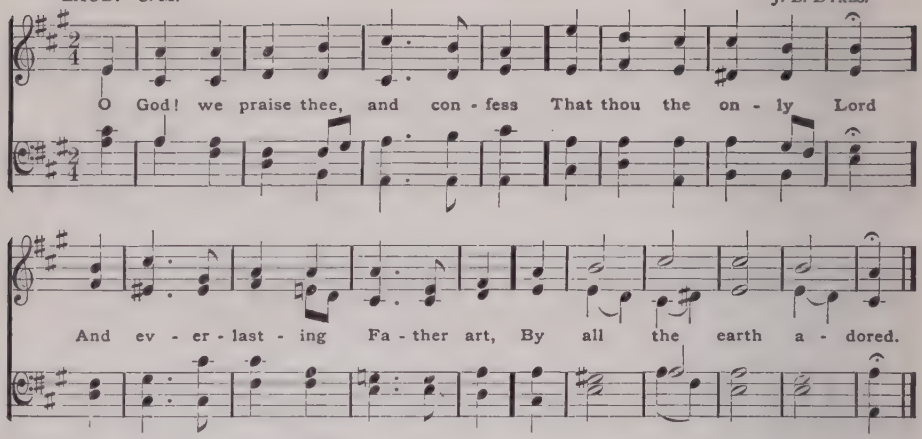
3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts.

LAUD. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



268 *"Te Deum."*

O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

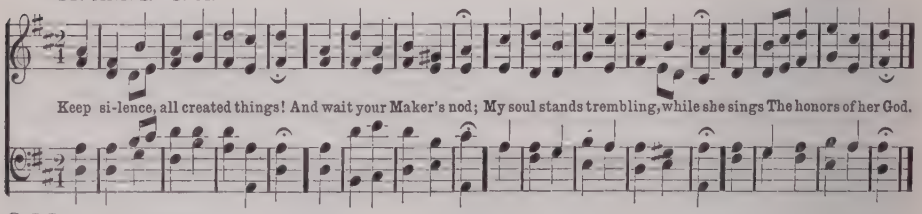
3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. W. CROFT.



269 *Providence.*

KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

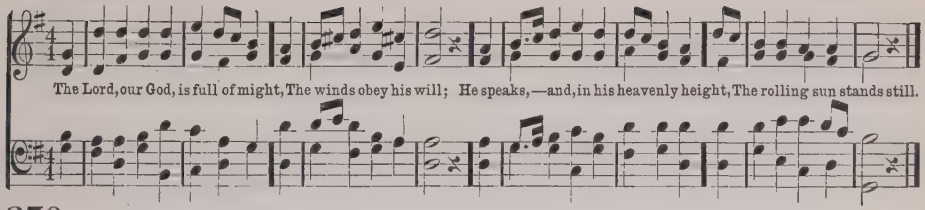
3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

LUTZEN. C. M. N. HERMANN.



270 *Power.*

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

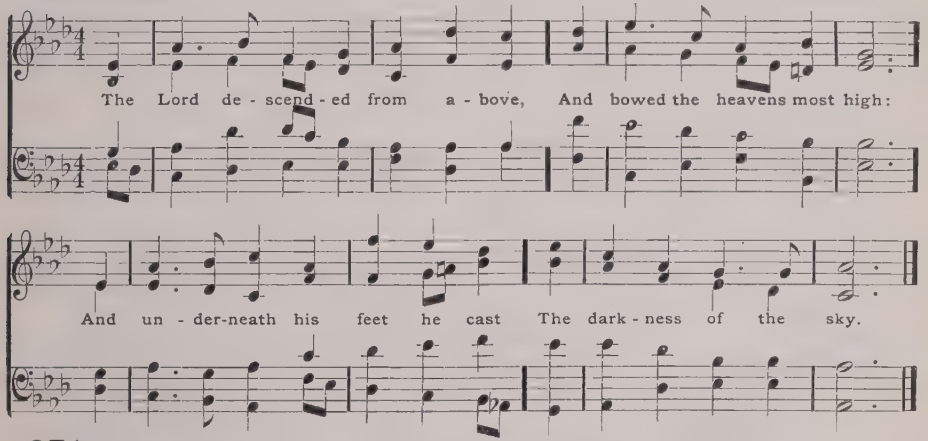
3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

Henry Kirke White.

STERNHOLD. C. M. C. STEGGALL.



271 *Majesty.—Ps. 18.*

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high:
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

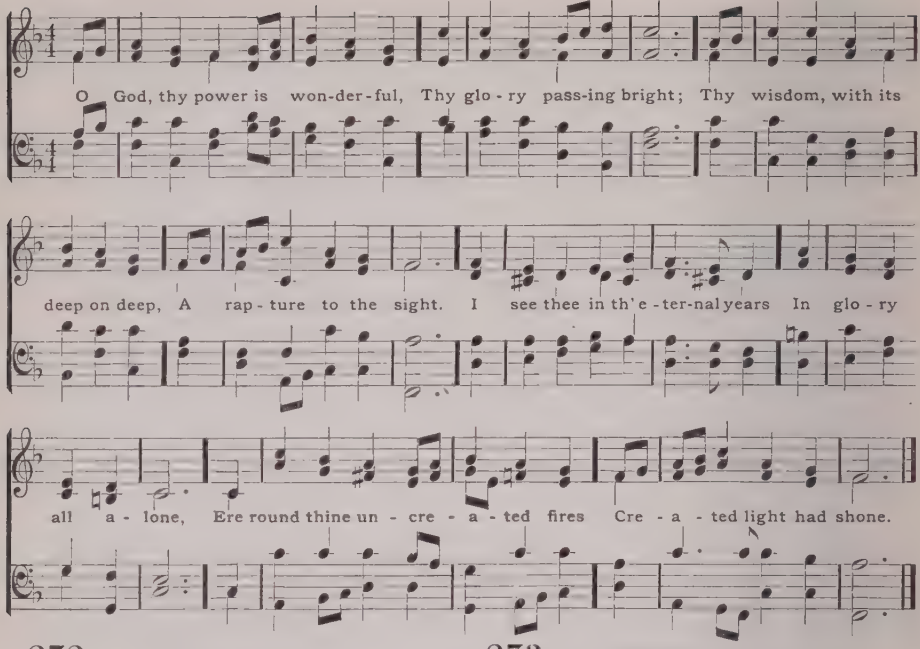
3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

Thomas Sternhold.

NOEL. C. M. D. Arr. by A. S. Sullivan.


O God, thy power is won-der-ful, Thy glo-ry pass-ing bright; Thy wisdom, with its
deep on deep, A rap-ture to the sight. I see thee in th'e-ter-nal years In glo-ry
all a-lone, Ere round thine un-cre-a-ted fires Cre-a-ted light had shone.

272 *My Father.*

O God, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

2 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

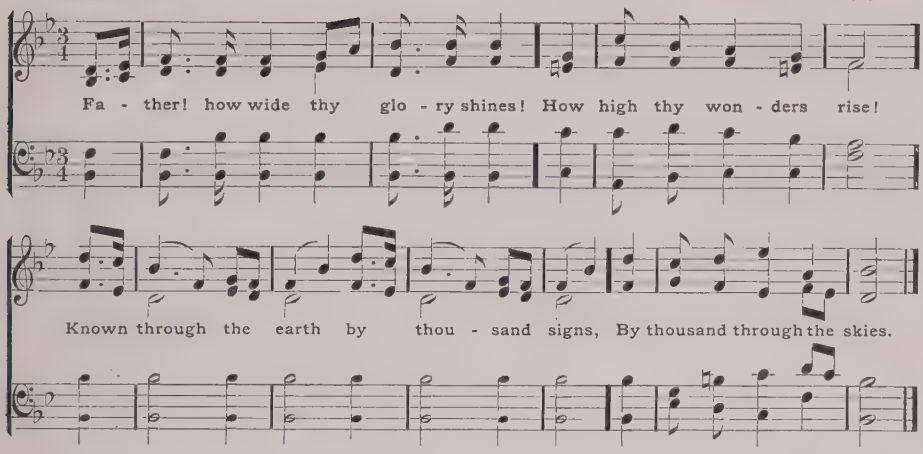
273 *Perfections.*

I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

NOEL. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

Fa - ther! how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise!
Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thousand through the skies.

274 *Nature and Grace.*

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

275 *Goodness.—Ps. 145.*

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Isaac Watts.

276 *In Nature.*

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

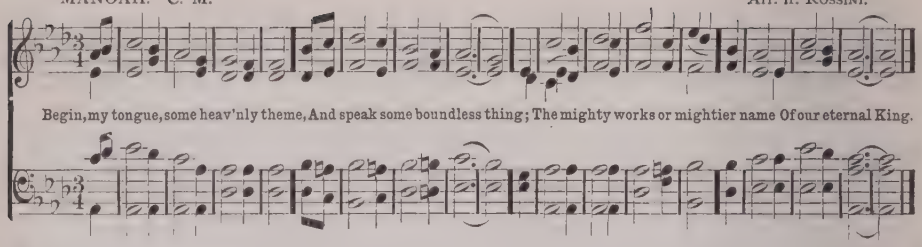
2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Anne Steele.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



277 *Faithfulness.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

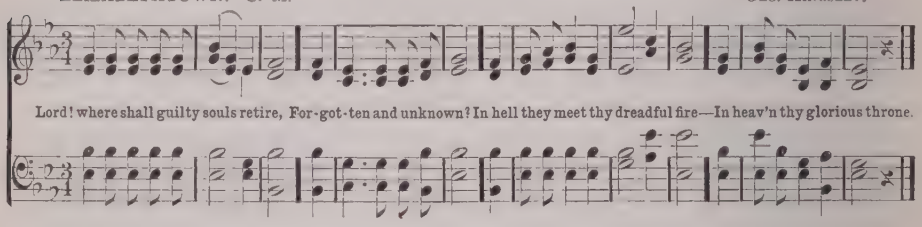
2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.


Lord! where shall guilty souls retire, For-got-ten and unknown? In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—In heav'n thy glorious throne.

278 *Omniscience.—Ps. 139.*

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

3 If, o'er my sins, I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

Isaac Watts.

279 *Holiness.*

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King,
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

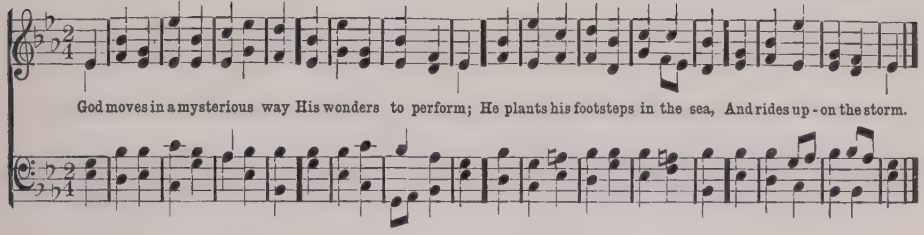
2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham.

LONDON, NEW. C. M. J. PLAYFORD.



280 *Providence.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

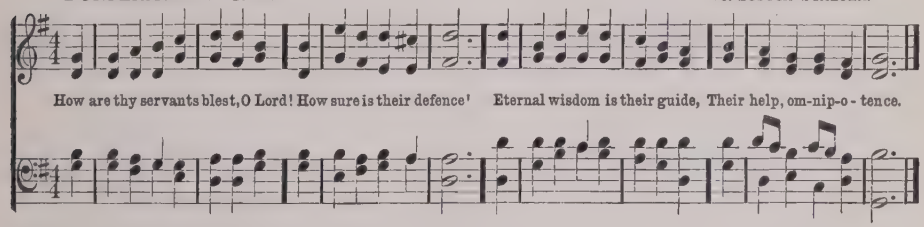
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M. FR. SCOTCH PSALTER.



281 *Traveler's Hymn.*

HOW ARE thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

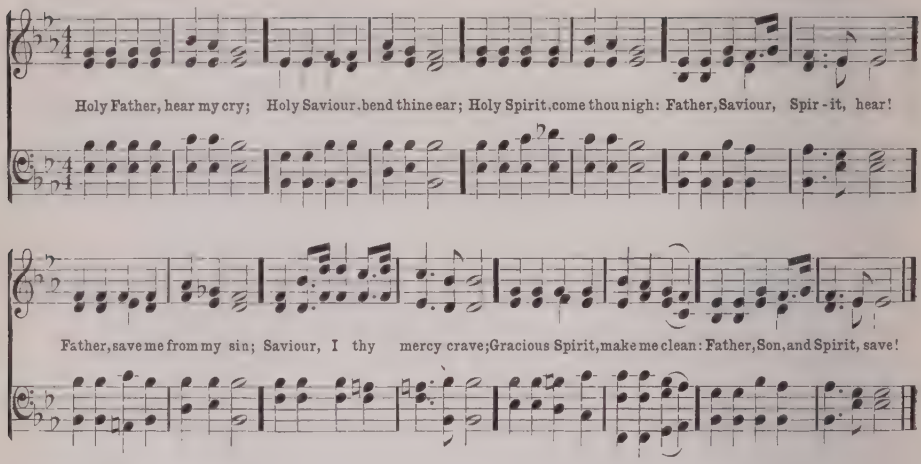
4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, whilst thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

DEUX ANGES. 7s. D. Arr. fr. BLUMENTHAL.


Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend thine ear; Holy Spirit, come thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spir-it, hear!
Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I thy mercy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

282 "*The Trinity.*"

HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

Horatius Bonar.

283 "*Holy, holy, holy.*"

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery.

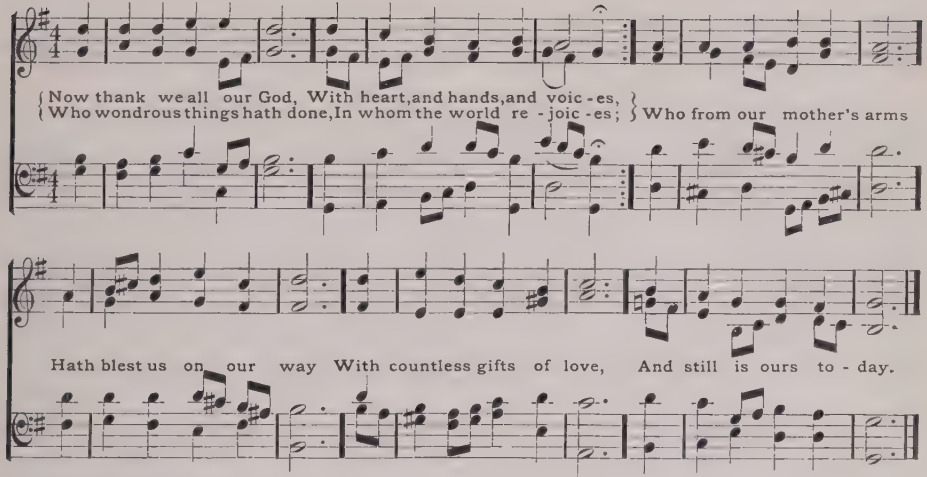
284 "*Divine Presence.*"

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Robert Grant.

NUN DANKET. P. M. J. CRUGER.


Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re - joic - es;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

285 *Bounteous Care.*

Now THANK we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
To keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

C. Winkworth, tr.

286 *Eternity.*

O THOU essential Word,
Who wast from everlasting
With God, for thou wast God;
On thee our burden casting,
O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed thou art,
Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,
And speak thou in my spirit;
The soul where thou art heard,
Doth endless peace inherit.
Thou Light that lightenest all,
Abide through faith in me,
Nor let me from thee fall,
Nor seek a guide but thee.

C. Winkworth, tr.

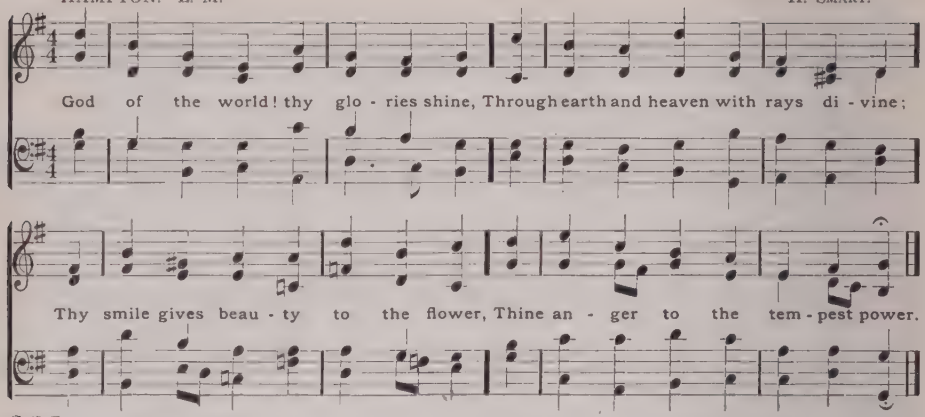
287 *Beneficence.*

To THEE, O God, we raise
Our voice in choral singing;
We come with prayer and praise,
Our hearts' oblations bringing;
Thou art our fathers' God,
And ever shalt be ours;
Our lips and lives shall laud
Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew
On Hermon's hill descending,
Is every morning new,
And tells of love unending.
We bless thy tender care
That led our wayward feet,
Past every fatal snare,
To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore
The cross, for sinners dying;
Thy Spirit we adore,
The precious blood applying.
Let work and worship send
Their incense unto thee;
Till song and service blend,
Beside the crystal sea.

Arthur T. Pierson.

HAMPTON. L. M. H. SMART.

God of the world! thy glo - ries shine, Through earth and heaven with rays di - vine;
Thy smile gives beau - ty to the flower, Thine an - ger to the tem - pest power.

288 *Divine Providence.*

GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

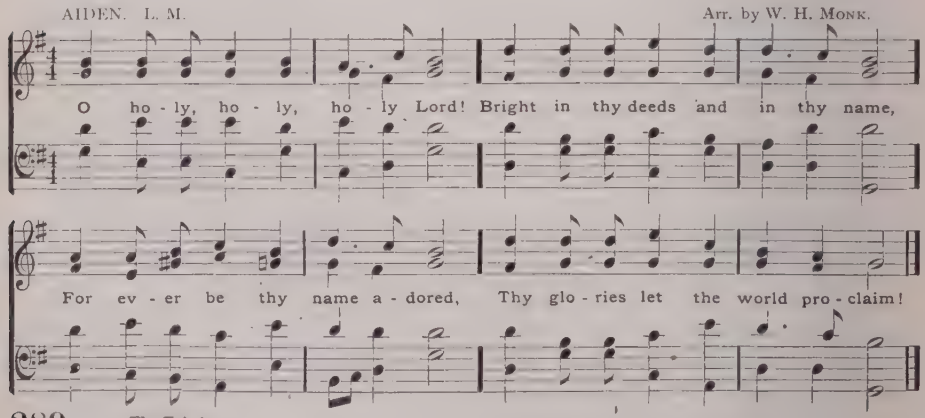
2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross,— its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

S. S. Cutting.

AIDEN. L. M. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



289 *The Trinity.*

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name.
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

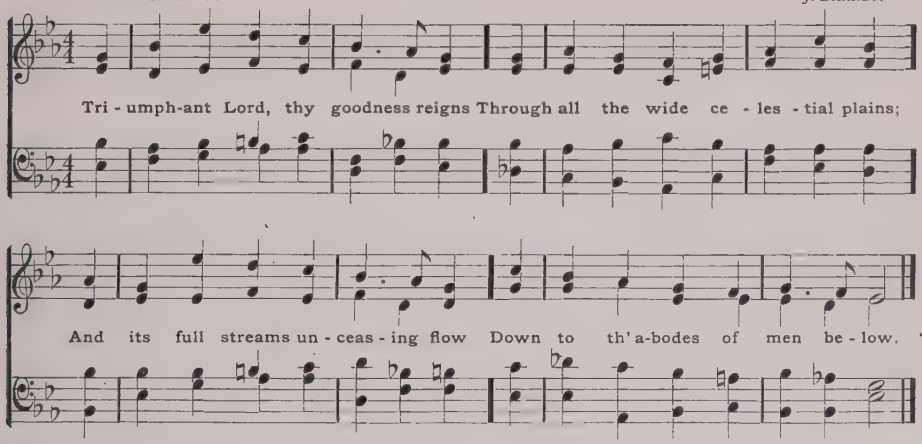
2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. Eastburn.

ANDREWS. L. M. J. BARNBY.


Tri - umph-ant Lord, thy goodness reigns Through all the wide ce - les - tial plains;
And its full streams un - ceas - ing flow Down to th' a-bodes of men be - low.

290 *Goodness.*

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

Philip Doddridge.

291 *God our Light.*

ALL holy, everliving One!
With uncreated splendor bright!
Darkness may blot from heaven the sun,
Thou art my everlasting light.

2 Let every star withhold its ray;
Clouds hide the earth and sky from sight;
Fearless I still pursue my way
Toward thee, my everlasting light.

3 Thou art the only source of day;
Forgetting thee alone is night;
All things for which we hope or pray
Flow from thine everlasting light.

4 Still nearer thee my soul would rise;
Thus she attains her highest flight,
And, as the eagle sunward flies,
Seeks thee, her everlasting light.

Thomas Hill.

292 *The Trinity.*

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Vailed in thine own eternal light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou most holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is one;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God for evermore.

Henry W. Baker

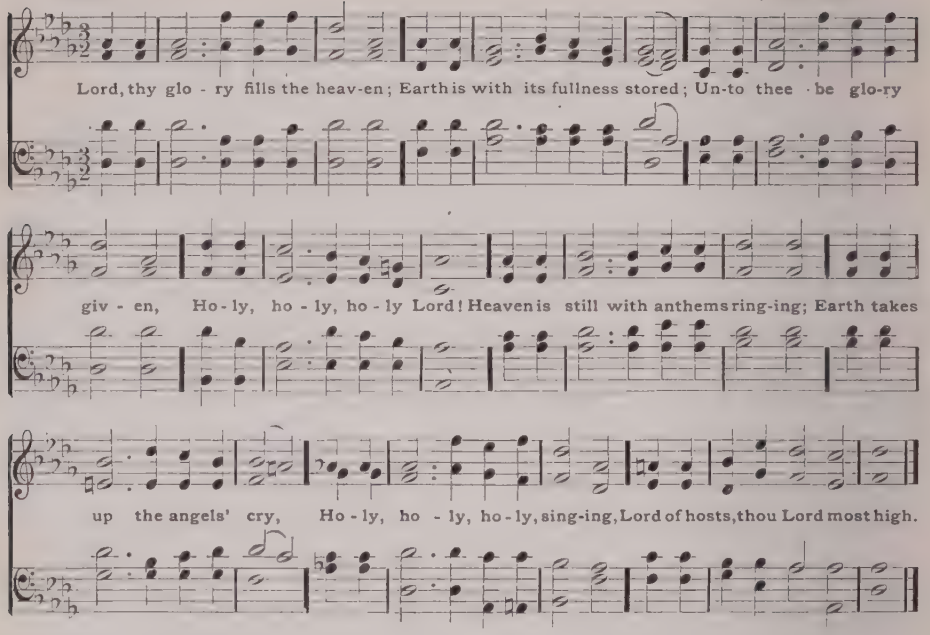
293 *Psalm 93.*

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Isaac Watts.

FABEN. 8s, 7s. D. J. H. Wilcox.

Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes
up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

294 *Holiness.*

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Richard Mant.

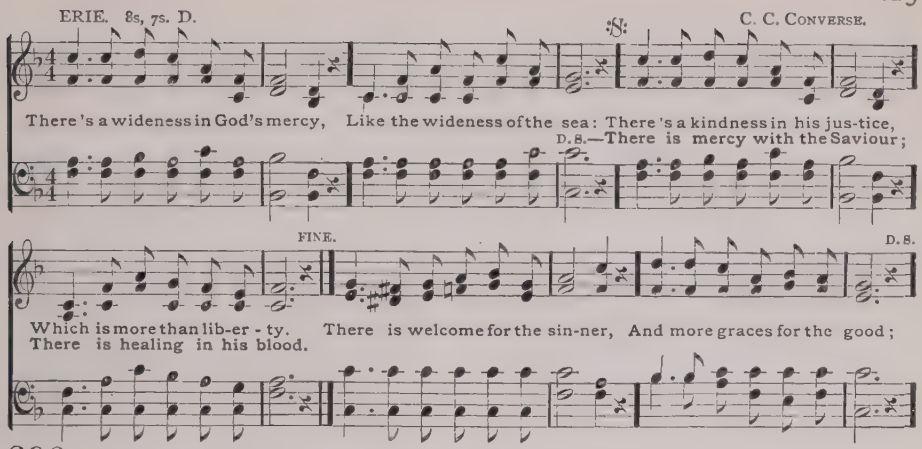
295 *Grace.*

Lord, with glowing heart I 'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key.


ERIE. 8s, 7s. D.
C. C. CONVERSE.
There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in his jus-tice,
D.S.—There is mercy with the Saviour;
FINE.
D.S.
Which is more than lib-er - ty. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good;
There is healing in his blood.

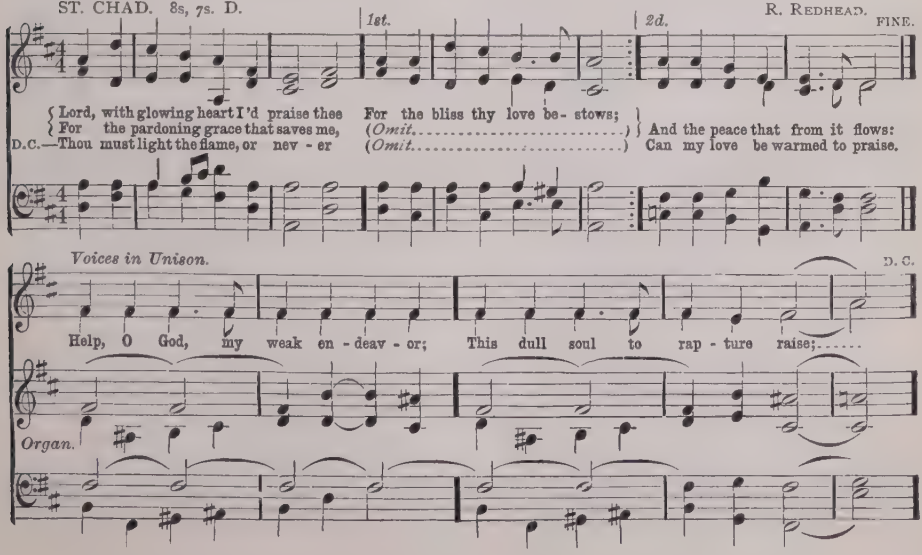
296 *God's Welcome.*

THERE 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.


ST. CHAD. 8s, 7s. D.
1st.
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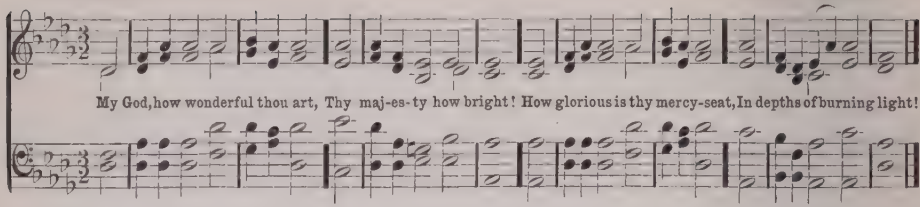
R. REDHEAD.
FINE.
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be- stows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me, (Omit.....) And the peace that from it flows:
D.C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev - er (Omit.....) Can my love be warmed to praise.
Voices in Unison.
D.C.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise;.....
Organ.

CORINTH. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



297 *"Herein is Love."*

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

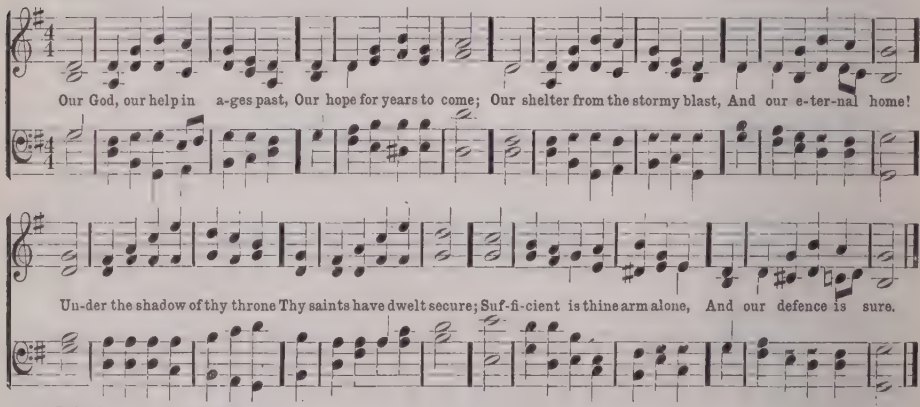
4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

Frederick W. Faber.

EVAN, II. C. M. D. W. H. HAVERGAL.


Our God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e-ter-nal home!
Un-der the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf-fi-cient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

298 *Psalm 90.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

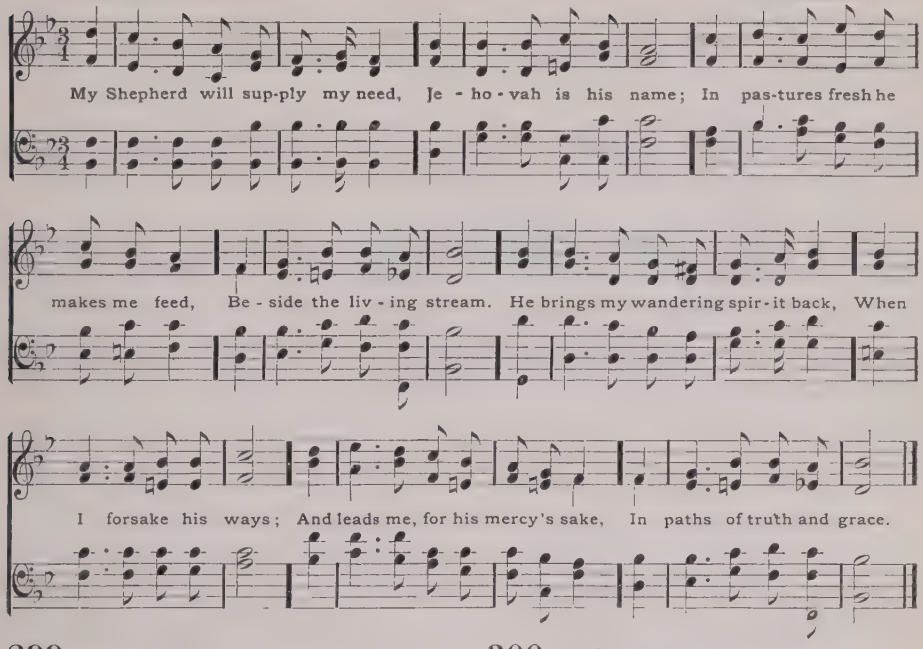
2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

CONTENT. C. M. D. W. F. SHERWIN.


My Shepherd will sup-ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he
makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wandering spir - it back, When
I forsake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

299 *Our Shepherd.—Ps. 23.*

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts.

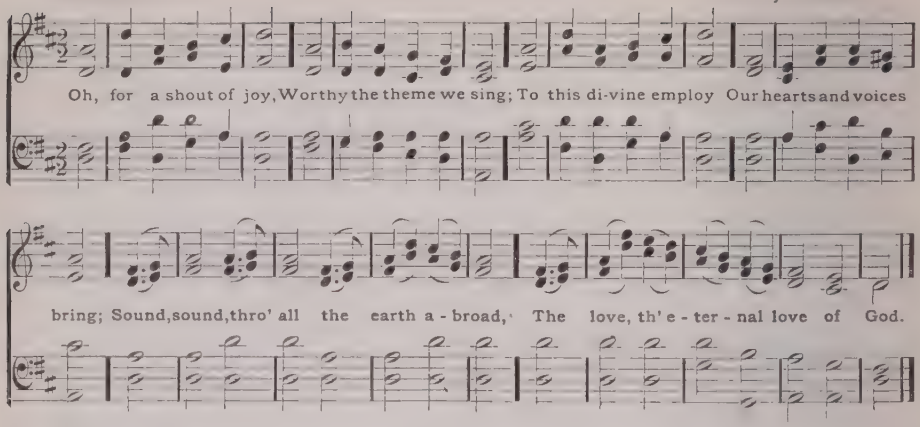
300 *Our Father.—Ps. 31.*

My God, my Father!—blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh, bend my will to thine.
Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?
My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele.

HADDAM. H. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

Oh, for a shout of joy, Worthy the theme we sing; To this di-vine employ Our hearts and voices
bring; Sound, sound, thro' all the earth a - broad, The love, th' e - ter - nal love of God.

301 *Eternal Love.*

OH, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

J. Young.

302 *God's Truth.*

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the Eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

Philip Doddridge.

303 *Sovereignty.*

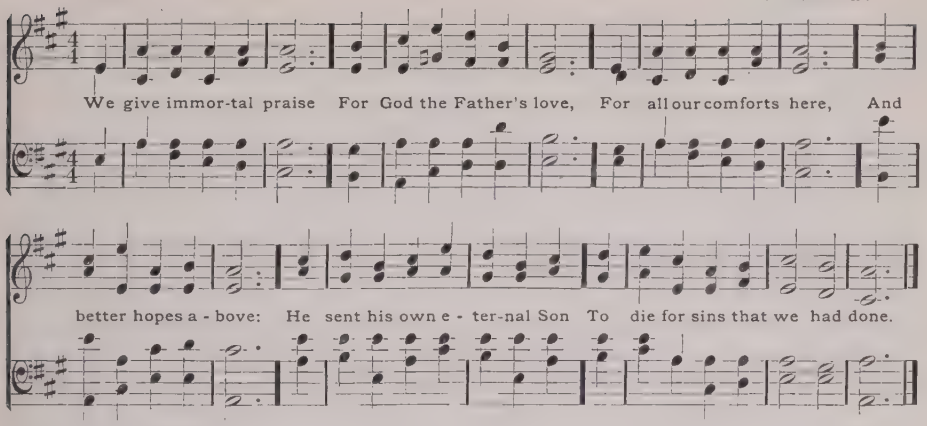
TO HIM that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Isaac Watts.

DULEET. H. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


We give immor-tal praise For God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And
better hopes a - bove: He sent his own e - ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

304 *The Trinity.*

WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts.

305 *Psalm 93.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Isaac Watts.

306 *The Living God.*

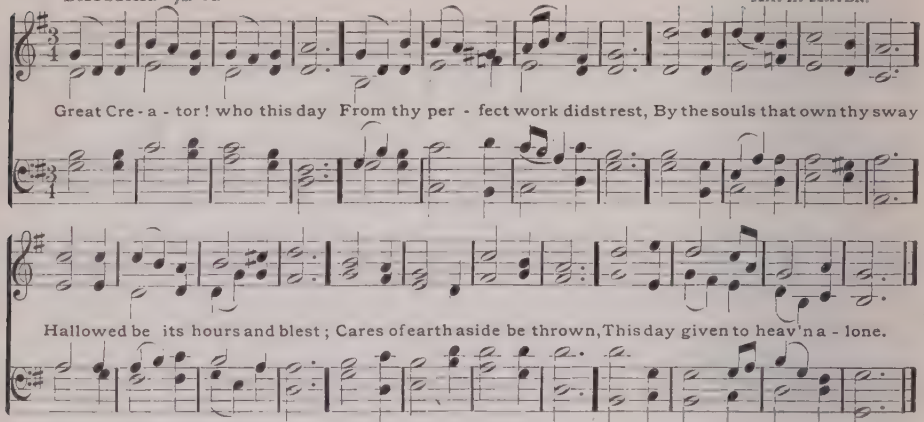
THE Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessèd be my Rock!
Though earth her bosom heaves
And mountains feel the shock,
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend;
How freely he forgives
The follies that offend!
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer;
Whoe'er in him believes
And trusts his guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow.

Thomas Hastings.

DAYSTAR. 7s. 6l. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


Great Cre - a - tor! who this day From thy per - fect work didst rest, By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest; Cares of earth aside be thrown, This day given to heav'n a - lone.

307 *Three in One.*

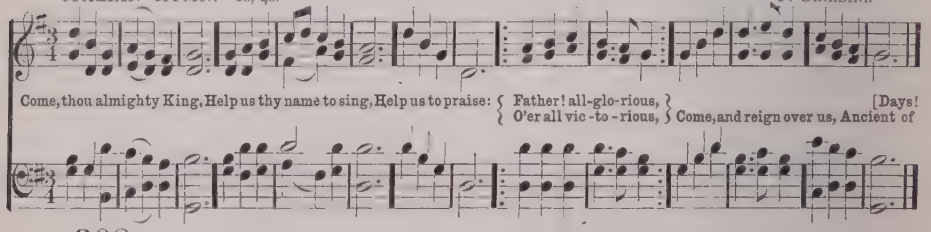
GREAT Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

3 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Ann Elliott.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI.


Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father! all-glo-rious, / O'er all vic - to - rious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of [Days!

308 "*One in Three.*"

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

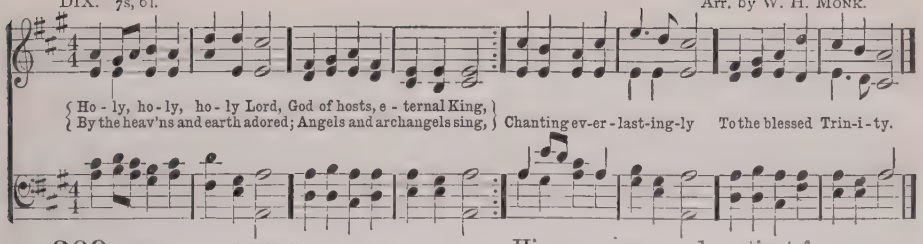
2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

DIX. 7s, 6l. Arr. by W. H. Monk.


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ternal King,
By the heav'ns and earth adored; Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting ev-er - last-ing-ly
To the blessed Trin-i - ty.

309 *"The blessed Trinity."*

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Vail their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead one, and Persons three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

310 *Nature's King.*

Oh, give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship;
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 Oh, give thanks to him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

Josiah Conder.

311 *The Babe of Bethlehem.*

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

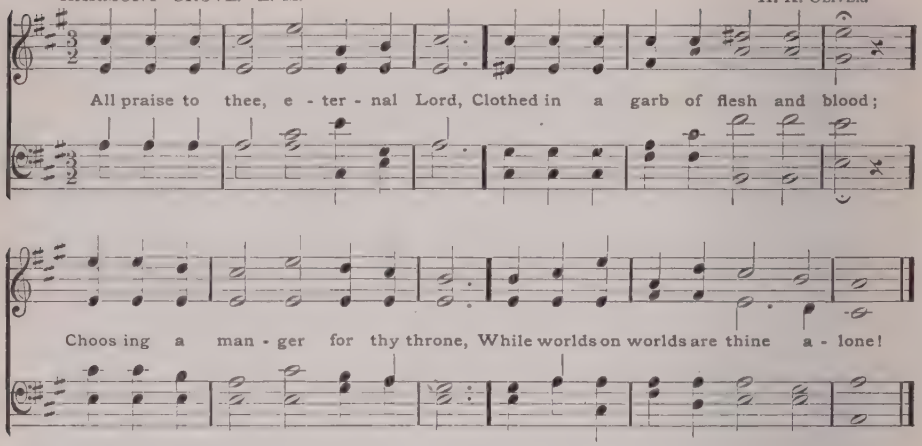
2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

William C. Dix.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.


All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choos ing a man - ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine a - lone!

312 *The child Christ.*

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now;
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light;
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

5 All this for us thy love hath done:
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Tr. fr. *Martin Luther.*

313 *Incarnation.*

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts.

314 *"God with me."*

ETERNAL Father, when to thee,
Beyond all worlds, by faith I soar,
Before thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence, and adore.

2 But, Saviour, thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, thy face I see:
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet God with me!

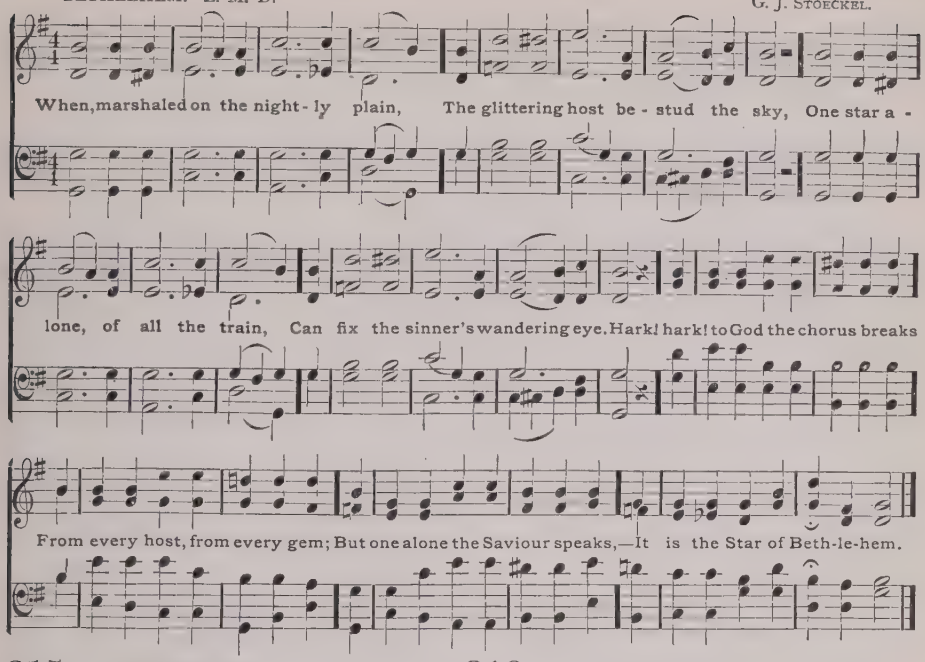
3 And thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make thy temple day by day:
The Holy Ghost of God thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens thou hast thy throne,
Thou hast thy throne within my breast.

Hervey D. Ganse.

BETHLEHEM. L. M. D.

G. J. STOECKEL.


When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky, One star a-
lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks,—It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

315 *"They saw the Star."*

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

316 *"Prince of Salem."*

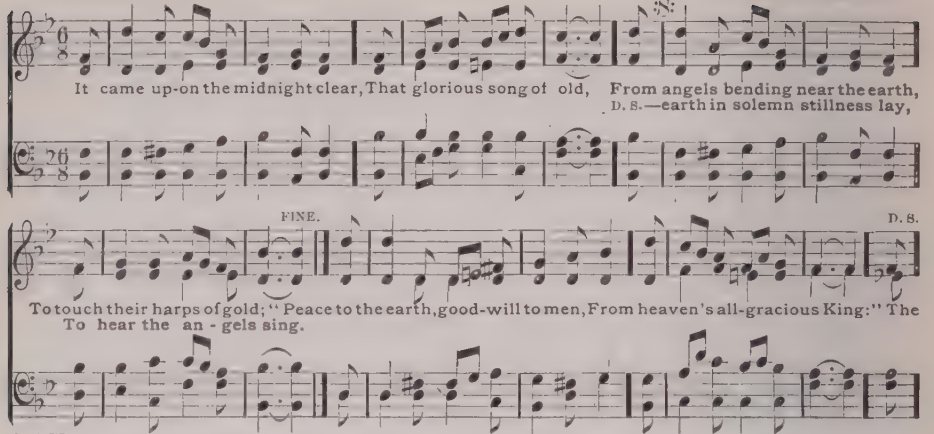
WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:
"O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

3 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."
O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Thomas Campbell.

CAROL. C. M. D. R. S. WILLIS.


It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,
D. S.—earth in solemn stillness lay,
FINE.
D. S.
To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The
To hear the an - gels sing.

317 *The Angels' Song.*

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

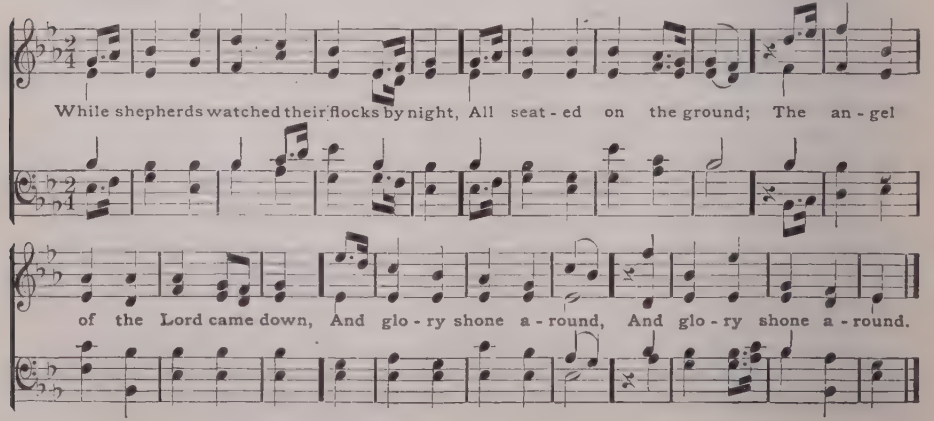
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

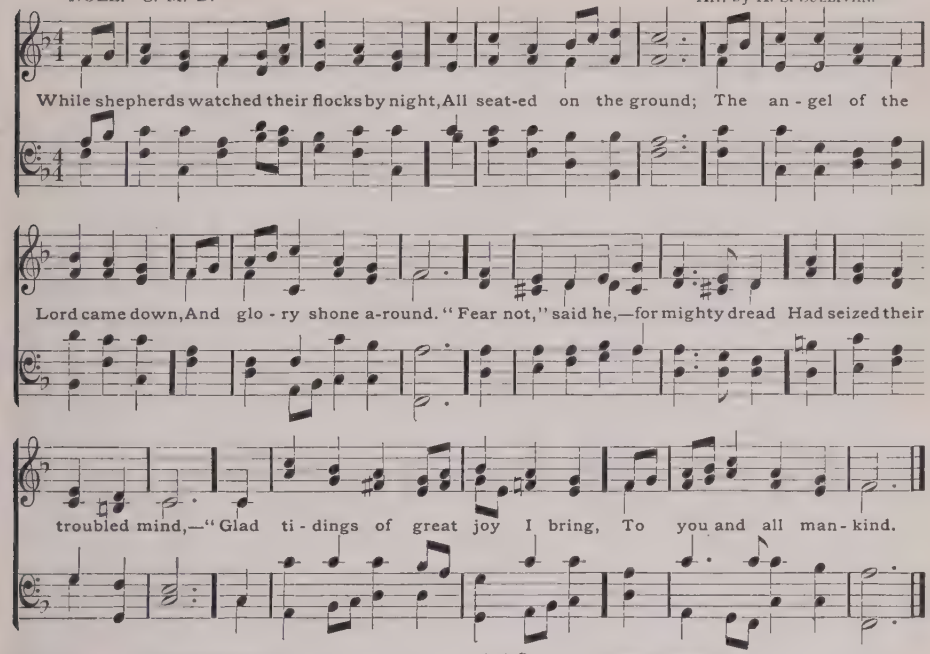
Edwin H. Sears.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. ARR. fr. HÄNDEL.


While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground; The an - gel
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

NOEL. C. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.


While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel of the
Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their
troubled mind,—"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.

318 *Bethlehem Song.*

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate.

319 *Angels' music.*

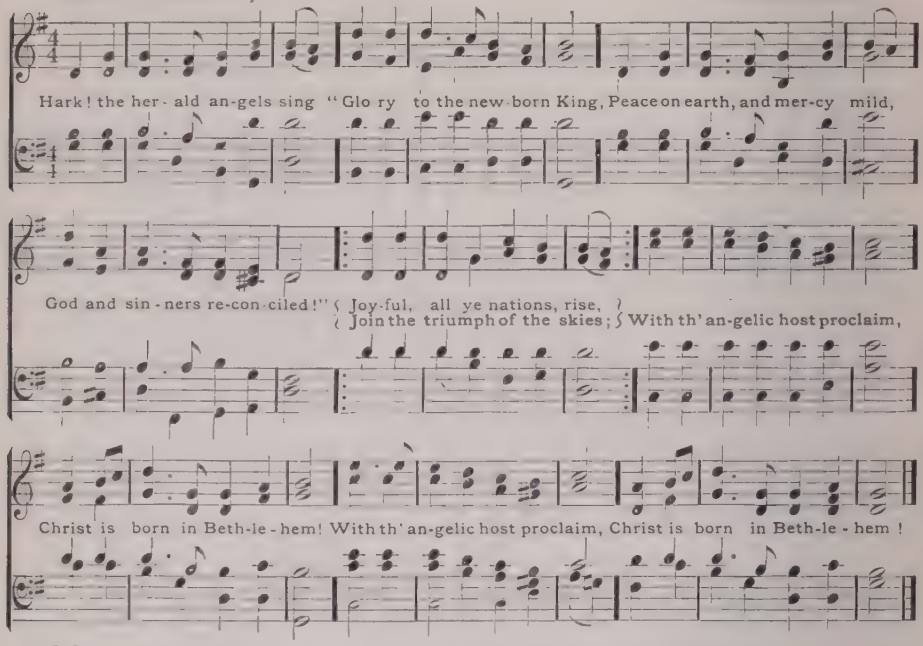
CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edwin H. Sears.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing "Glo ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
God and sin - ners re-con-ciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } { Join the triumph of the skies; } With th' an-gelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Beth-le - hem! With th' an-gelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem!

320 *The Nativity.*

HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley.

321 *"The Christ of God."*

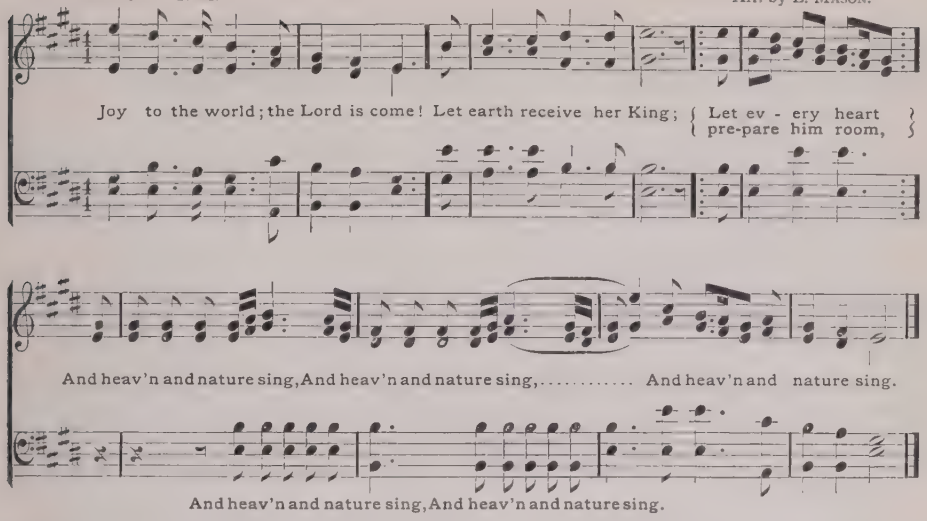
HE has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar.

ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.


Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, ... And heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

322 *Psalm 98.*

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

---

323 7s. D. *"All hail the morn!"*

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angels told.
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"
Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

Anon., 1837.

324 7s. D. *Immanuel.*

GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

2 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn.

INCARNATION. P. M. J. BARNBY.

325

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his

lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

1st two verses. | Last verse only

His

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of..... an - gels with song a - waits

His arm spread

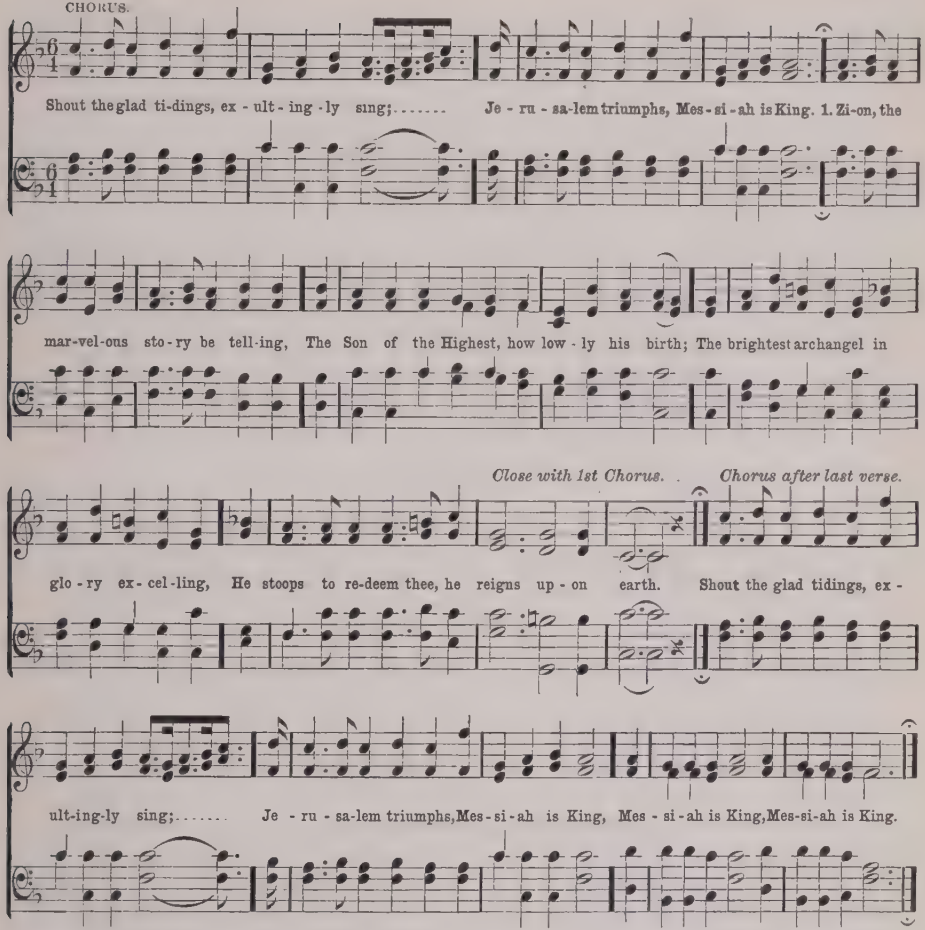
With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we put to - flight the armies of night
Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal-va - ry,
Our march to the gold-en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the brazen gates,

D.S.

That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him. We
Our watch-word— the In-car-na-tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

G. Moultrie.

AVISON. 11s, 10s. C. AVISON.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King. 1. Zi-on, the
mar-vel-ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, how low - ly his birth; The brightest archangel in
Close with 1st Chorus.
Chorus after last verse.
glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re-deem thee, he reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex -
ult-ing-ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King.

326 *The Glad Tidings.*

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

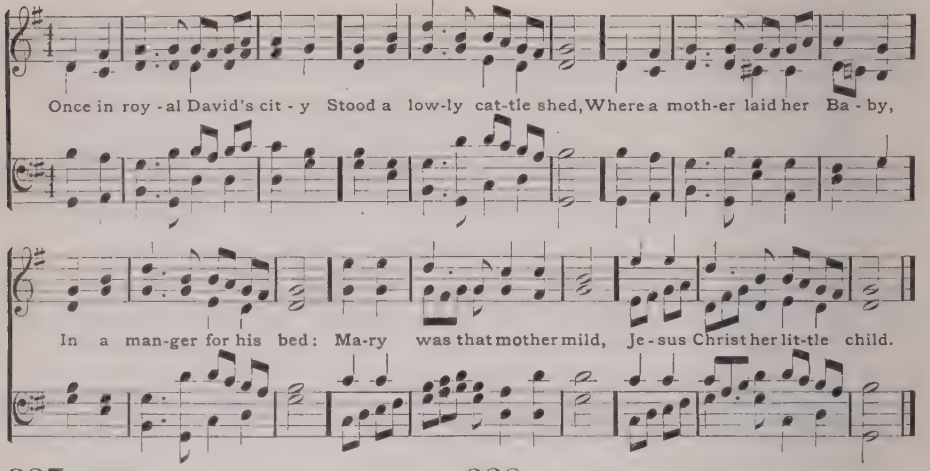
2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

IRBY. 8s, 7s, 7s. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


Once in roy - al David's cit - y Stood a low-ly cat-tle shed, Where a moth-er laid her Ba - by,
In a man-ger for his bed: Ma-ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit-tle child.

327 *"The child Jesus."*

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the lowly, poor, and mean,
Lived on earth our Saviour then.

3 And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

328 *"Blessed Lord!"*

SHOUT, O earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flowed thy natal song:
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Downward from his star-paved dwelling
Comes the incarnate Son of God;
Countless voices, thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of his blood:
Shout! he comes thy tribes to bless
With his spotless righteousness.

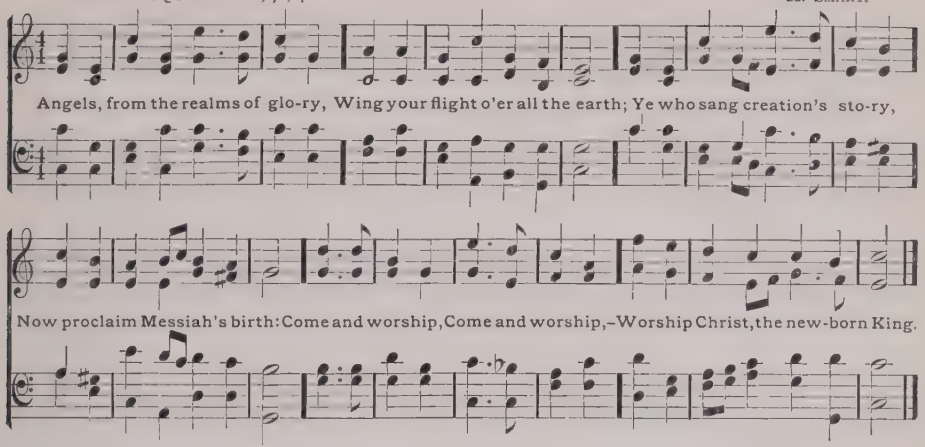
3 See his glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around;
Rebels ev'n are richly gifted,
Pardon, peace, and joy abound!
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along.

4 Call him blesséd! on thy mountains
In thy wild and citied plains;
Call him blesséd! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

5 Blesséd Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blesséd, blesséd, blesséd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word.

W. H. Havergal.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. SMART.


Angels, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang creation's sto-ry,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth: Come and worship, Come and worship,—Worship Christ, the new-born King.

329 "*The new-born King.*"

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,— break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery.

330 *Christ's coming.*

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

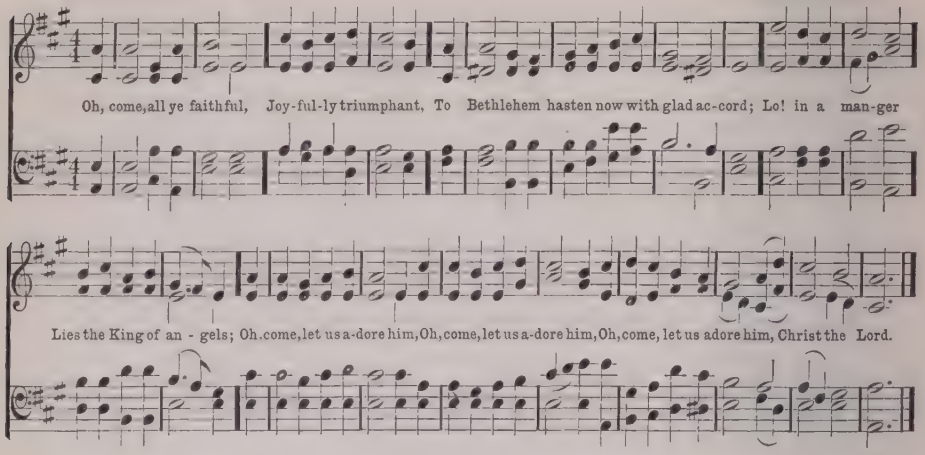
3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering ev'n our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M. M. PORTUGAL.


Oh, come, all ye faithful, Joy-ful-ly triumphant, To Bethlehem hasten now with glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger
Lies the King of an - gels; Oh. come, let us a-dore him, Oh, come, let us a-dore him, Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

331 *Adeste, Fideles.*

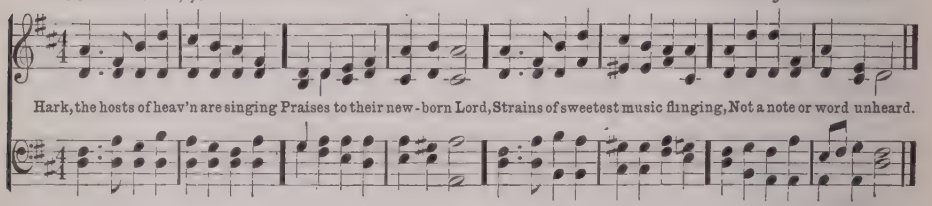
OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

William Mercer, tr.

OSWALD. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.


Hark, the hosts of heav'n are singing Praises to their new-born Lord, Strains of sweetest music flinging, Not a note or word unheard.

332 *The glad Song.*

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

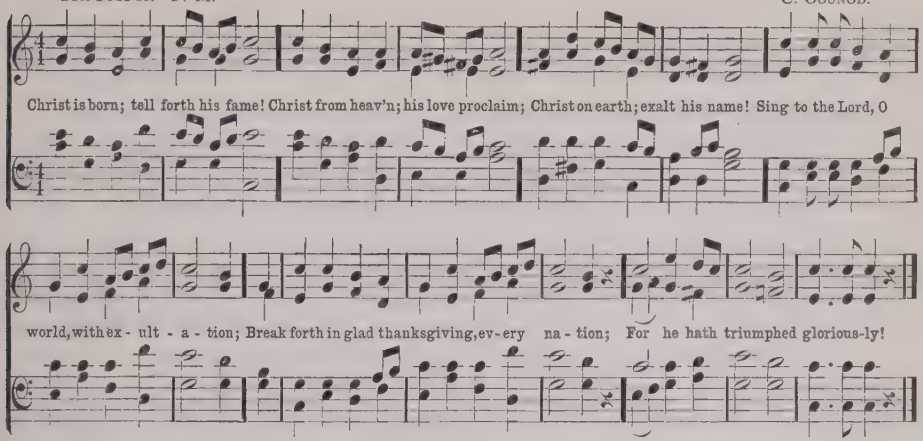
3 Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

5 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.

E. H. Plumptre.

TRIUMPH. P. M. C. GOUNOD.


Christ is born; tell forth his fame! Christ from heav'n; his love proclaim; Christ on earth; exalt his name! Sing to the Lord, O
world, with ex - ult - a - tion; Break forth in glad thanksgiving, ev - ery na - tion; For he hath triumphed glorious-ly!

333 *The Word made flesh.*

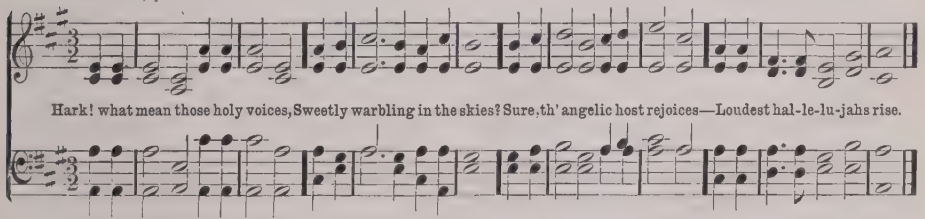
CHRIST is born; tell forth his fame!
Christ from heaven; his love proclaim;
Christ on earth; exalt his name!
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation;
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

2 Man in God's own image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

3 He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might;
God, and Son, and Light of Light;
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was that we should heaven inherit:
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

John M. Neale, tr.

OVIO. 8s, 7s. LOWELL MASON.



334 *"Those holy Voices."*

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure, the angelic host rejoices—
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!

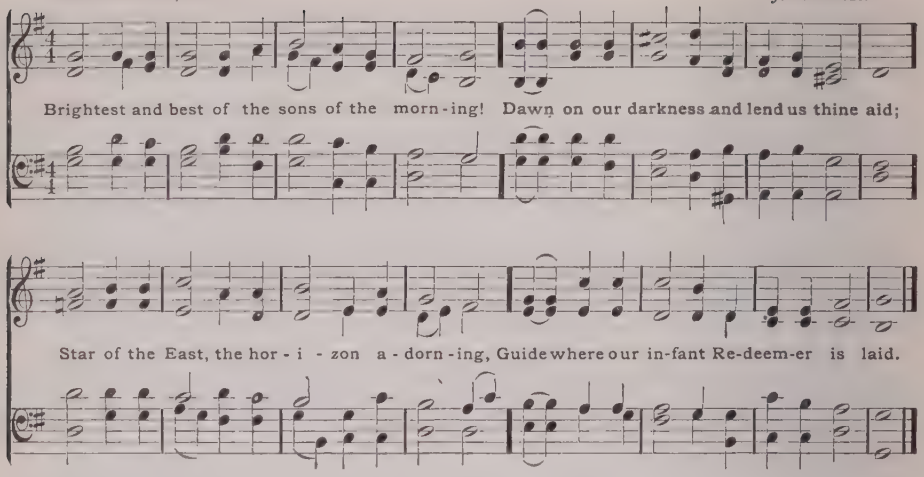
3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood.

NINIAN. 11s, 10s. J. B. Dykes.


Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

335 *"Star of the East."*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber.

336 *"Daughter of Zion!"*

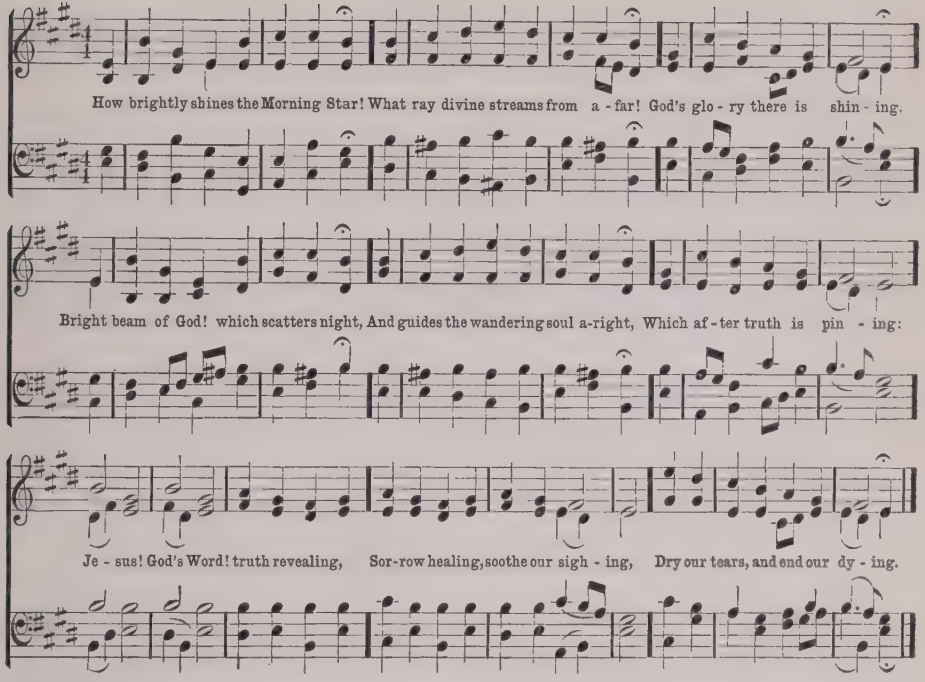
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness:
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion! the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

Anon., 1830.

FRANKFORT. P. M. P. NICOLAI.


How brightly shines the Morning Star! What ray divine streams from a - far! God's glo - ry there is shin - ing.
Bright beam of God! which scatters night, And guides the wandering soul a-right, Which af - ter truth is pin - ing:
Je - sus! God's Word! truth revealing, Sor-row healing, soothe our sigh - ing, Dry our tears, and end our dy - ing.

337 *The Morning Star.*

How BRIGHTLY shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine streams from afar!
God's glory there is shining.
Bright beam of God! which scatters night,
And guides the wandering soul aright,
Which after truth is pining:
Jesus! God's Word! truth revealing,
Sorrow healing, soothe our sighing,
Dry our tears, and end our dying.

2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's son, son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
With my whole heart thy praise I sing;
To thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Be endless honors given.
Saviour, to thee, trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

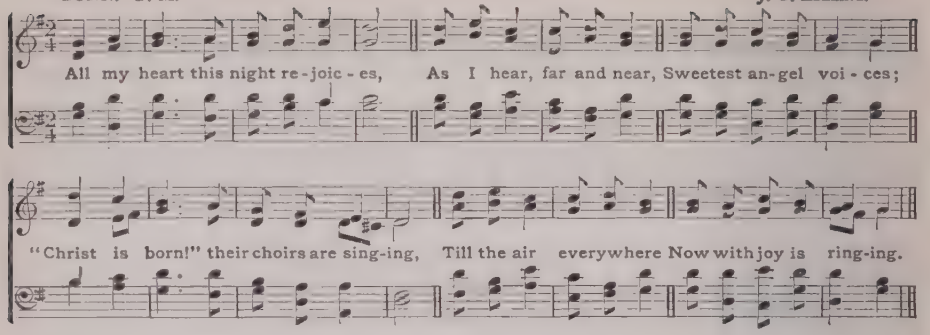
3 Aid me, my God, to sing thy praise,
Thine ageless love, thy matchless grace,
In Christ our Lord appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,
When such a brother true is he,
Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose him, know him, greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest, to befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

4 To him who conquered death and hell,
To him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout heaven's great Forever.
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,
Glory to him who bore our pain,
Flow on, an endless river!
Earth and heaven—creatures lowly,
Angels holy—join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.

5 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this his incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know thy salvation.
Amen, amen: hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise be given
Evermore by earth and heaven!

John M. Sloan. tr.

BONN. P. M. J. G. EBELING.


All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest an-gel voi-ces;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are sing-ing, Till the air everywhere Now with joy is ring-ing.

338 "*Hail the Star.*"

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

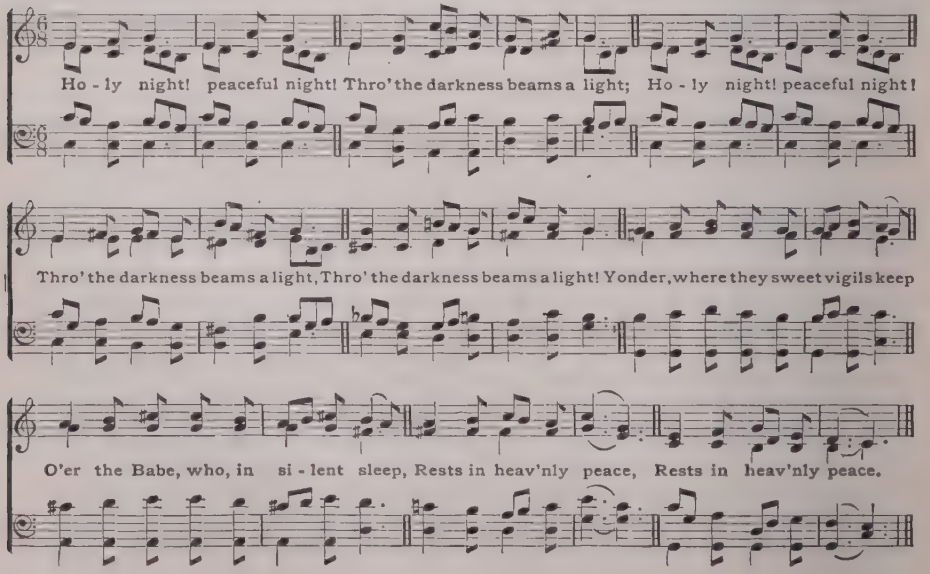
2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of his birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of his grace to our race
Here his Son he lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you.

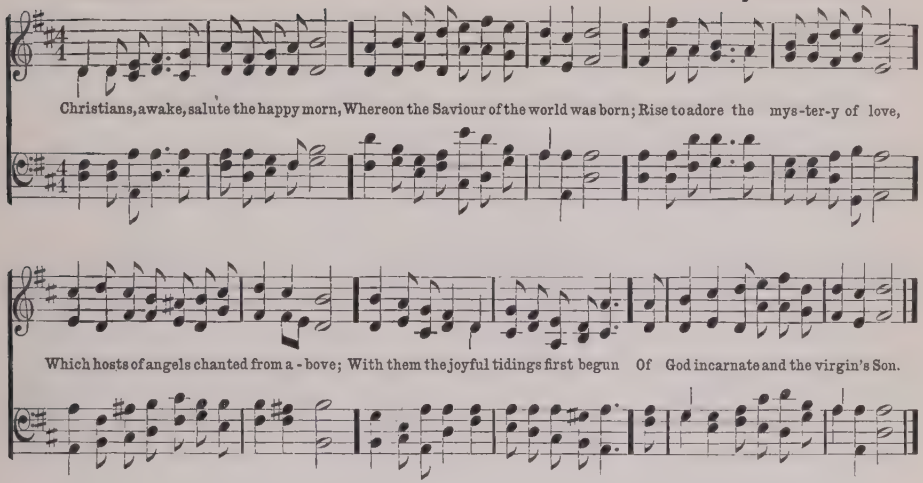
4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

C. Winkworth, tr.

HOLY NIGHT. P. M. J. BARNBY.


Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the darkness beams a light; Ho-ly night! peaceful night!
Thro' the darkness beams a light, Thro' the darkness beams a light! Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe, who, in si-lent sleep, Rests in heav'nly peace, Rests in heav'nly peace.

YORKSHIRE. 10s. 6l. J. WAINWRIGHT.


Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Whereon the Saviour of the world was born; Rise to adore the mys-ter-y of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from a-bove; With them the joyful tidings first begun Of God incarnate and the virgin's Son.

339 *"God Incarnate."*

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the virgin's Son.

2 With burst of music the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

3 Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind,
Trace we the babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

4 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

John Byrom.

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340 P. M. *The Birth at Bethlehem.*

HOLY night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe, who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

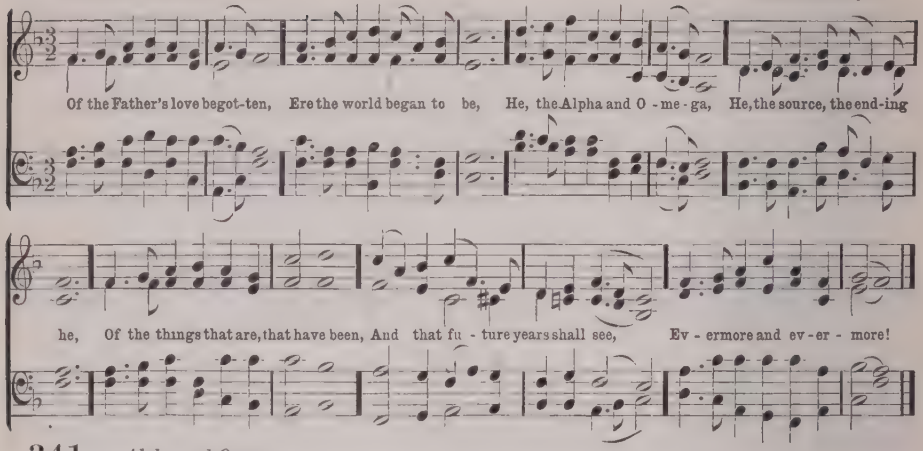
2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

Tr. fr. *the German.*

CORDE NATUS. P. M. Ancient melody.


Of the Father's love begot-ten, Ere the world began to be, He, the Alpha and O -me-ga, He, the source, the end-ing
he, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see, Ev - ermore and ev-er - more!

341 *Alpha and Omega.*

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

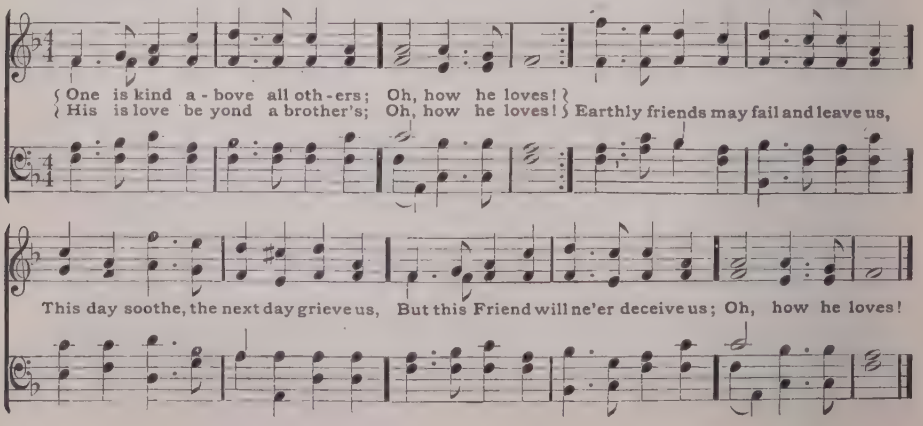
2 At his word the worlds were framed;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

3 He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore!

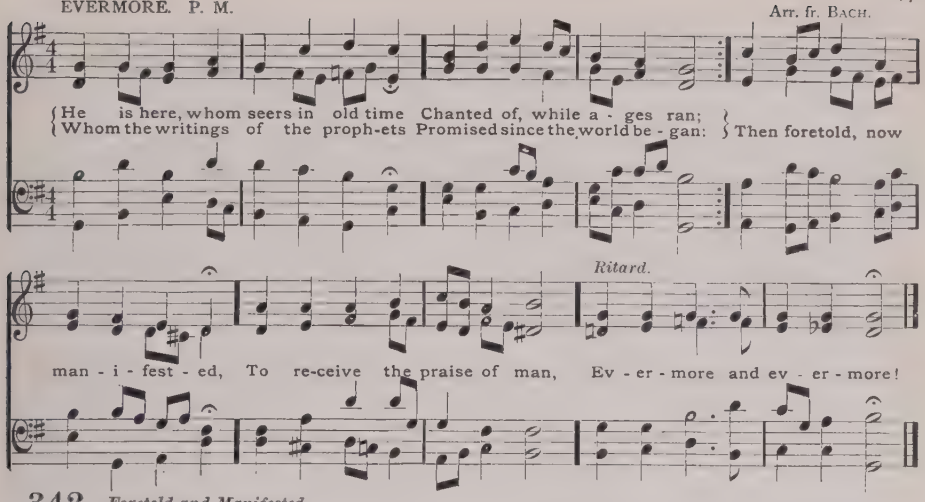
4 Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

John M. Neale, tr.

CARITAS. P. M. R. W. Beaty.


{One is kind a - bove all oth-ers; Oh, how he loves!}
{His is love be yond a brother's; Oh, how he loves!} Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us; Oh, how he loves!

EVERMORE. P. M. Arr. fr. BACH.


He is here, whom seers in old time Chanted of, while a - ges ran;
Whom the writings of the proph-ets Promised since the world be - gan:
Then foretold, now
Ritard.
man - i - fest - ed, To re-ceive the praise of man, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

342 *Foretold and Manifested.*

HE is here, whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore!

2 Praise him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue,
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!

John M. Neale, tr.

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343 P. M. *A Friend from heaven.*

ONE is kind above all others;
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
Oh, how he loves!

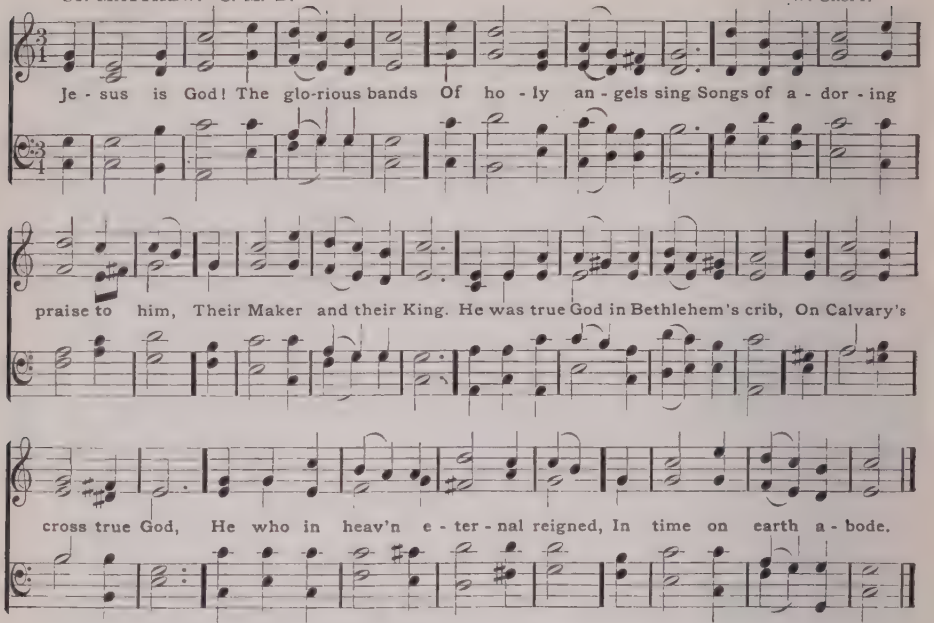
2 'T is eternal life to know him;
Oh, how he loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe him:
Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us;
Oh, how he loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus;
Oh, how he loves!
'T is his great delight to bless us;
Oh, how he loves!
How our hearts delight to hear him
Bid us dwell in safety near him!
Why should we distrust or fear him?
Oh, how he loves!

4 All our sins shall be forgiven;
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven;
Oh, how he loves!
Blessings rich he will provide us,
Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us;
Oh, how he loves!

Marianne Nunn.

ST. MATTHEW. C. M. D. W. CROFT.


Je - sus is God! The glo-rious bands Of ho - ly an - gels sing Songs of a - dor - ing
praise to him, Their Maker and their King. He was true God in Bethlehem's crib, On Calvary's
cross true God, He who in heav'n e - ter - nal reigned, In time on earth a - bode.

344 *"Jesus is God!"*

JESUS is God! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

2 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

3 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessèd faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

4 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord!

Frederick W. Faber.

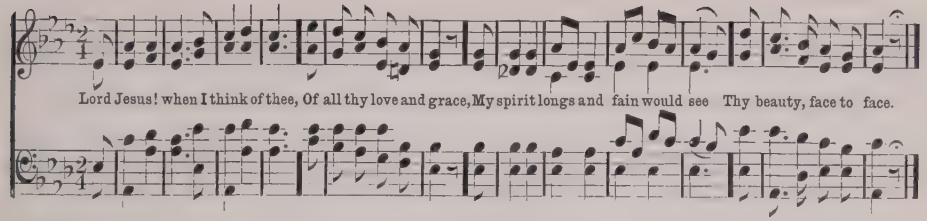
345 *Bethlehem Star.*

As SHADOWS cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant.

HUMMEL. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



346 *"The King in his beauty."*

LORD Jesus! when I think of thee,
Of all thy love and grace,
My spirit longs and fain would see
Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
A barren, thirsty ground,
With thorns and briars overspread,
Where foes and snares abound;—

3 Yet in thy love such depths I see,
My soul o'erflows with praise—
Contents itself, while, Lord, to thee
A joyful song I raise.

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
My Rock, my Food, my Light;
Each thought of thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stayed,
Hard following after thee;
Till I, in robes of white arrayed,
Thy face in glory see.

James G. Deck.

347 *Christ's earthly path.*

O LORD, we now the path retrace
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

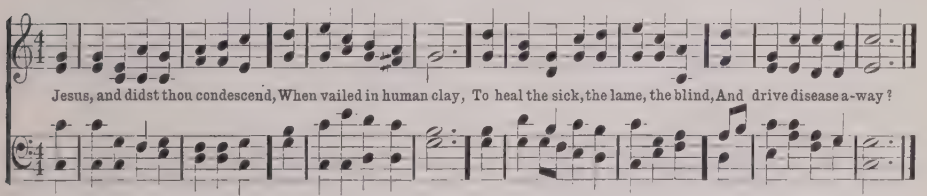
3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways, express.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

James G. Deck.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. H. SMART.



348 *"Our infirmities."*

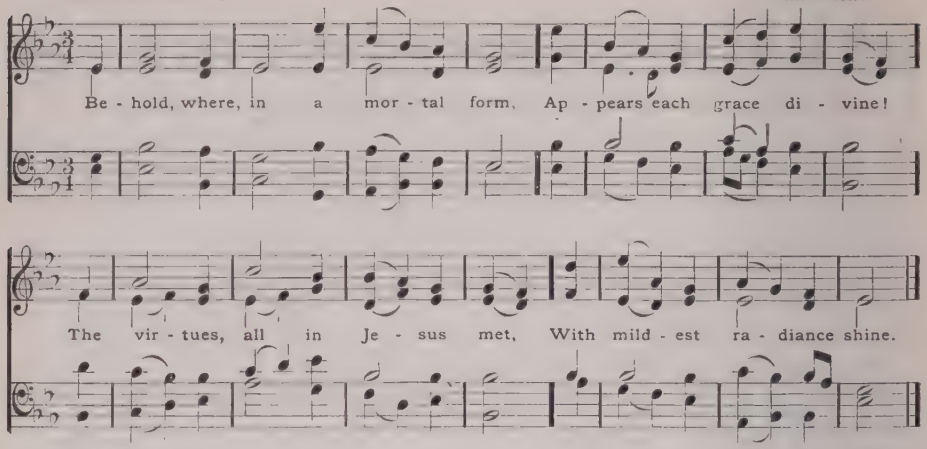
JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord, oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

Mrs. Amelia Wakeford.

MANCHESTER. C. M. R. WAINWRIGHT.

349 *"All in Jesus"*

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He meek and patient stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

William Enfield.

350 *A lonely life.*

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessèd hill.

Edward Denny.

351 *For our example.*

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

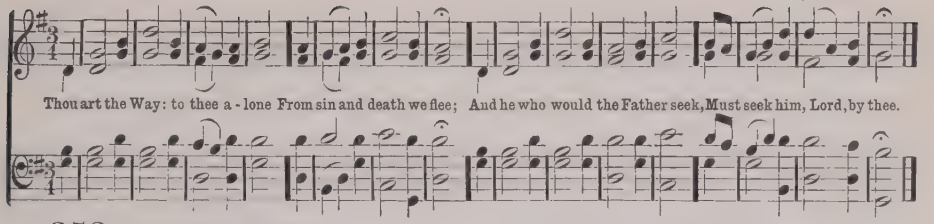
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

Edward Denny.

GRIGG. C. M. J. Grigg.



352 *"Way, Truth, and Life."*

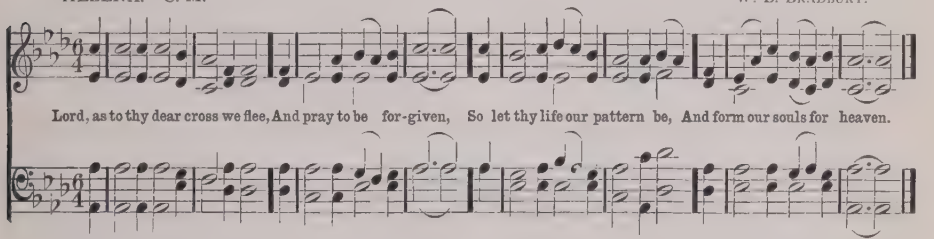
Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

HELENA. C. M. W. B. Bradbury.

353 *Pattern of Forgiveness.*

Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

John H. Gurney.

354 *"Shall we forget."*

Jesus! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

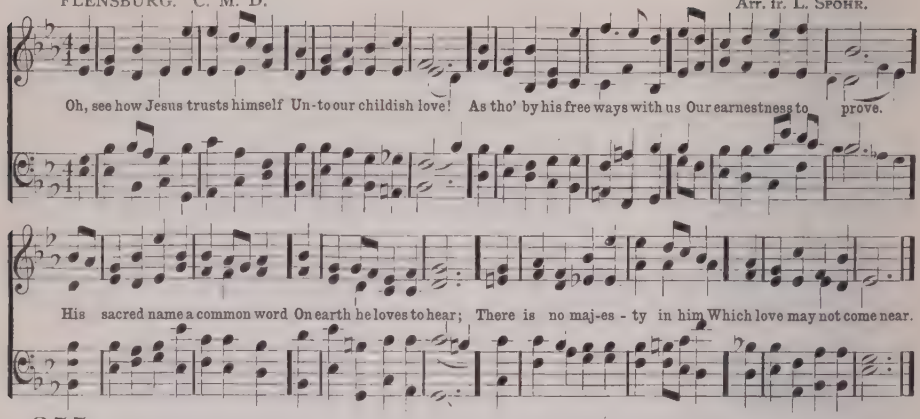
3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

William Mitchell.

FLENSBURG. C. M. D. Arr. fr. L. SPOHR.

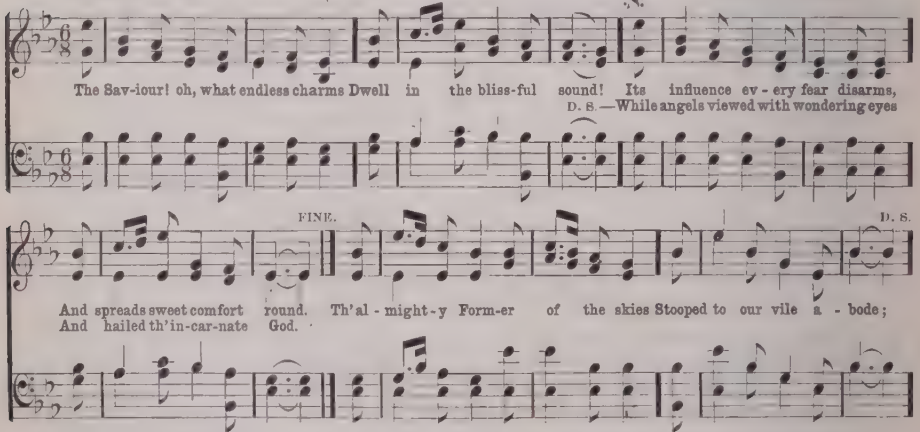

Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself Un-to our childish love! As tho' by his free ways with us Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word On earth he loves to hear; There is no maj-es-ty in him Which love may not come near.

355 "*His free ways.*"

OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

Frederick W. Faber.

ATHENS. C. M. D. Arr. fr. F. GIARDINI.

:S:
The Sav-iour! oh, what endless charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its influence ev-ery fear disarms,
D. S.—While angels viewed with wondering eyes
FINE.
D. S.
And spreads sweet comfort round. Th'al-might-y Form-er of the skies Stooped to our vile a-bode;
And hailed th'in-car-nate God.

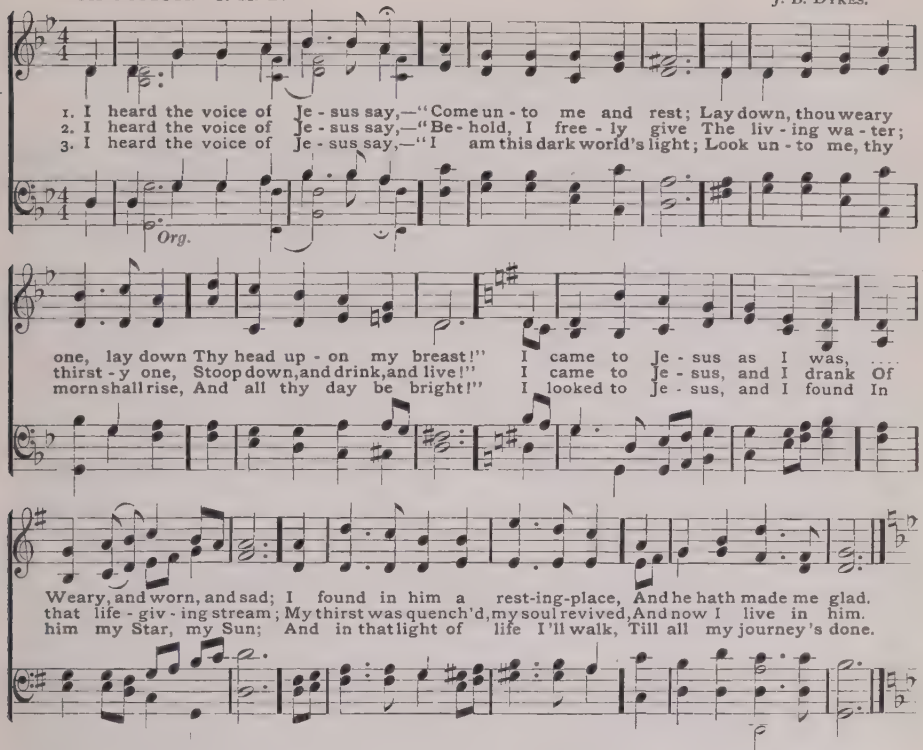
356 *The name "Jesus."*

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy
Org.
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was,
thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In
Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he hath made me glad.
that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

357 *The Words of Jesus.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

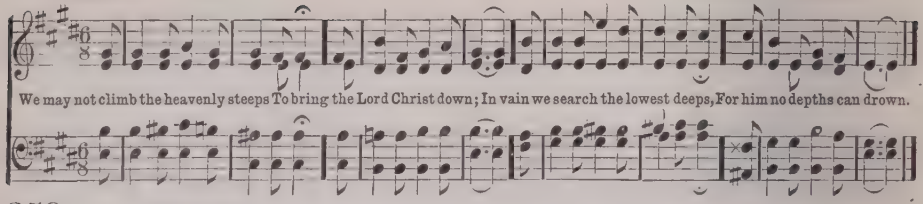
Horatius Bonar.

358 *The Perfect Pattern.*

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

John Newton.

SERENITY. C. M. Arr. fr. W. V. WALLACE.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest deeps, For him no depths can drown.

359 *The true Test.*

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

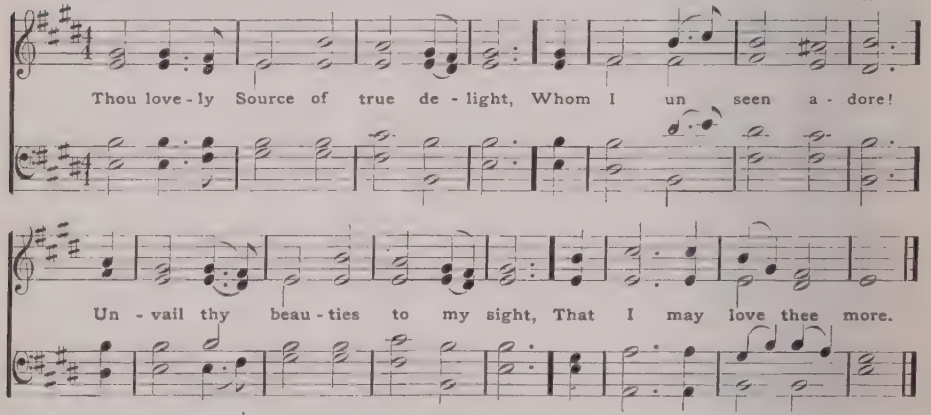
3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

HAVEN. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



360 *Christ in the Word.*

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

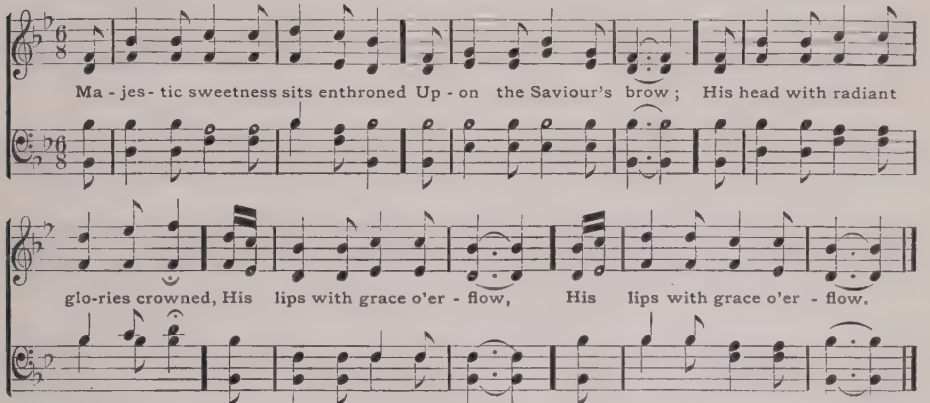
4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.


Ma - jes- tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

361 *"Altogether Lovely."*

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

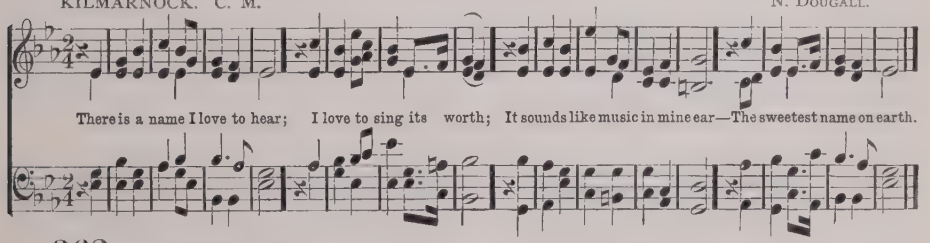
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

KILMARNOCK. C. M. N. DOUGALL.



362 *The name of Jesus.*

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

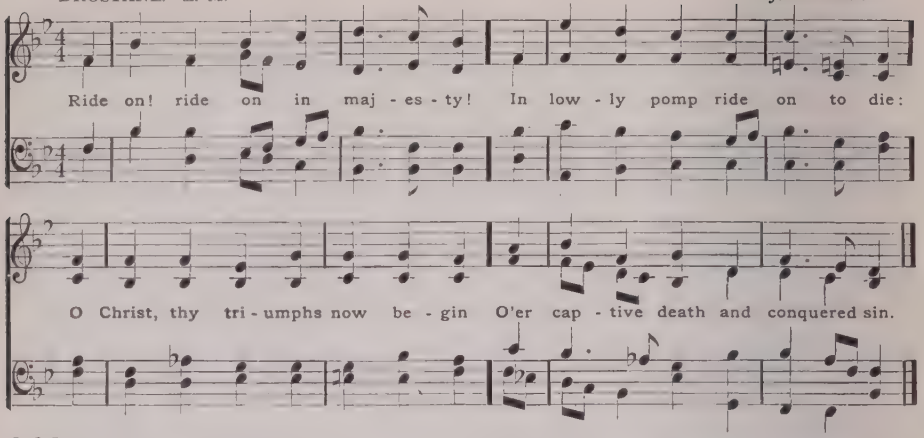
3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

Frederick Whitfield.

DROSTANE. L. M. J. B. Dykes.



363 *The entry into Jerusalem.*

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman.

364 *The unspeakable Gift.*

Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortal's sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And he himself to this world came.

3 For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us, the tempter overthrew.

4 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not himself, but us.

5 For us, to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

6 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

John M. Neale, tr.

365 *John the Baptist.*

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

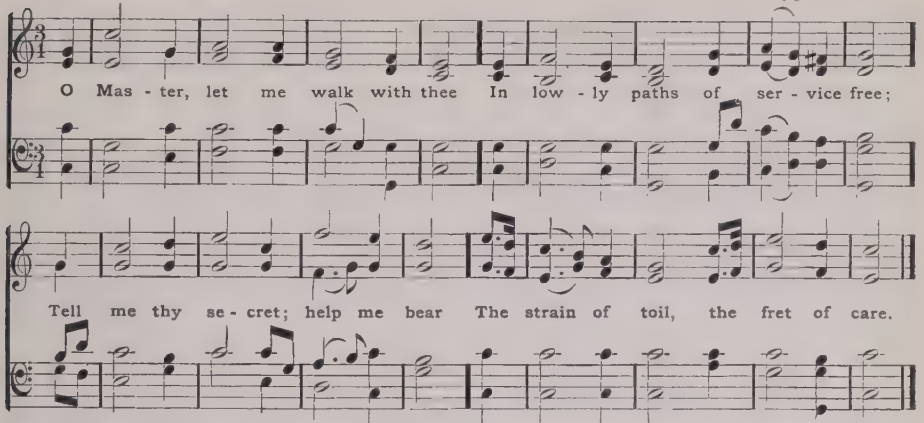
2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty guest may come.

3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

John Chandler, tr.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M. Arr. by J. TURLE.


O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

366 *Life for winning souls.*

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

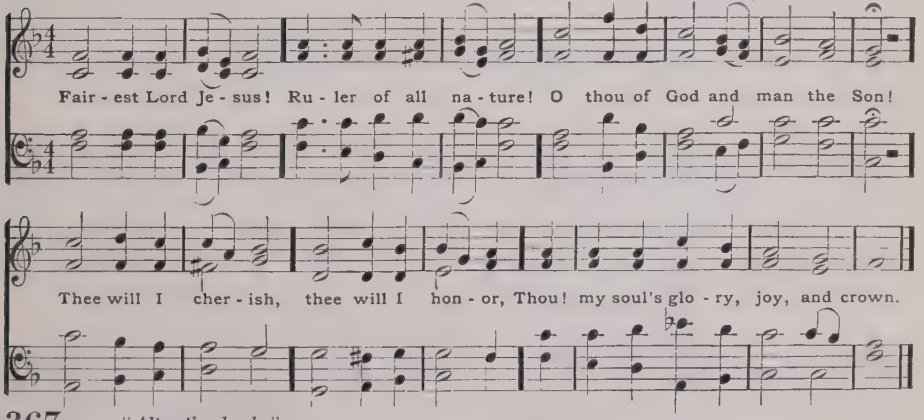
2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

Washington Gladden.

CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M. Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.


Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture! O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cher - ish, thee will I hon - or, Thou! my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.

367 *"Altogether lovely."*

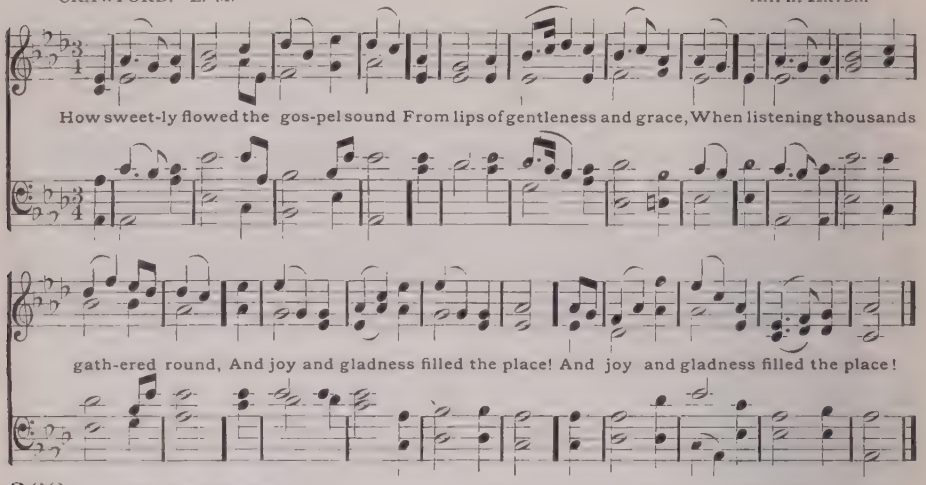
FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter! Jesus shines purer!
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Richard S. Willis, tr.

CRAWFORD. L. M. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands
gath-ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place! And joy and gladness filled the place!

368 *The Great Teacher.*

How SWEETLY flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring.

369 *"Holy, harmless."*

How BEAUTEOUS were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

Arthur C. Coxe.

370 *"He healed them."*

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

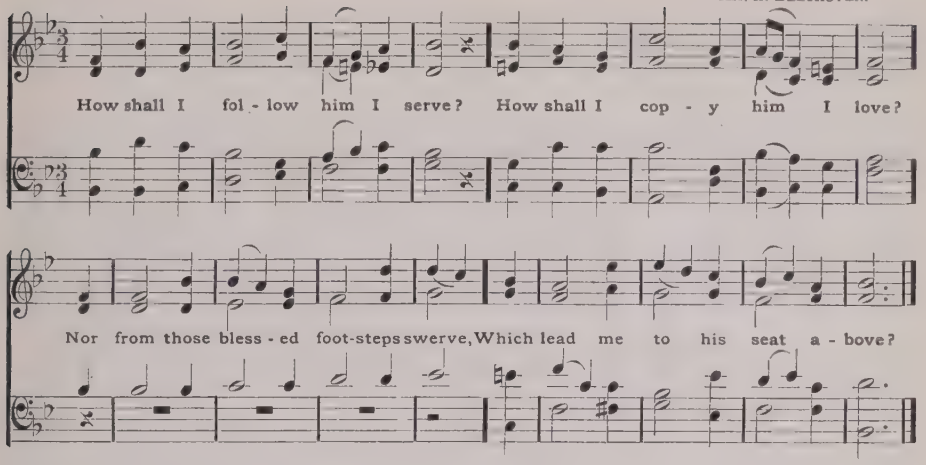
3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery.

GERMANY. L. M. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.


How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
Nor from those bless - ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

371 *"How shall I copy?"*

How SHALL I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blesséd footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

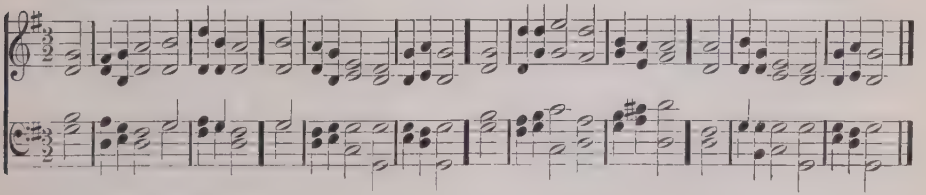
3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder.

ROCKINGHAM (MASON'S). L. M. LOWELL MASON.



372 *The Divine Pattern.*

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

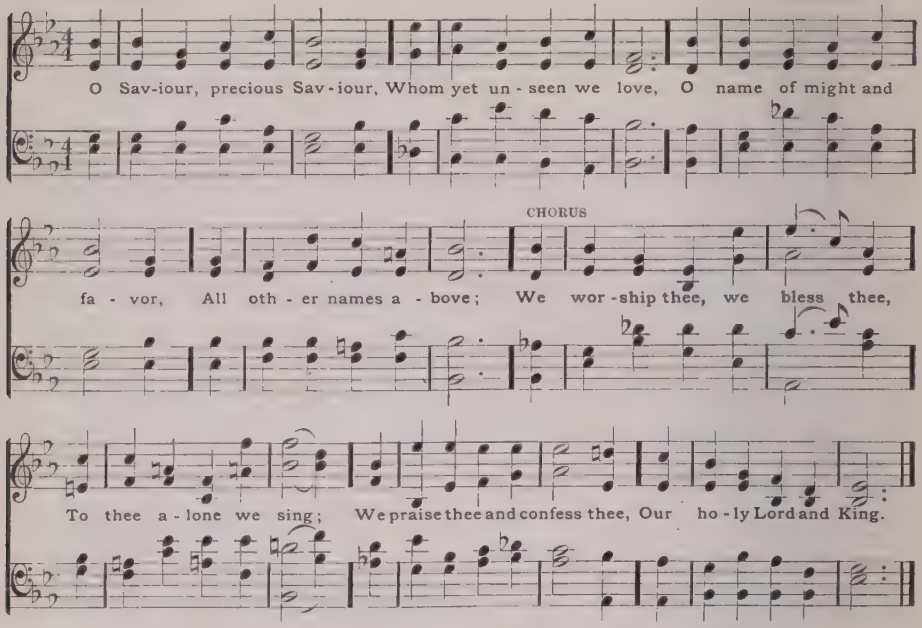
2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

LANCASHIRE. 7s, 6s. D. H. SMART.


O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O name of might and
CHORUS
fa-vor, All oth-er names a-bove; We wor-ship thee, we bless thee,
To thee a-lone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our ho-ly Lord and King.

373 *An unseen Saviour.*

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above;
CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;—CHO.

3 In thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;—CHO.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

Frances R. Havergal.

374 *"With palms."*

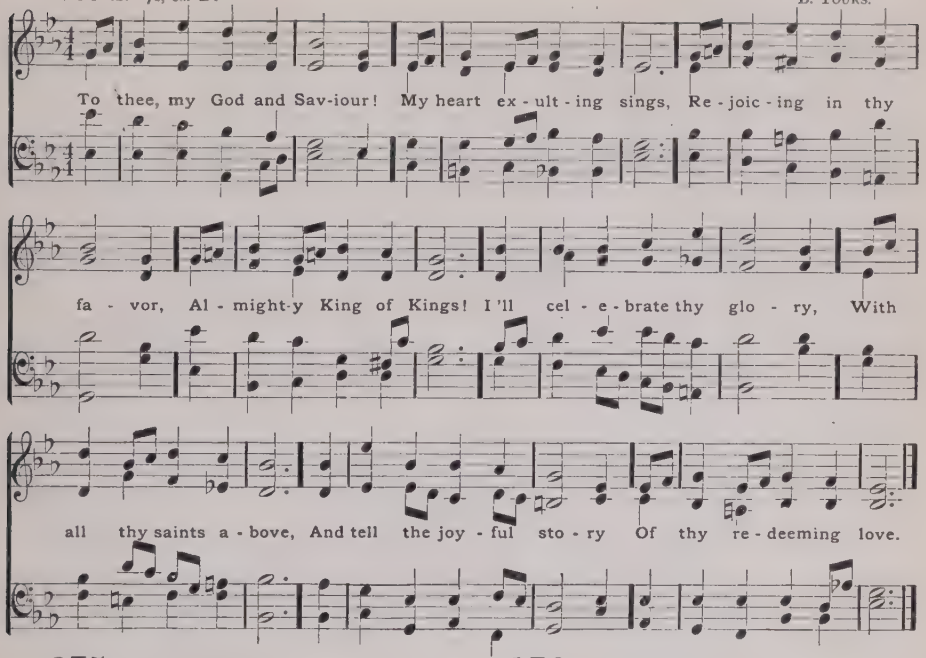
ALL glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

John M. Neale, tr.

TOURS. 7s, 6s. D. B. TOURS.


To thee, my God and Sav-iour! My heart ex-ult-ing sings, Re-joic-ing in thy
fa-vor, Al-might-y King of Kings! I'll cel-e-brate thy glo-ry, With
all thy saints a-bove, And tell the joy-ful sto-ry Of thy re-deeming love.

375 *"God, our Saviour."*

To THEE, my God and Saviour!
  My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
  Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
  With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
  Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
  Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
  Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
  Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh, grant me thy salvation,
  And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
  I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
  Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
  And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:—
  What could an angel more?

Thomas Haweis.

376 *Children's Hosannas.*

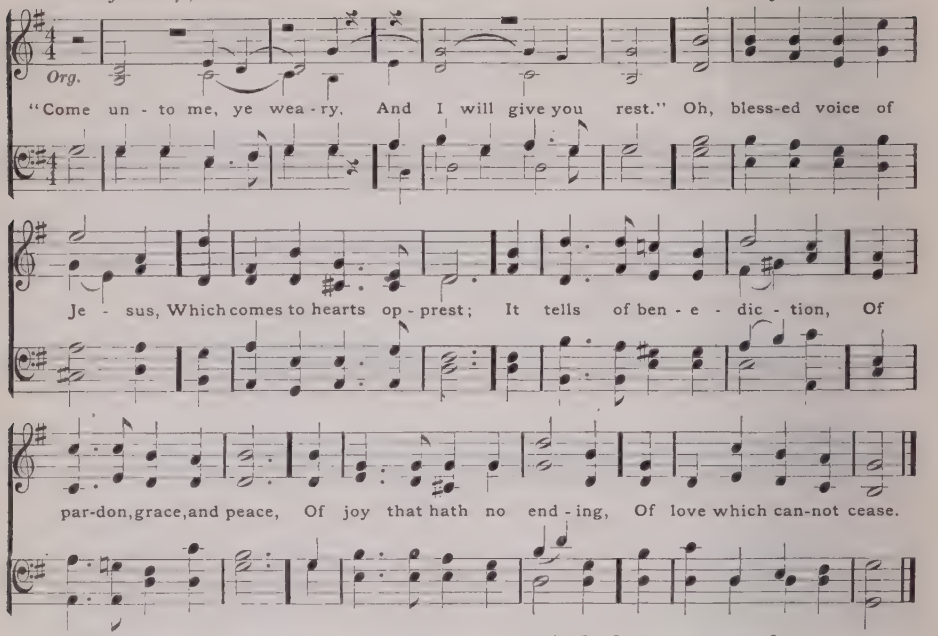
WHEN, his salvation bringing,
  To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
  Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
  But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
  Well pleased to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
  His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
  On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
  Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud hosanna,
  To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
  Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
  Would their hosanna raise.
But should we only render
  The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
  They, too, should be the Lord's.

John King.

VOX JESU. 7s, 6s. D. J. B. DYKES.


Org.
"Come un - to me, ye wea - ry. And I will give you rest." Oh, bless-ed voice of
Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of
par-don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.

377 *Matt. 11 : 28.*

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made me mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us,—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

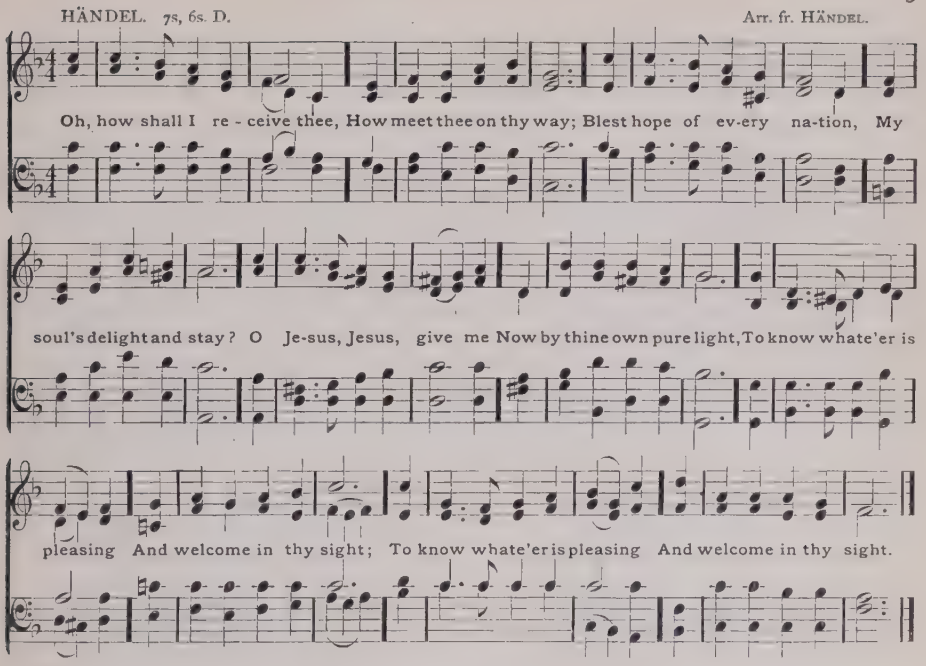
William C. Dix.

378. *Heaven begun below.*

I BUILD on this foundation,—
That Jesus and his blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good.
To mine his Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.

2 My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine:
'T is full of joy and singing,
And radiancy divine.
The sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is Jesus Christ alone:
To have him always near me
Is heaven itself begun.

Richard Massie, tr.


HÄNDEL. 7s, 6s. D.
Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.
Oh, how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way; Blest hope of ev-ery na-tion, My
soul's delight and stay? O Je-sus, Jesus, give me Now by thine own pure light, To know whate'er is
pleasing And welcome in thy sight; To know whate'er is pleasing And welcome in thy sight.

379 *"Fear no more."*

Oh, how shall I receive thee,
How meet thee on thy way;
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of his Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Arthur T. Russell, tr.

380 *Heb. 13 : 13.*

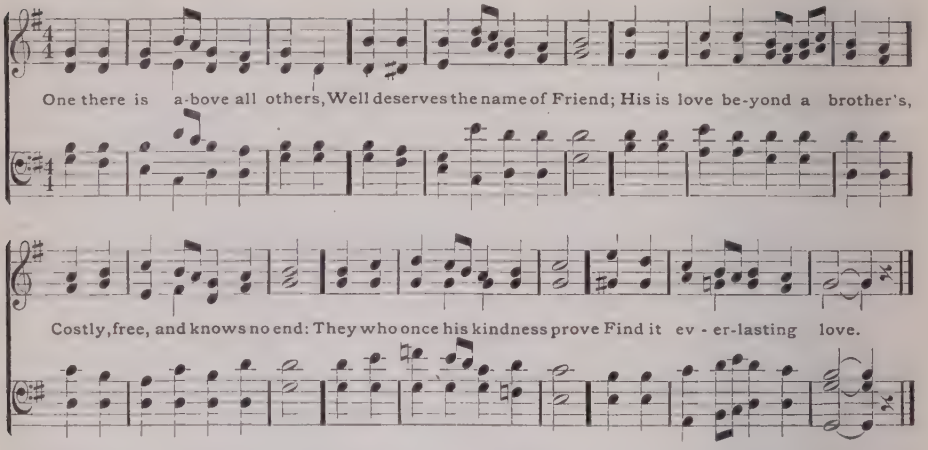
My Saviour, I would own thee
Amid the world's proud scorn,
The world that mocked and crowned thee
With diadem of thorn;
The world that now rejects thee
Makes nothing of thy love,
Counts not the grace and pity
That brought thee from above.

2 My Lord, my Master, help me
To walk apart with thee
Outside the camp, where only
Thy beauty I may see:
Far from the world's loud turmoil,
Far from its busy din,
Far from its praise and honor,
Its unbelief and sin.

3 Oh, keep my heart at leisure
From all the world beside,
In close communion, ever
Thus with thee to abide—
So all thy whispered breathings
Of love and truth to hear;
And hail thee with rejoicing,
When thou shalt soon appear.

Mrs. R. H. Taylor.

MURIEL. 8s, 7s, 7s. C. GOUNOD.


One there is a-bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-yond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove Find it ev - er-lasting love.

381 *"Friend of Sinners."*

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glories raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton.

382 *Healing the Sick.*

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall;
Lay we humbly at thy feet,
Suppliants round thy mercy-seat.

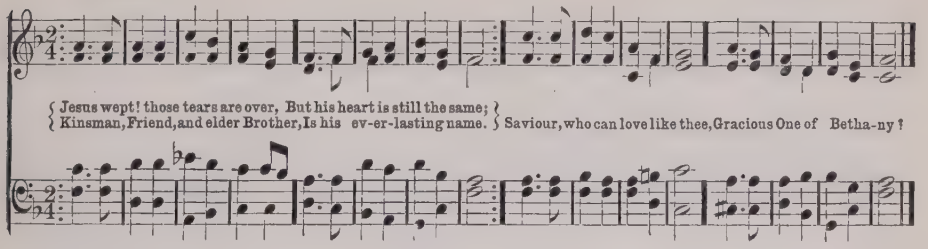
3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share:
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants to thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
Every law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart:
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
To thy healing power yield;
Till the sick and sad in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
Shall the saints together meet,
Pardoned at thy judgment seat!

Godfrey Thring.

ST. JOSEPH. 8s, 7s, 7s. F. R. STATHAM.


Jesus wept! those tears are over, But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is his ev-er-lasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Betha-ny!

383 "*Jesus wept.*"

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

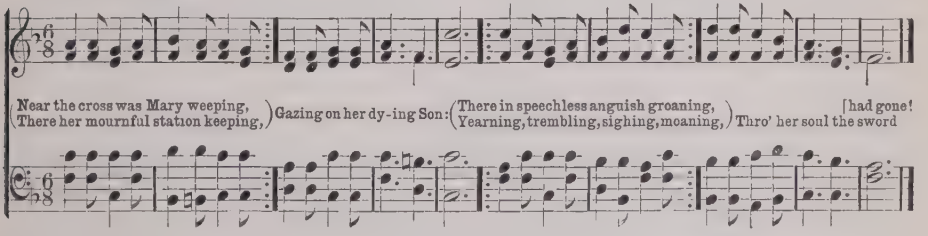
2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

John R. Macduff.

STABAT MATER. P. M. Old melody.


Near the cross was Mary weeping, There her mournful station keeping, Gazing on her dy-ing Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword [had gone!

384 "*Near the Cross.*"

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone!

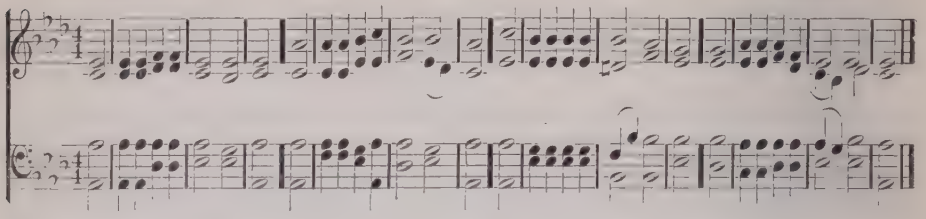
2 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
'T was our sins brought him from heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

J. W. Alexander, tr.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



385 *Gethsemane.*

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

386 *"'Tis finished!"*

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

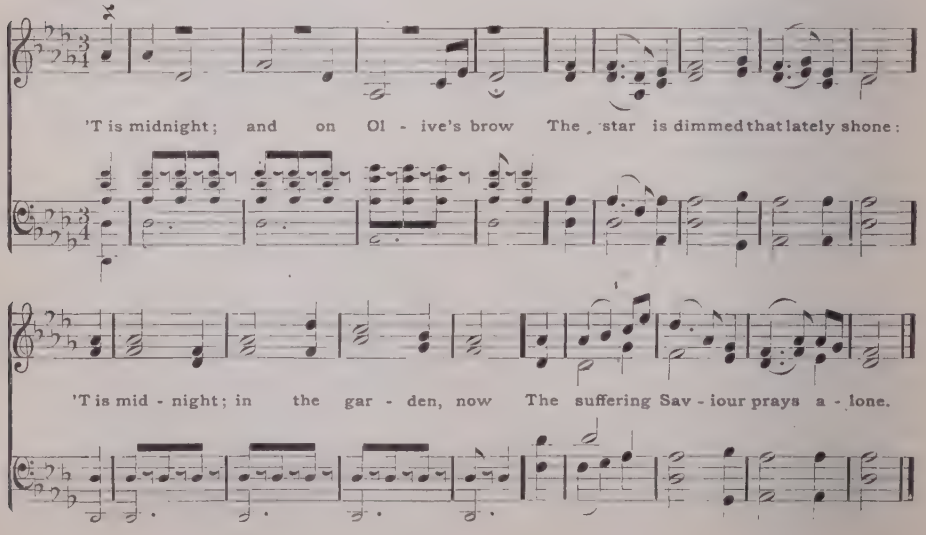
2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

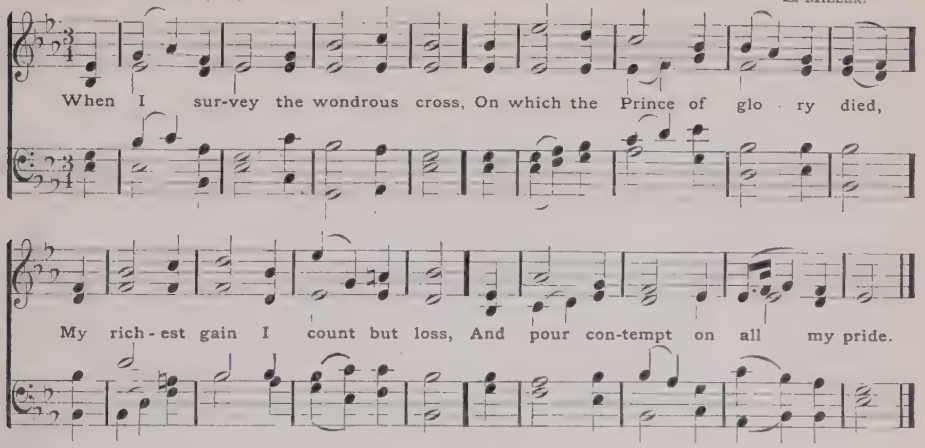
4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett.

SOLITUDE. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.


'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis mid - night; in the gar - den, now The suffering Sav - iour prays a - lone.

ROCKINGHAM (OLD). L. M. E. MILLER.


When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

387 *"The wondrous Cross."*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

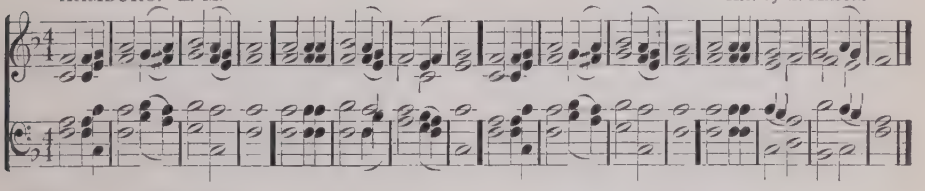
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



388 *"For me."*

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

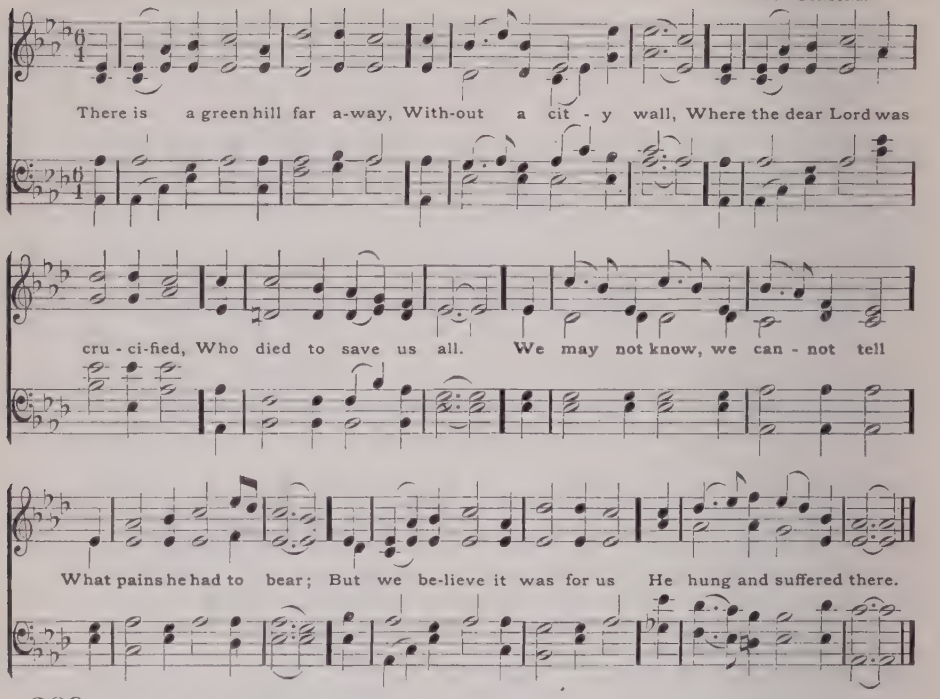
3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

Horatius Bonar.

CONCONE. C. M. D. Arr. fr. CONCONE.


There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell
What pains he had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.

389 *Christ dying to save us.*

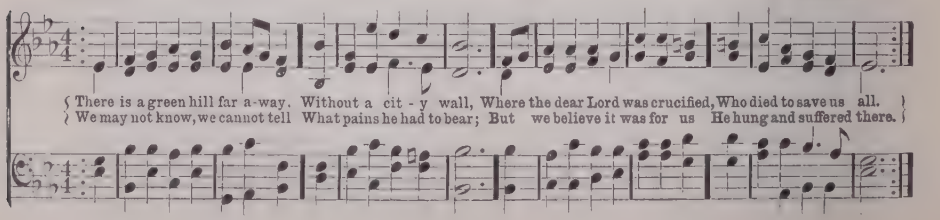
THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

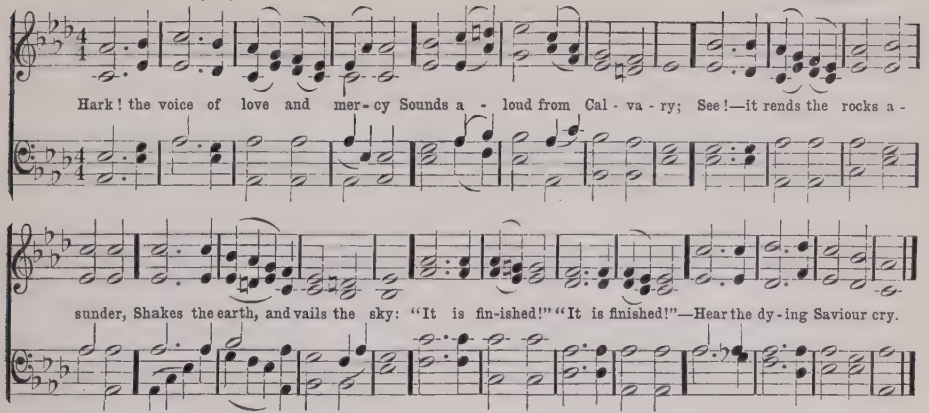
3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there 's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

HORSLEY. C. M. D. W. HORSLEY.


There is a green hill far a-way. Without a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

CALVARY. 8s, 7s, 4s. S. STANLEY.


Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See!—it rends the rocks a -
sunder, Shakes the earth, and vails the sky: "It is fin-ished!" "It is finished!"—Hear the dy-ing Saviour cry.

390 *"It is finished!"*

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

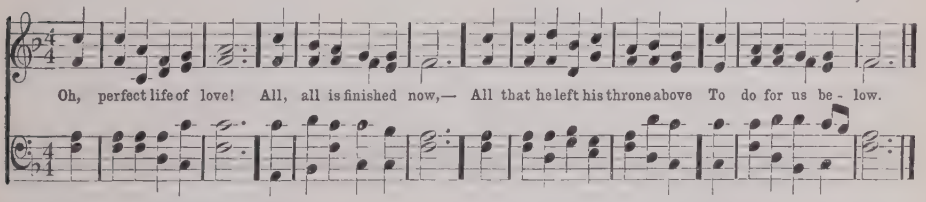
2 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
At his rising fully proved.
All is finished!
Here our hopes do rest unmoved.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans.

BADEA. S. M. German melody.



391 *"All-atoning Sacrifice."*

OH, perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now,—
All that he left his throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

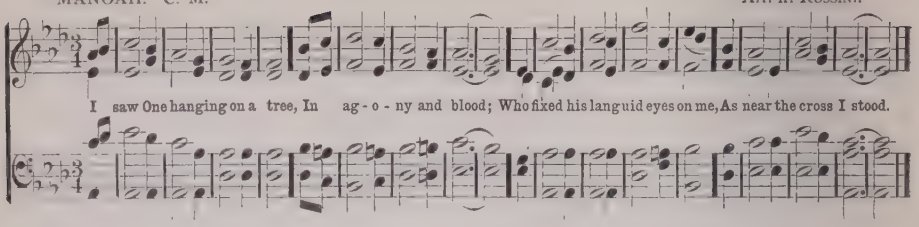
3 No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on his thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That he might make us whole.

5 In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee!

Henry W. Baker.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



392 *The two Looks.*

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

John Newton.

393 *"O Christ of God!"*

O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

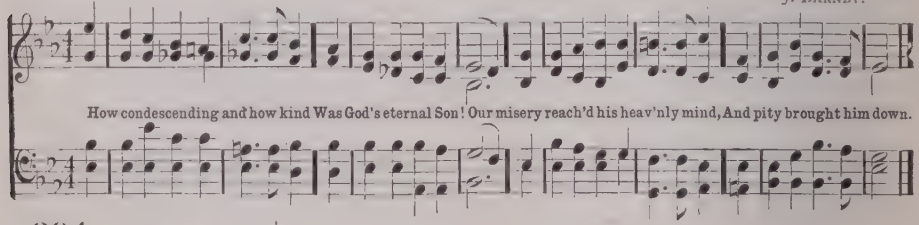
2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope, the cross I 'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

Ray Palmer.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M. J. BARNBY.

394 *"He remembers Calvary."*

HOW CONDESCENDING and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

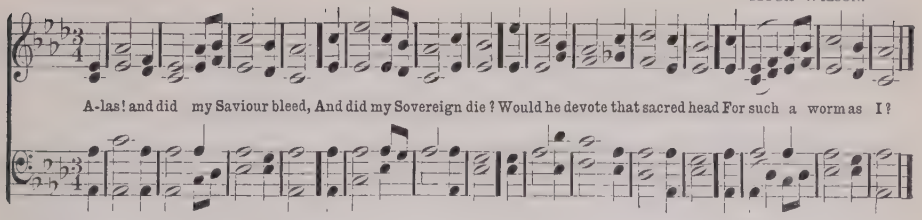
2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

Isaac Watts.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



395 *"Grace unknown."*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

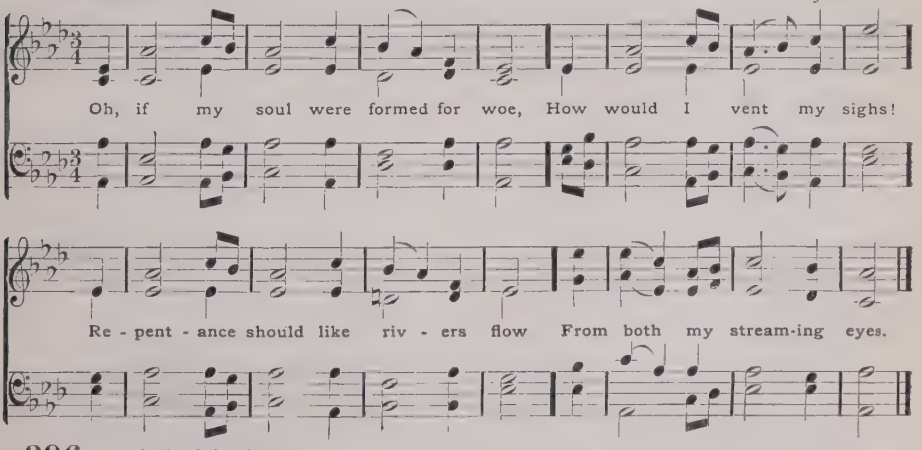
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

COMMUNION. C. M. S. JENKS.



396 *Suffered for sin.*

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

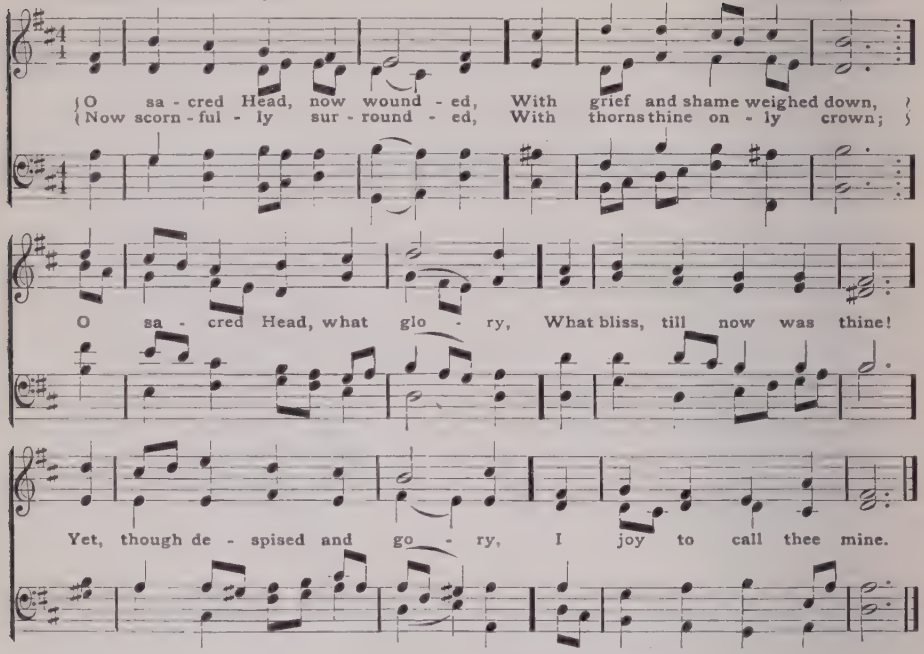
3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer— they shall die:
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. fr. BACH.


O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thine on - ly crown;
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

397 *"Upon the cross."*

O JESUS, we adore thee,
Upon the cross, our King:
We bow our hearts before thee:
Thy gracious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought salvation,
That Name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain thee,
Still pressing by thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain thee;
All else we count but loss.
The grief thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That thou thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
And nailed thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee;—
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless thee,
No longer pass thee by;
O Jesus, we confess thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

Arthur T. Russell.

398 *The Lamb of God.*

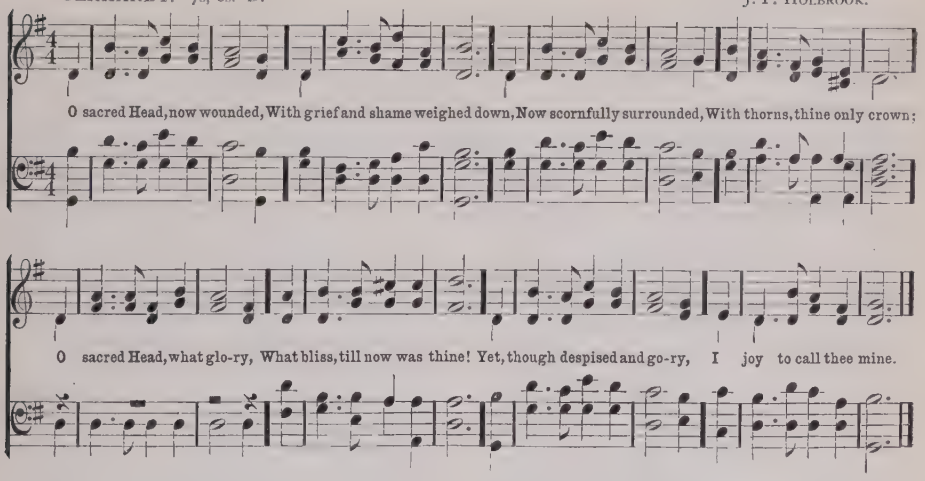
O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in thee hiding
I know my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all the saints above.

James G. Deck.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

399 *At the Cross.*

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

J. W. Alexander, tr.

400 *"All-Forgiving!"*

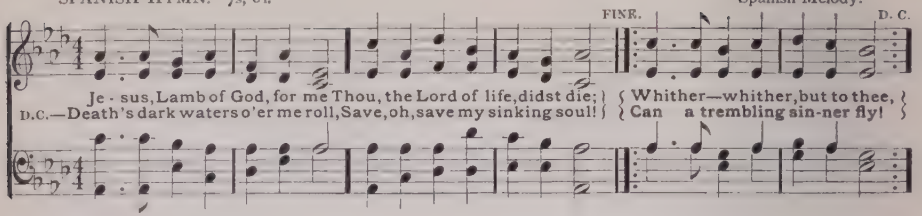
LIFE of the world! I hail thee;
Hail, Jesus, Saviour dear!
I to thy cross could yield me,
Might I to thee be near.
Thyself, in all thy fullness,
My Lord, to me impart:
To thee I come as with me,
Yea, find thee in my heart.

2 Look on me, All-Forgiving!
Low at thy feet I bow:
Oh, all-divine thou seemest,
As I behold thee now!
I clasp with tender passion,
Thy feet, so pierced for us,
The cruel wounds deep graven,
O'erwhelmed to see thee thus!

3 While here with thee I linger,
Take me, dear Saviour mine!
Oh, draw me to thee closer,
And make me wholly thine;
Say, "Be thou saved, O sinner!"
And gladly at thy call,
On thy sure word relying,
To thee I give my all.

Ray Palmer, tr.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l. Spanish Melody.


FINE.
D. C.
Je - sus, Lamb of God, for me Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
D.C.—Death's dark waters o'er me roll, Save, oh, save my sinking soul!
Can a trembling sin-ner fly!

401 *The bleeding Lamb.*

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul!

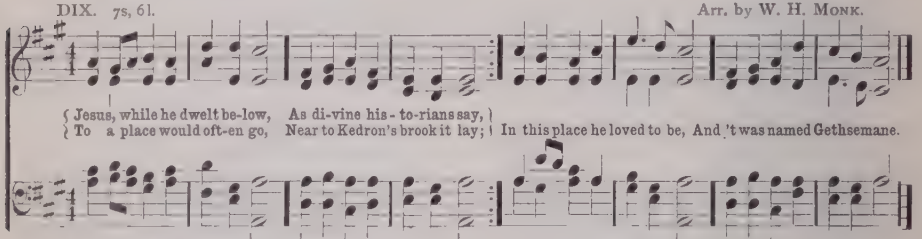
2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast:
Thine—for ever thine—I am!
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer.

DIX. 7s, 6l. Arr. by W. H. MONK.


Jesus, while he dwelt be-low, As di-vine his - to-rians say,
To a place would oft-en go, Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be, And 't was named Gethsemane.

402 *Across Kedron.*

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

2 Came at length the dreadful night,—
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 View him in that olive press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed in blood;
Hear him pray, in his distress,
With strong cries and tears to God:
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart.

403 *Gethsemane.*

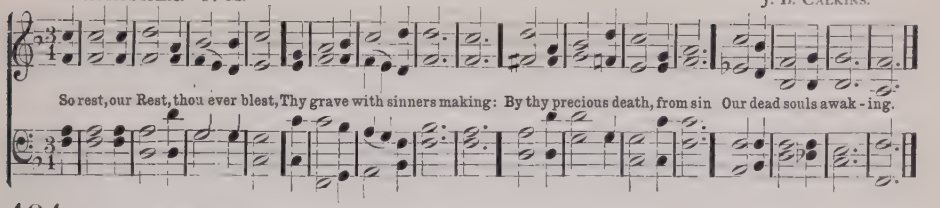
GO TO dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

James Montgomery.

ARIMATHEA. P. M. J. B. CALKINS.



404 *Hope in Death.*

So REST, our Rest, thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making:
By thy precious death, from sin
Our dead souls awaking.

2 Here hast thou lain after much pain,
Life of our life, reposing:
Round thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath! we know from death
Thou wilt our dust awaken:
Wherefore should we dread the grave,
Or our faith be shaken?

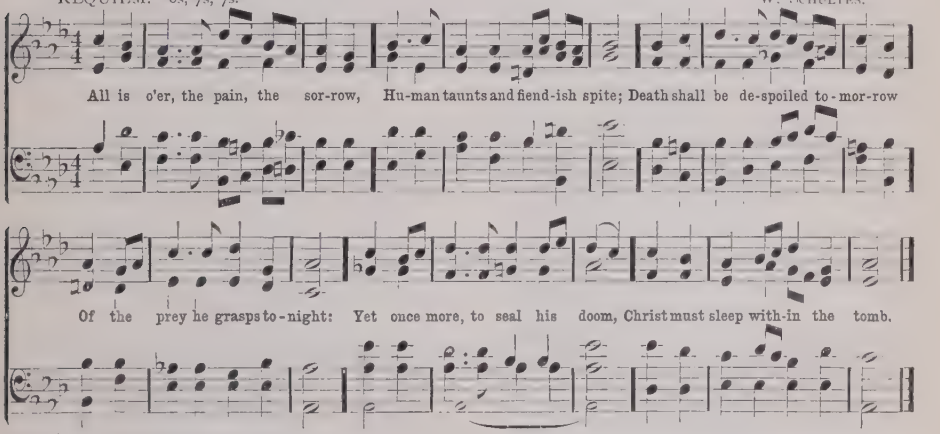
4 To us the tomb is but a room
Where we lie down on roses:
He, who dying conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies—naught else—and lies
In dust until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime we will, O Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay thee,
Musing on thy death; in death
Be with us, we pray thee.

Richard Massie, v.

REQUIEM. 8s, 7s, 7s. W. SCHULTES.


All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Hu-man taunts and fiend-ish spite; Death shall be de-spoiled to-mor-row
Of the prey he grasps to-night: Yet once more, to seal his doom, Christ must sleep with-in the tomb.

405 *Christ in the Grave.*

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

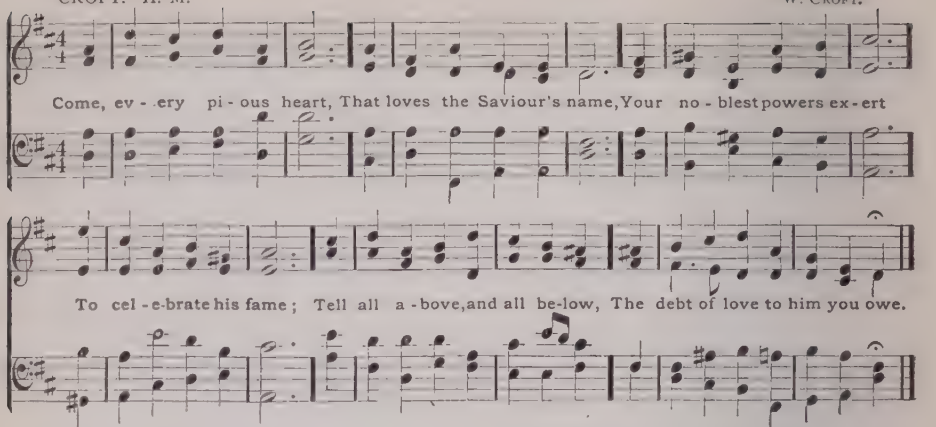
2 Dark and still the cell that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross he bore!
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head!

4 All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant his requiem soft and low:
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:-
"Death and hell at length are slain!
Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"

John Moultrie.

CROFT. H. M. W. CROFT.


Come, ev - ery pi - ous heart, That loves the Saviour's name, Your no - blest powers ex - ert
To cel - e-brate his fame; Tell all a - bove, and all be-low, The debt of love to him you owe.

406 *"The Debt of Love."*

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Samuel Stennett.

407 *The stone rolled away.*

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord!

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, &c.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, &c.

4 Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like him, shall rise,
To dwell with him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, &c.

W. Walsham How.

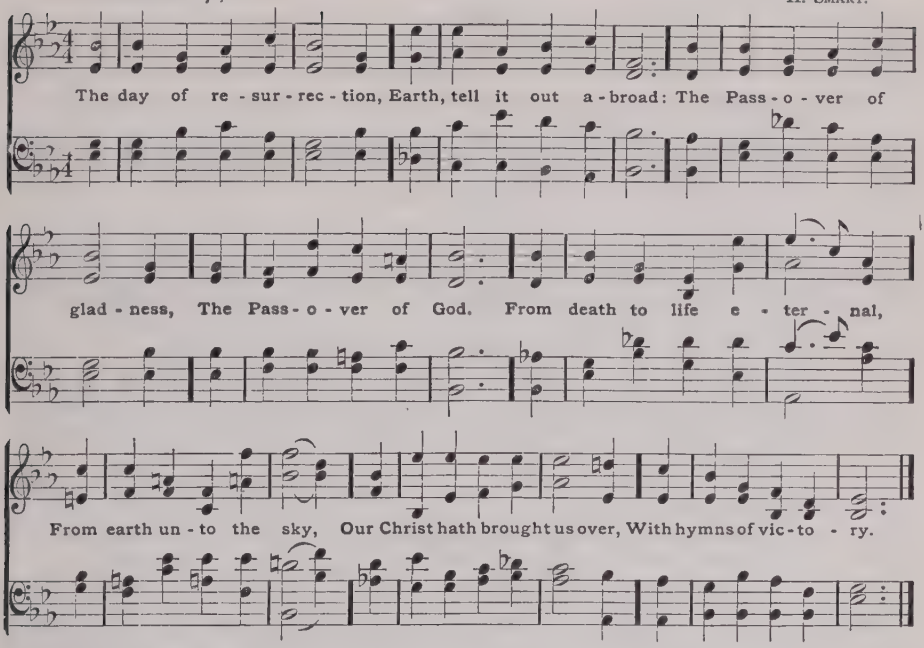
408 *"Rejoice, the Lord is King!"*

REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 His kingdom can not fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

Charles Wesley.

LANCASHIRE. 7s, 6s. D. H. SMART.

The day of re - sur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad: The Pass - o - ver of
glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal,
From earth un - to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

409 *The Lord's Day.*

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John M. Neale, tr.

410 *Our Advocate.*

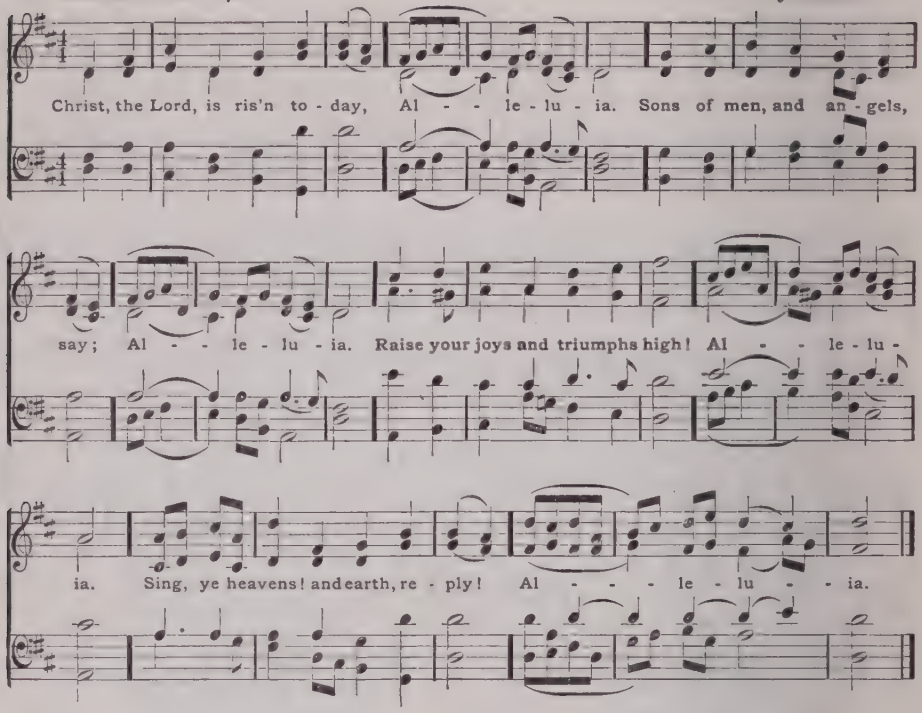
O CHRIST, thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky:
There, there thou standest pleading
The virtue of thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above thee:
But canst thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love thee
And gaze from Olivet?
Nay, on thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.

3 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of thy redeeming cross,
Vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit,
And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavor
In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with thee for ever
In raptures without end.

E. H. Bickersteth.

EASTER HYMN. 7s. J. WORGAN.


Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia. Sons of men, and an - gels,
say; Al - - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Al - - le - lu -
ia. Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - - - le - lu - - ia.

411 *He lives again.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where 's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Charles Wesley.

412 *Joy in the Lord.*

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

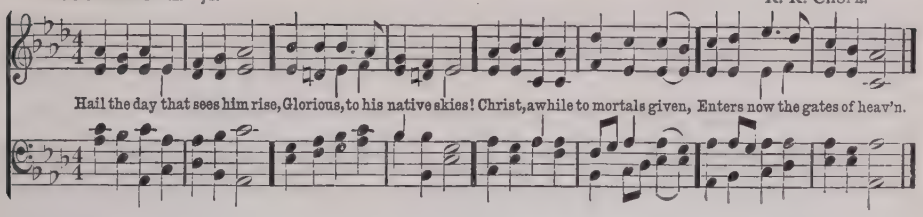
3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'T is thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blessèd here and everywhere;
Blessed now and evermore!

Thomas Kelly.

SCUDAMORE. 7s. R. R. CHOPE.



413 *The Lord's Day.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

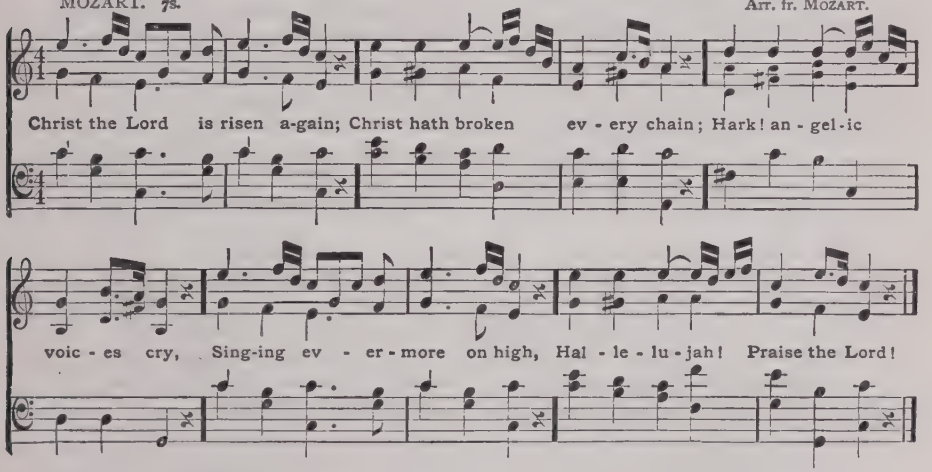
2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What, though parted from our sight
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley.

MOZART. 7s. ARR. fr. MOZART.

Christ the Lord is risen a-gain; Christ hath broken ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel-ic
voic - es cry, Sing-ing ev - er-more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

414 *"Hallelujah."*

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

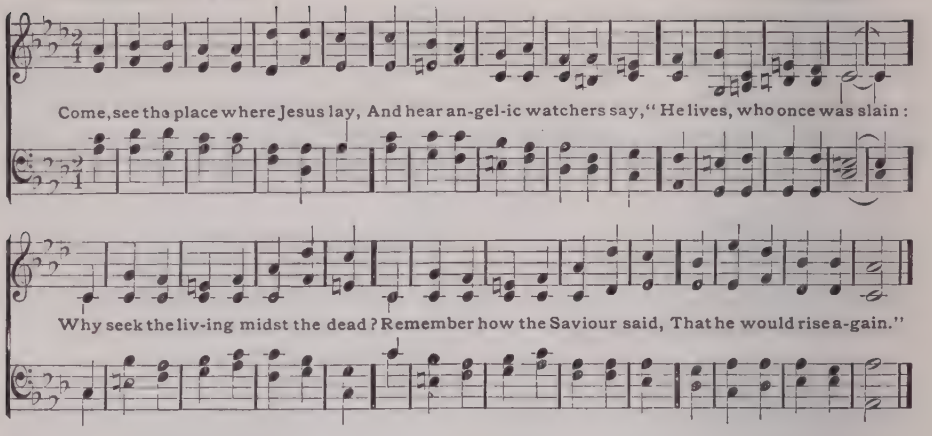
2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

C. Winkworth, tr.

ANASTASIS. C. P. M. J. BARNBY.


Come, see the place where Jesus lay, And hear an-gel-ic watchers say, "He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the liv-ing midst the dead? Remember how the Saviour said, That he would rise a-gain."

415 *The Grave of Jesus.*

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said,
That he would rise again."

2 Oh, joyful sound! oh, glorious hour,
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What, though the saints like him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord! in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly.

416 *"Captivity captive."*

JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power:
From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God! look up and see
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still his joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

William Hammond.

417 *"With him in glory."*

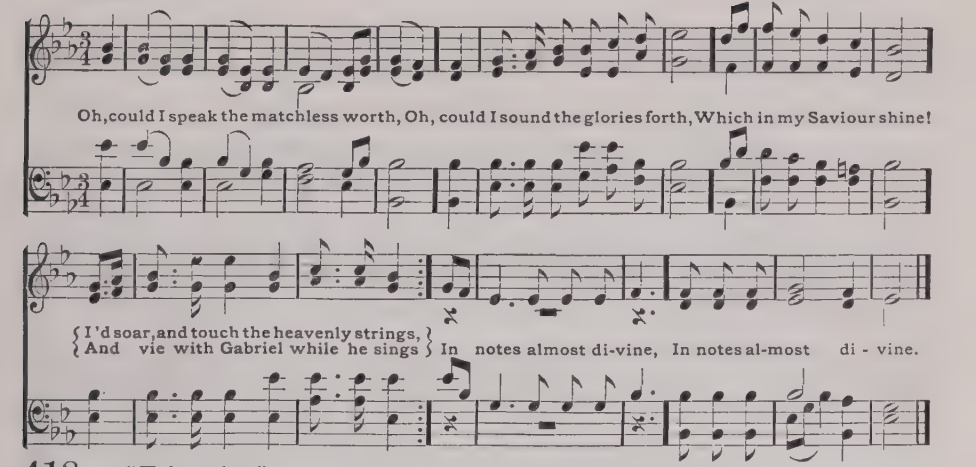
CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh! what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then; cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross.

3 O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We 'll bless the Lord for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

Edward Denny.

ARIEL. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.


Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

418 *"He is precious."*

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

419 *Head of the Church.*

O BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who hast redeemed us with thy blood,
From sin and death and shame;
With joy and praise thy people see
The crown of glory worn by thee,
And worthy thee proclaim.

2 Head of the church: thou sittest there,
Thy bride shall all thy glory share,—
Thy fullness, Lord, is ours:
Our life thou art—thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the victory gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

3 Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all thy beauty see;
And, oh, what joy to see thee shine,
To hear thee own us, Lord, as thine,
And ever dwell with thee!

James G. Deck.

420 *"Complete in him."*

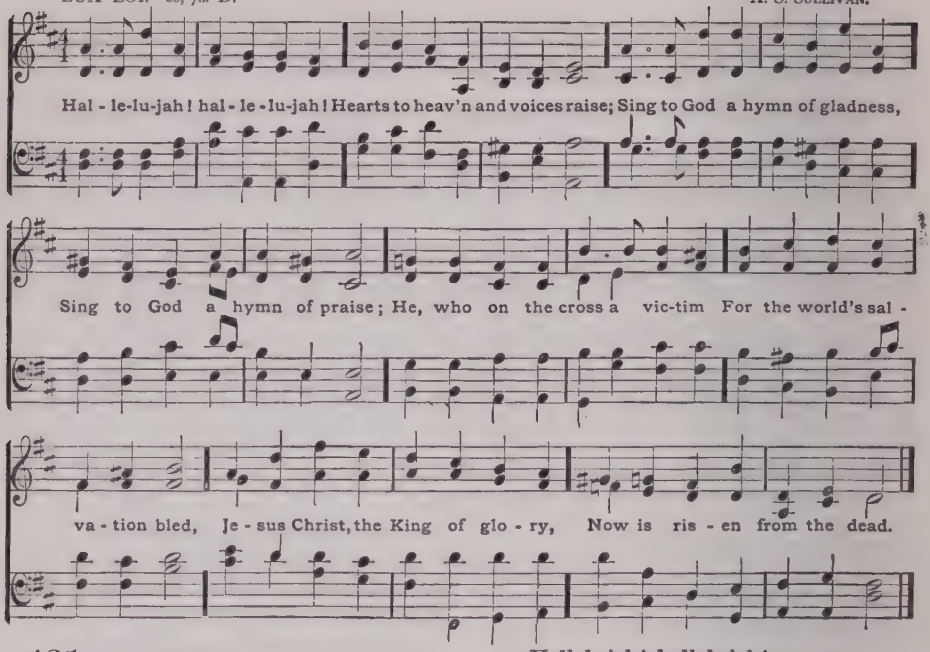
COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,—
"In him ye are complete!"

Samuel Medley.

LUX EOI. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Hal - le-lu-jah! hal - le - lu-jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise; He, who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal -
va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.

421 *"The first-fruits."*

HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield,
When the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
To the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth.

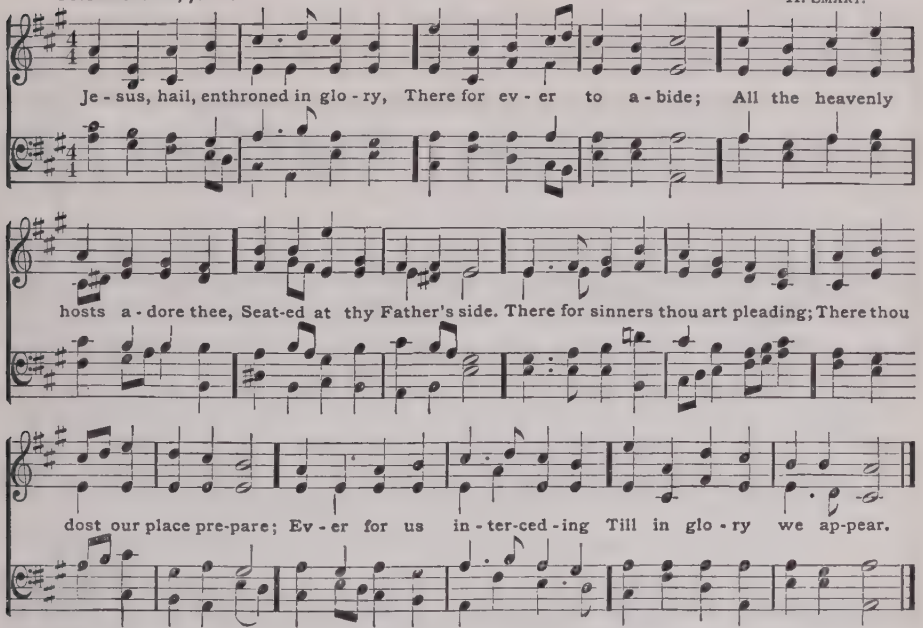
422 *The Paschal Lamb.*

HAIL, thou once despiséd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

John Bakewell.

PROMISE. 8s, 7s. D. H. SMART.


Je - sus, hail, enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly
hosts a - dore thee, Seat-ed at thy Father's side. There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou
dost our place pre-pare; Ev - er for us in - ter-ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap-pear.

423 *"Enthroned in glory."*

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

424 *"The blood that speaketh."*

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.
Oh, receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!"

Charles Wesley.

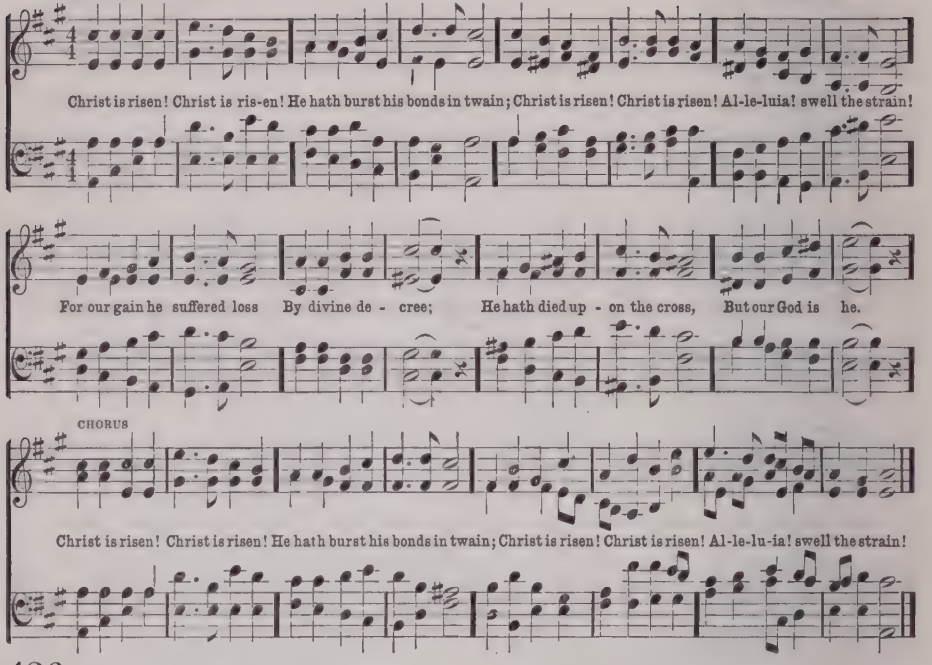
425 *"Shall see his face."*

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!
There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.
There to cast our crowns before him,
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
There for ever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Mary Pyper.

RESURREXIT. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Christ is risen! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Al-le-luia! swell the strain!
For our gain he suffered loss By divine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is he.
CHORUS
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain!

426 *"Jesus lives again."*

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain he suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is he.—CHO.

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of his rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till he comes to earth again,
Comes to claim his bride.—CHO.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney.

---

427 L. M.

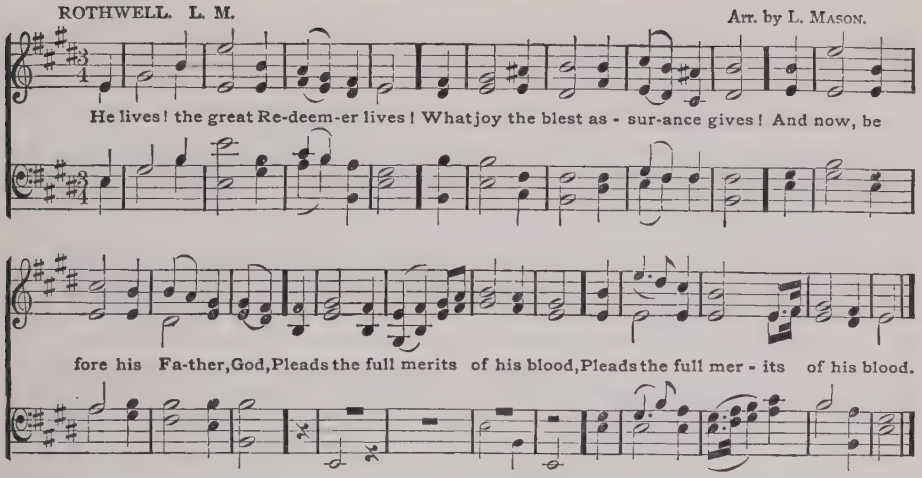
O LORD most high, eternal King,
By thee redeemed thy praise we sing;
The bonds of death are burst by thee,
And grace has won the victory.

2 Ascending to the Father's throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is thine for evermore.

3 To thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

4 Be thou our joy, O mighty Lord,
As thou wilt be our great reward;
Let all our glory be in thee
Both now and through eternity.

John M. Neale, tr.


ROTHWELL. L. M.
Arr. by L. MASON.
He lives! the great Re-deem-er lives! What joy the blest as - sur-ance gives! And now, be
fore his Fa-ther, God, Pleads the full merits of his blood, Pleads the full mer - its of his blood.

428 *Christ, our Advocate.*

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend,
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele.

429 *"Behold the Way!"*

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I 'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick.

430 *Atonement made.*

NOW TO the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

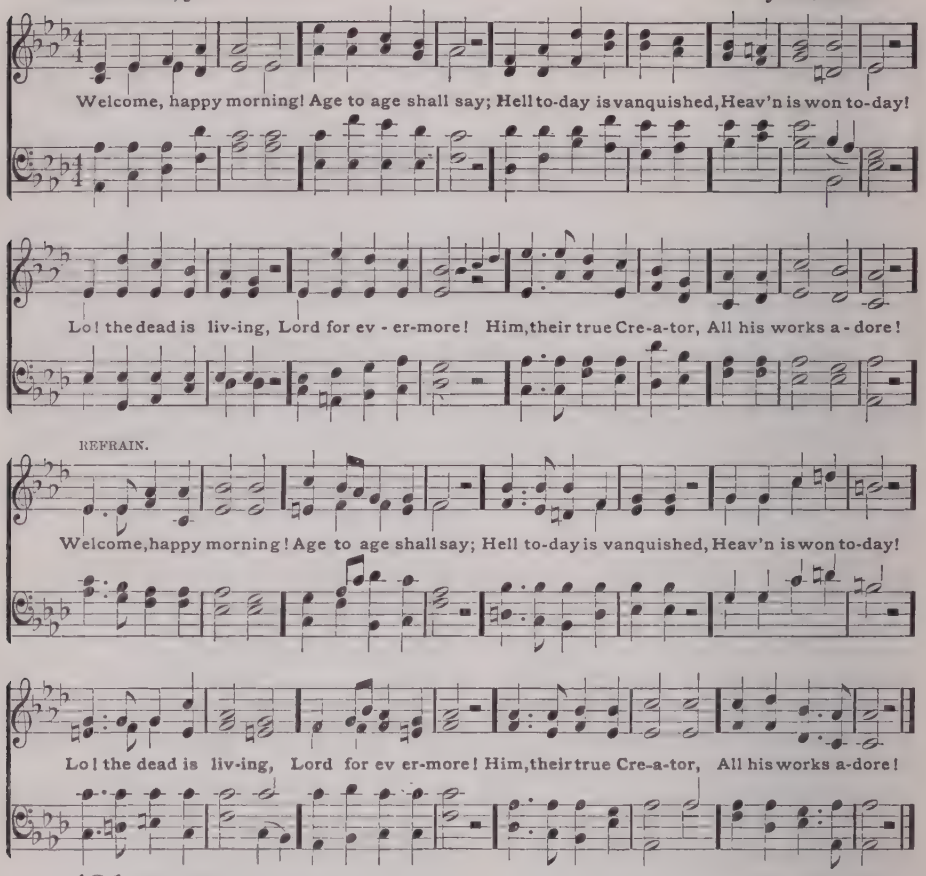
2 'T was his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die:
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts.

PRAGUE. 6s, 5s. J. B. CALKIN.


Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev - er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, All his works a - dore!
REFRAIN.
Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, All his works a-dore!

431 *The Lord's Day.*

WELCOME, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore!—REF.

2 Earth with joy confesses,
Clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with
Her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow,
Leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended,
Hail his triumph now.—REF.

3 Months in due succession,
Days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments,
Praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning,
Sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness,
Bring their praise to thee.—REF.

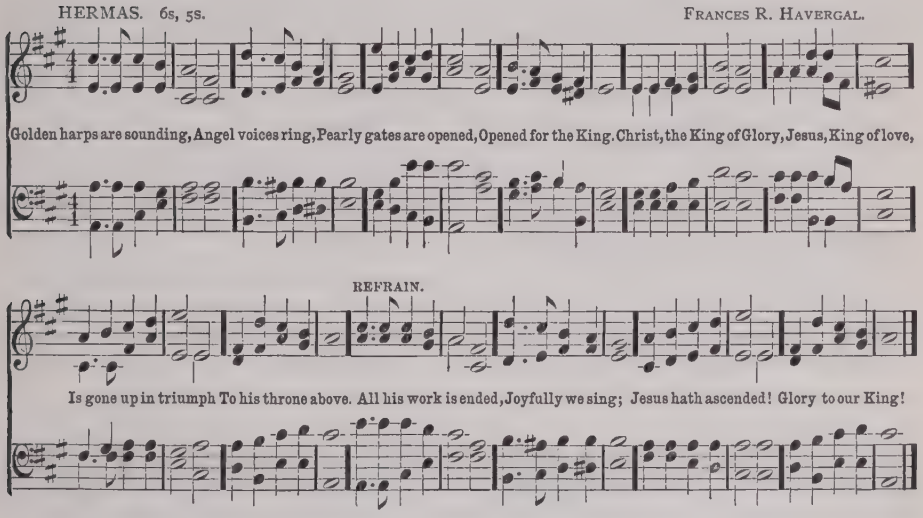
4 Maker and Redeemer,
Life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding
Human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead
True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver,
Manhood didst put on.—REF.

5 Thou, of life the author,
Death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness,
Saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful!
Now fulfill thy word;
'T is thine own third morning;
Rise, my buried Lord!—REF.

6 Loose the hearts long prisoned,
Bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen
Raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness,
Bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight;
Day returns with thee.

REF.—Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore!

John Ellerton, tr.


HERMAS. 6s, 5s.
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Golden harps are sounding, Angel voices ring, Pearly gates are opened, Opened for the King. Christ, the King of Glory, Jesus, King of love,
REFRAIN.
Is gone up in triumph To his throne above. All his work is ended, Joyfully we sing; Jesus hath ascended! Glory to our King!

432 *Christ's Ascension.*

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.

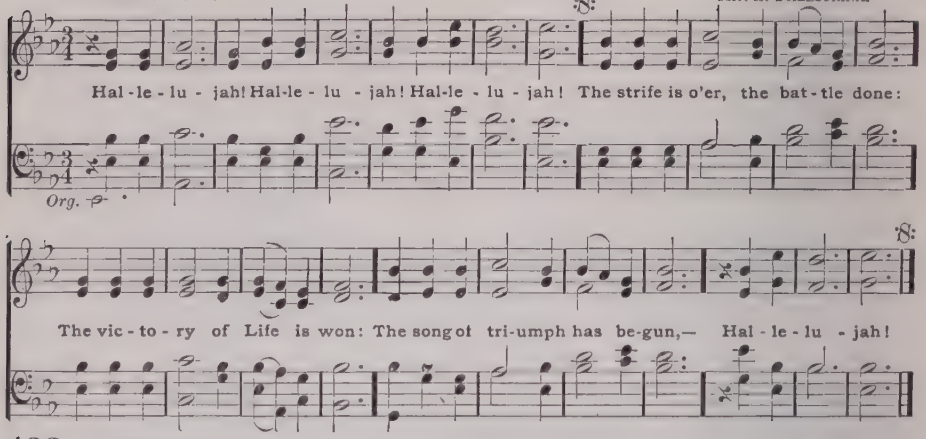
REF.—All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At his Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for his children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal.

VICTORIA. P. M. Arr. fr. PALESTRINA.


Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done:
Org.
The vic-to-ry of Life is won: The song of tri-umph has be-gun,— Hal-le-lu-jah!

433 *Captivity led captive.*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Hallelujah!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,—
Hallelujah!

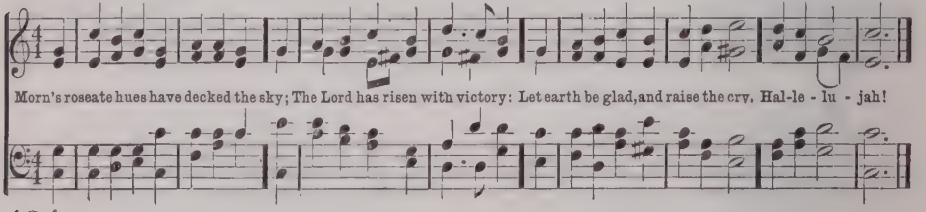
3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

Francis Pott, tr.

REDCLIFF. P. M. E. J. HOPKINS.



434 *"He is risen."*

MORN'S roseate hues have decked the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Hallelujah!

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Hallelujah!

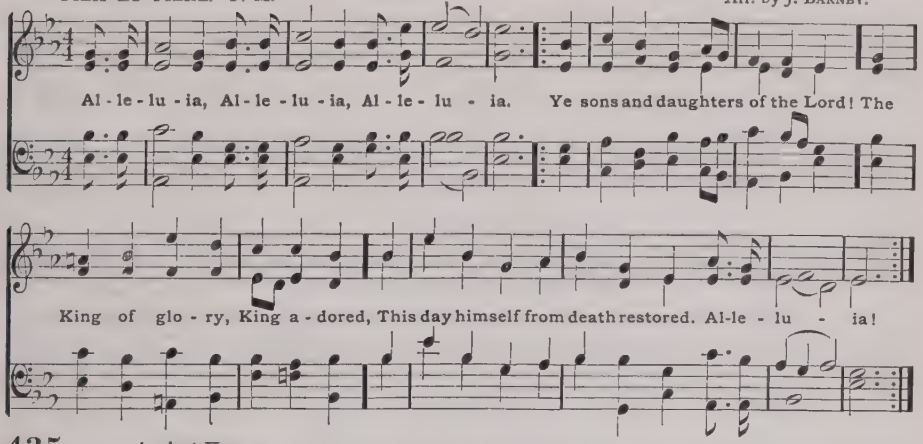
3 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For he by rising burst the way:
Hallelujah!

4 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Hallelujah!

5 Oh, grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Hallelujah!

William Cooke, tr.

FILII ET FILIÆ. P. M. Arr. by J. BARNBY.


Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord! The
King of glo - ry, King a - dored, This day himself from death restored. Al-le - lu - ia!

435 *Ancient Hymn.*

YE sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of Glory, King adored,
This day himself from death restored.

2 On Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but he
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

4 That night the apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in their midst appear,—
"My peace," he said, "be on all here!"

5 When Thomas first these tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until he came and spake this word:—

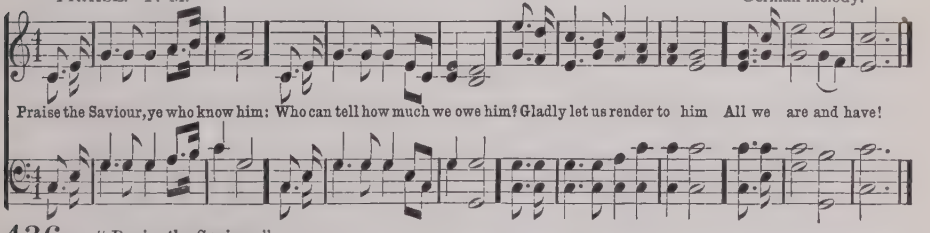
6 "Behold my side, O Thomas! see,
My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."

7 When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
For they eternal life shall win.

John M. Neale, tr.

PRAISE. P. M. German melody.



436 *"Praise the Saviour."*

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him:
Who can tell how much we owe him?
Gladly let us render to him
All we are and have!

2 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never;
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

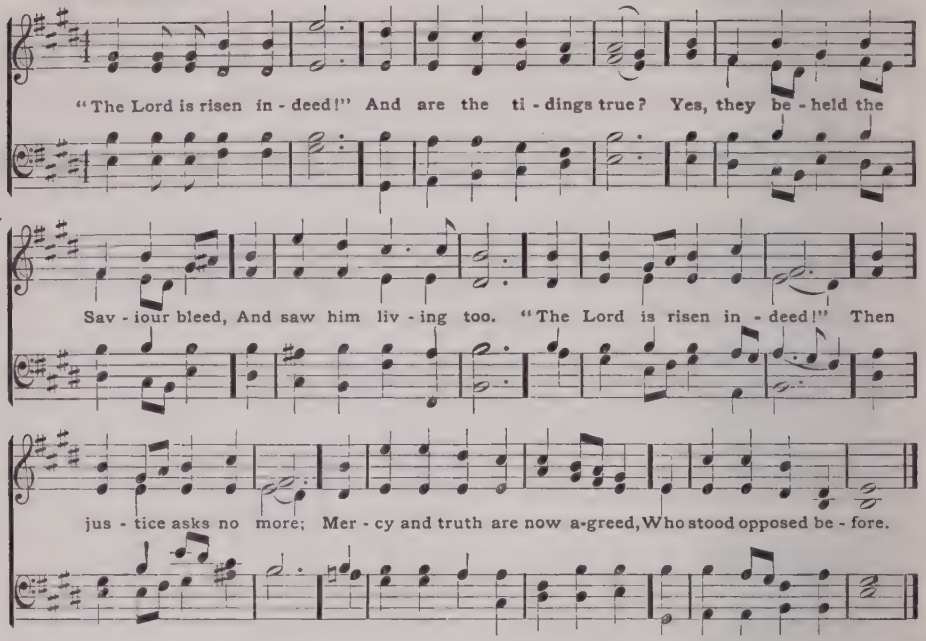
3 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

4 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in him.

5 Trust in him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those he loves from him.

Thomas Kelly.

CORONÆ. S. M. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


"The Lord is risen in - deed!" And are the ti - dings true? Yes, they be - held the
Sav - iour bleed, And saw him liv - ing too. "The Lord is risen in - deed!" Then
jus - tice asks no more; Mer - cy and truth are now a-greed, Who stood opposed be - fore.

437 *"Risen indeed."*

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

438 *"Lead us to thee!"*

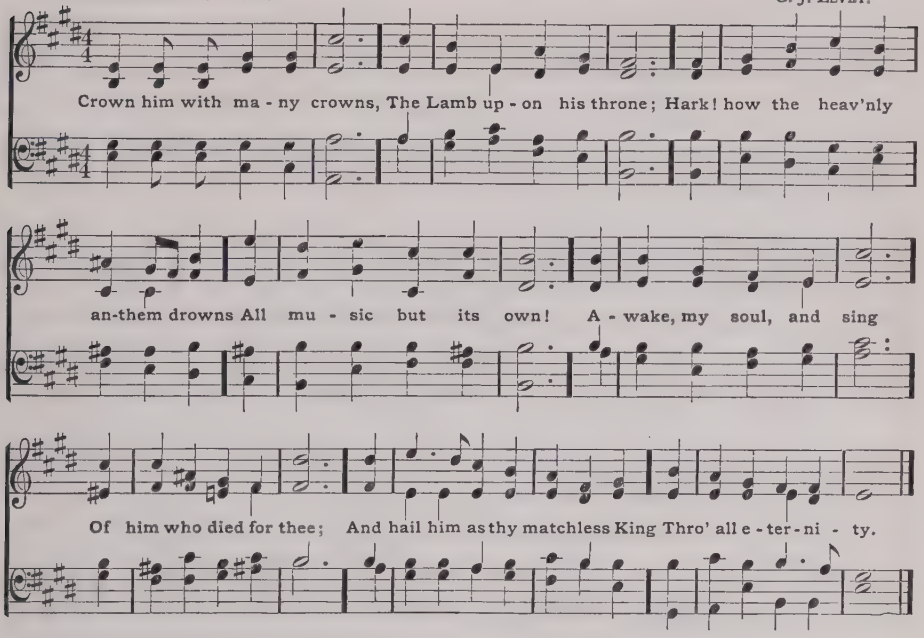
THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward cause must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high!

Mrs. Emma L. Toke.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D. G. J. ELVEY.


Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

439 "*Many Crowns.*"

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

440 "*The work is done.*"

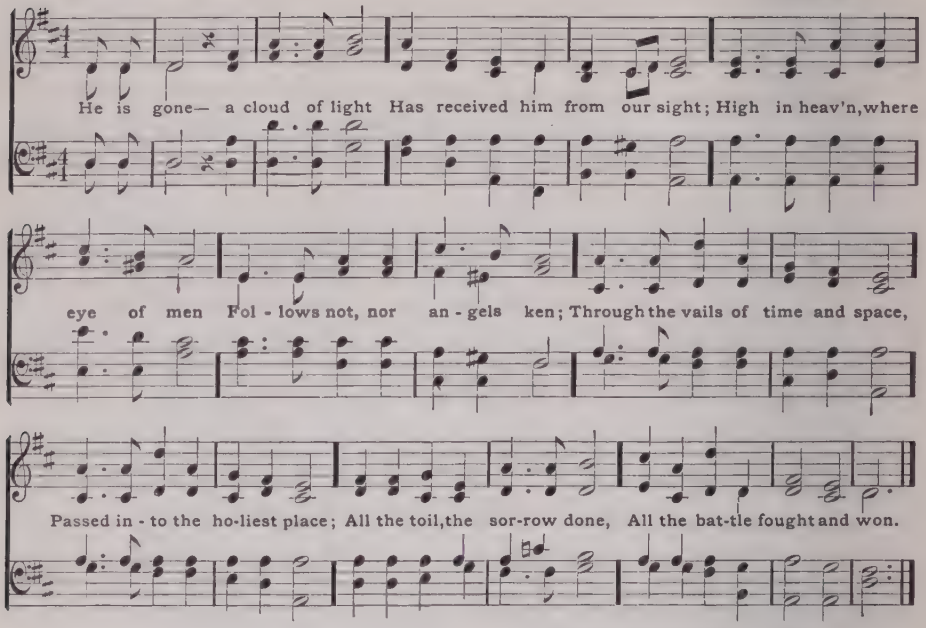
BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.
Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness vailed the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
"The glorious work is done."

James Fanch, alt.

ST. PATRICK. 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


He is gone— a cloud of light Has received him from our sight; High in heav'n, where
eye of men Fol - lows not, nor an - gels ken; Through the vails of time and space,
Passed in - to the ho-liest place; All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won.

441 *The Ascension.*

HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels ken;
Through the vails of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone— but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

Arthur P. Stanley.

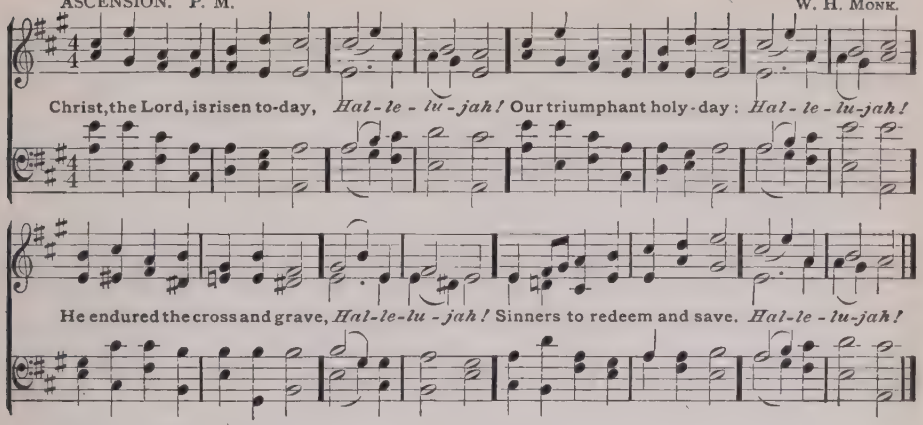
442 *"Death is dead."*

SING, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise!
Bruiséd is the serpent's head;
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

2 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, beside his Father's throne,
Now is pleading for his own.
Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp and human voice!
Round him, in his glory, raise
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

J. S. B. Monsell.

ASCENSION. P. M. W. H. MONK.


Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! Our triumphant holy-day: Hal-le-lu-jah!
He endured the cross and grave, Hal-le-lu-jah! Sinners to redeem and save. Hal-le-lu-jah!

443 *The Risen Redeemer.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

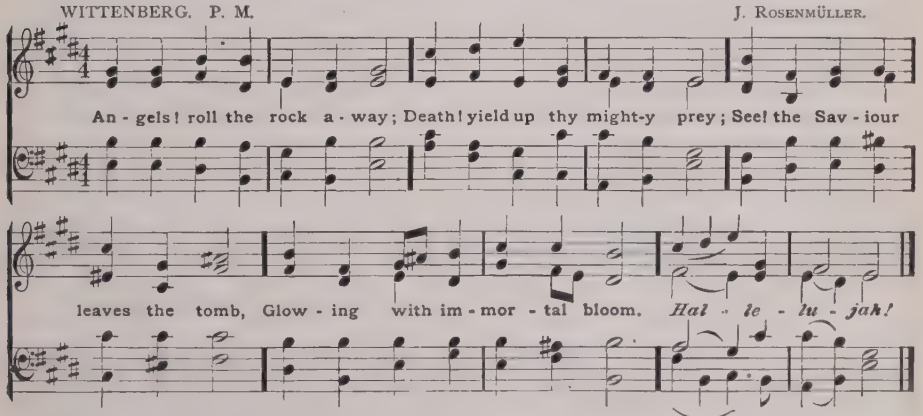
2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

Anon., 1708.

WITTENBERG. P. M. J. ROSENMÜLLER.


An-gels! roll the rock a-way; Death! yield up thy might-y prey; See! the Sav-iour
leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom. Hal-le-lu-jah!

444 *The Resurrection.*

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

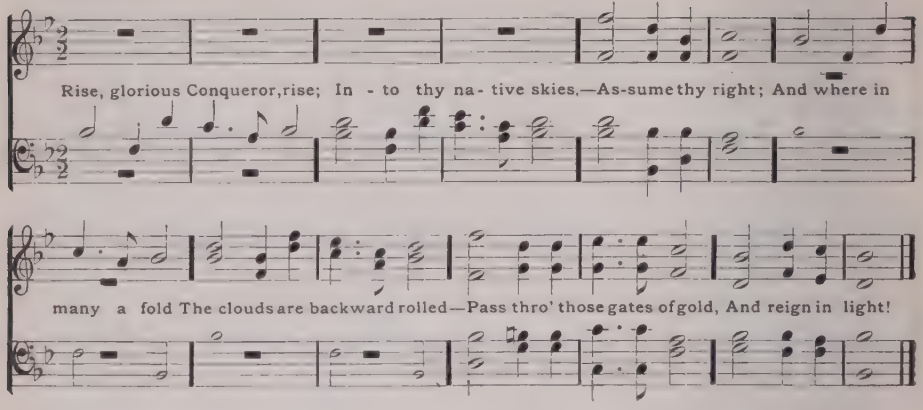
2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide:
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

Thomas Scott.

RIGHINI. 6s, 4s. V. RIGHINI.


Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise; In - to thy na - tive skies,—As-sume thy right; And where in
many a fold The clouds are backward rolled—Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

445 *"Lion of Judah."*

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies,—
  Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
  And reign in light!

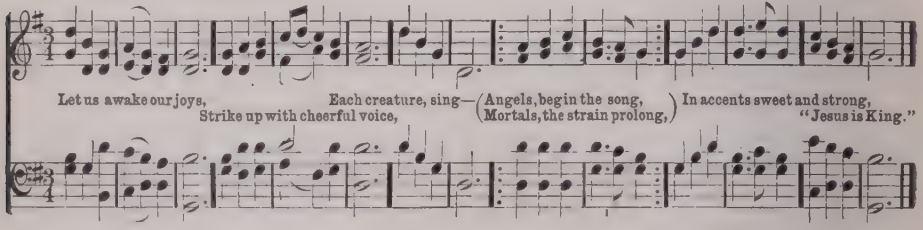
2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
  Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
  Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but thine have trod
  The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
  And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let thy name prevail
  From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
  Thy heritage!

Matthew Bridges.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI.


Let us awake our joys, Each creature, sing— (Angels, begin the song, Mortals, the strain prolong,) In accents sweet and strong,
Strike up with cheerful voice, "Jesus is King."

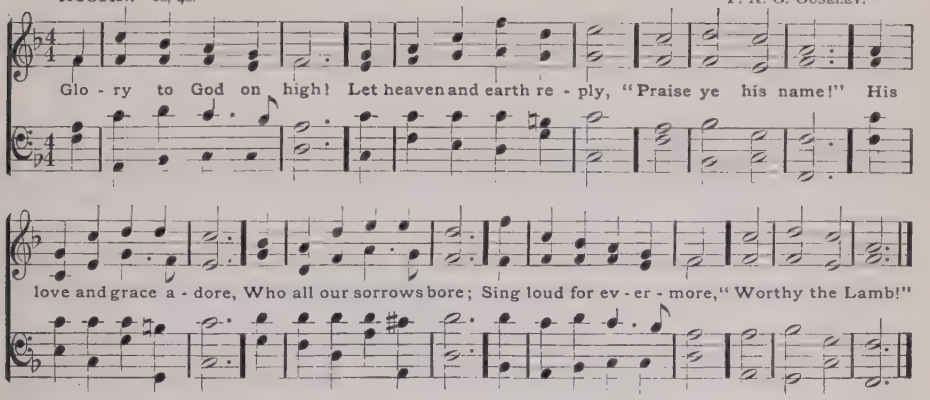
446 *"Jesus is King"*

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
  Each creature, sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
  "Jesus is King."

2 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
  Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
  Great Saviour, come.

William Kingsbury.

AUSTIN. 6s, 4s. F. A. G. OUSELEY.


Glo - ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply, "Praise ye his name!" His
love and grace a - dore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud for ev - er - more," Worthy the Lamb!"

447 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen.

448 *Christ for the World.*

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

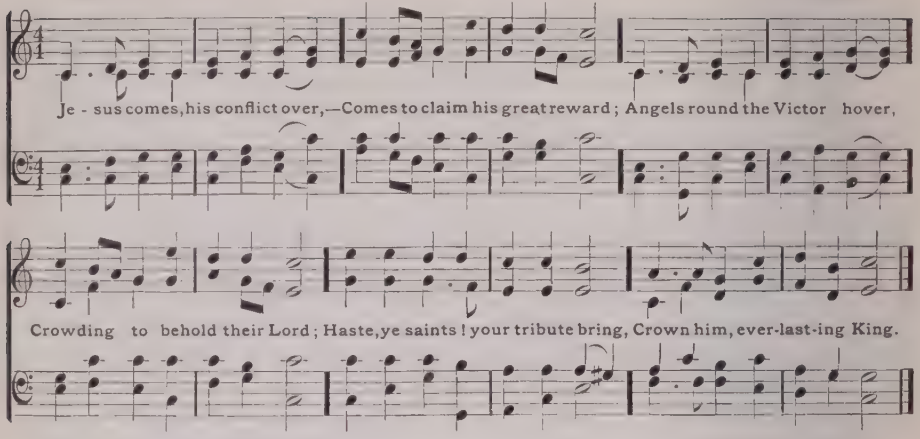
449 *The Angels' praise.*

SING, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then shall we sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

Thomas Kelly.

NEANDER. 8s, 7s, 7s. J. NEANDER.


Je - sus comes, his conflict over,—Comes to claim his great reward; Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord; Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring, Crown him, ever-last-ing King.

450 *The Return to Heaven.*

JESUS comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly.

451 *Isaiah 63: 1.*

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in his might;
'T is the Saviour, oh, how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'T is the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there 's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly.

452 *All glory to Christ.*

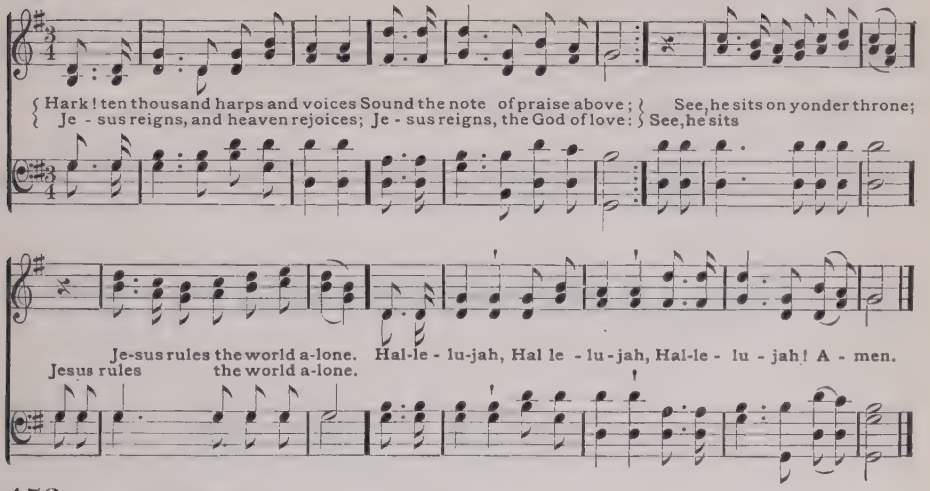
GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing,—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'T is the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.


Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
See, he sits
Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.
Jesus rules
the world a-lone.

453 *"Jesus reigns."*

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.

454 *We live in Him.*

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

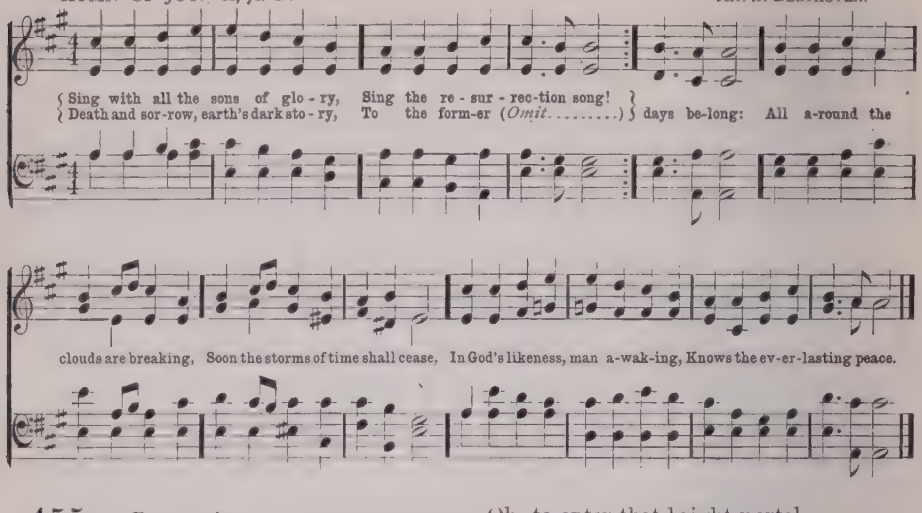
3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air—
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

C. Wordsworth.

HYMN OF JOY. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.


Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the re - sur - rec-tion song!
Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form-er (Omit.....) days be-long: All a-round the
clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's likeness, man a-wak-ing, Knows the ev-er-lasting peace.

455 *Easter anthem.*

SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead:
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

William J. Irons.

456 *"Lamb of God!"*

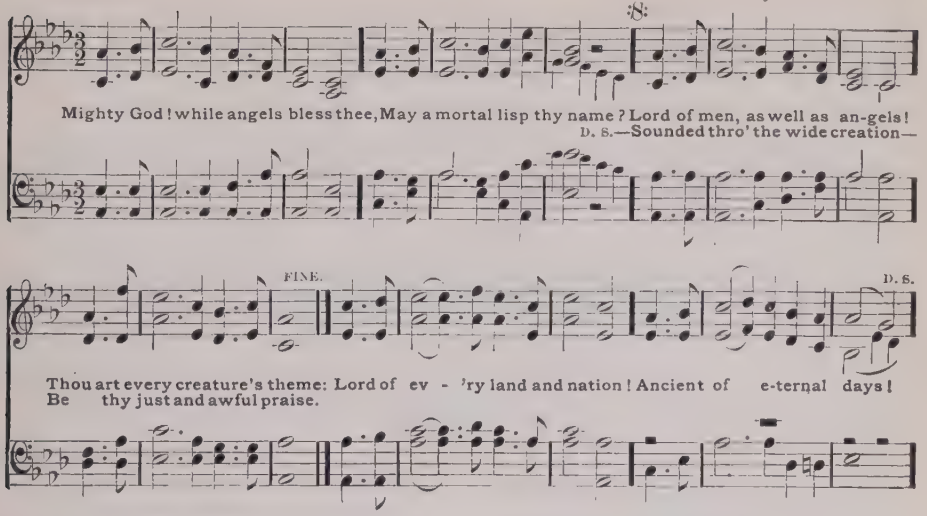
LAMB of God! thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne;
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty victory won:
Every knee in heaven is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every voice and harp is swelling,—
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

2 Lord! in all thy power and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here,
Watching o'er thy ransomed people,
To thy gracious heart so dear.
Thou for us art interceding;
Everlasting is thy love;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee mourn:
Then thy saints too shall attend thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

James G. Deck.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.


Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as an-gels!
D. S.—Sounded thro' the wide creation—
FINE.
D. S.
Thou art every creature's theme: Lord of ev - 'ry land and nation! Ancient of e-ternal days!
Be thy just and awful praise.

457 *Christ is God.*

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation—
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though vailed in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

458 *"Lo, Jehovah!"*

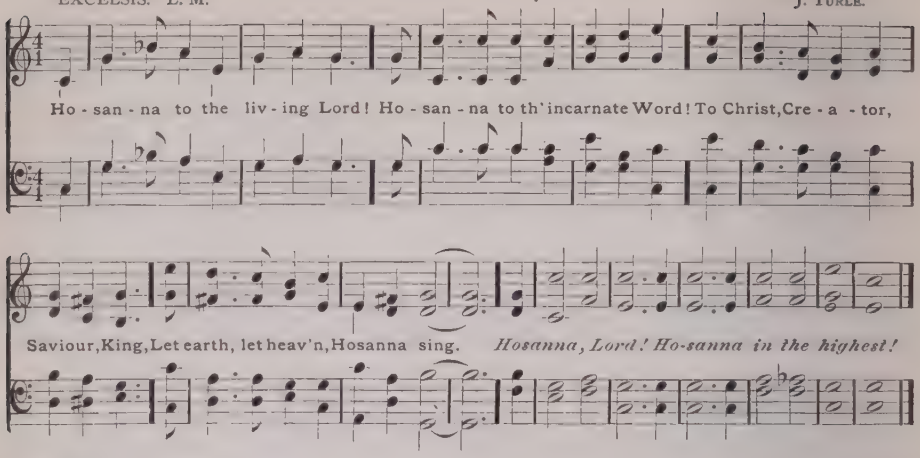
CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

William Goode.

EXCELSIS. L. M. J. TURLE.


Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' incarnate Word! To Christ, Cre - a - tor,
Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Hosanna sing. Hosanna, Lord! Ho-sanna in the highest!

459 *"Hosanna!"*

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber.

460 *Christ is God.*

WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts.

461 *Our Resurrection.*

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

2 Source of all good, thou gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

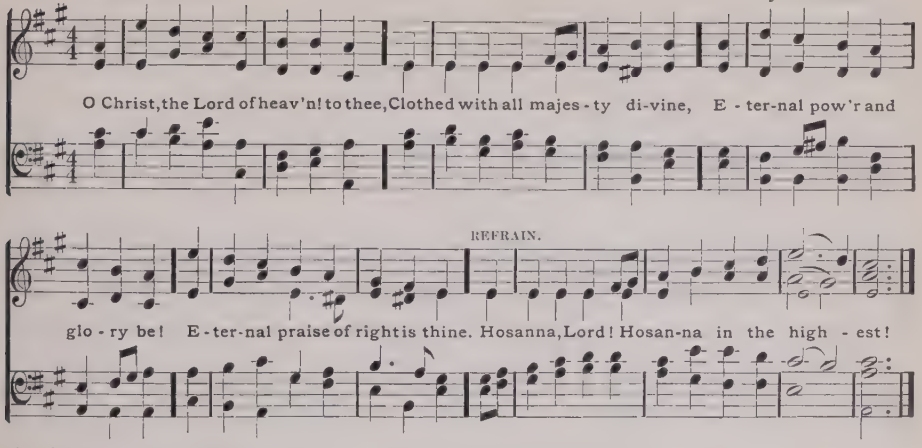
3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see thee as thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

5 Oh, future Judge, eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored:
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

John Chandler, tr.

HOSANNA. L. M. J. B. DYKES.


O Christ, the Lord of heav'n! to thee, Clothed with all majes - ty di-vine, E - ter-nal pow'r and
REFRAIN.
glo - ry be! E - ter-nal praise of right is thine. Hosanna, Lord! Hosan-na in the high - est!

462 *"Lord of heaven."*

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise of right is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

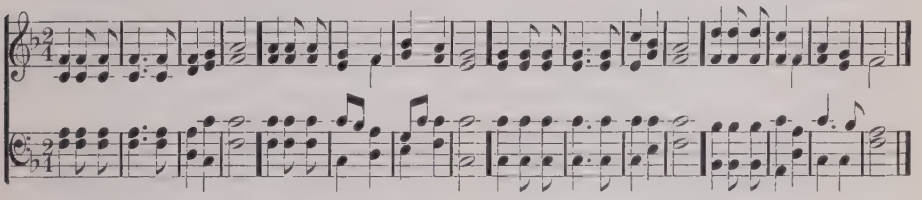
3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer.

GALILEE. L. M. R. LANGDON.



463 *Our High Priest.*

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

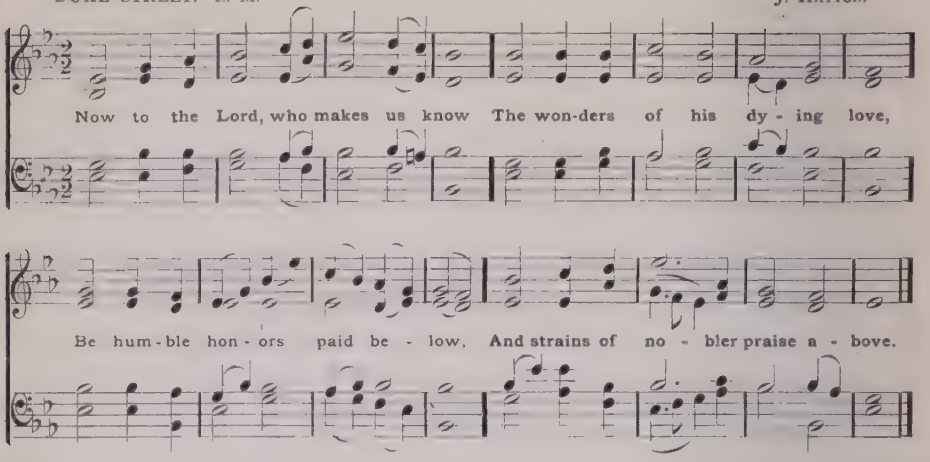
3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Mrs. C. L. Bancroft.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.


Now to the Lord, who makes us know The won-ders of his dy - ing love,
Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.

464 *The atoning Priest.*

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed!
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

Isaac Watts.

465 "*The Song of Songs.*"

Come, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign:
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery.

466 "*King, Creator, Lord.*"

O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

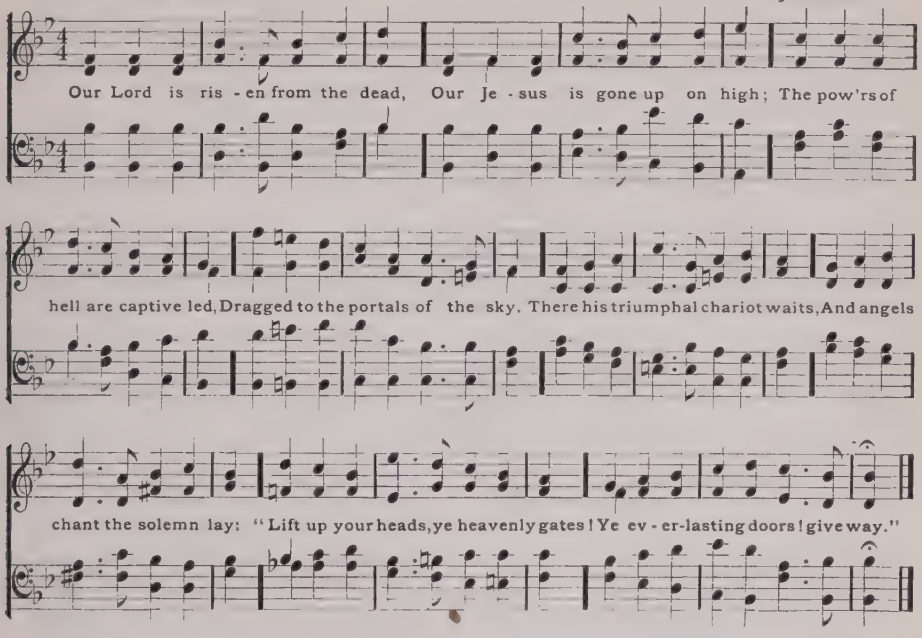
3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast vailed in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Ray Palmer, tr.

REX GLORIÆ. L. M. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of
hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky. There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels
chant the solemn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev - er-lasting doors! give way."

467 *Psalm 24.*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

Charles Wesley.

468 *Sending the Spirit.*

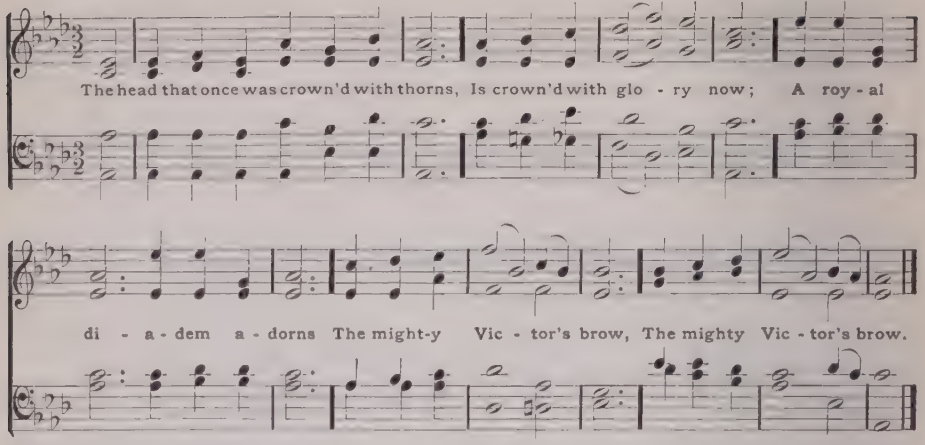
WE are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come,
For ever with us to abide,
Our Teacher, Comforter and Guide;
Thus, with his gracious presence blest,
We press on toward our heavenly rest;
Hasting the dreary desert through,
With our eternal home in view.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, his own belovéd One,
Jesus, now seated at his side,
Hath claimed us for his own, his bride.
Of him and his the Spirit tells,
Upon his love he sweetly dwells;
And, while we listen to his voice,
We wonder, worship and rejoice.

3 He teaches us the Father's grace,
Reveals to us the Saviour's face,
And doth to all our hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.
Our every sorrow be forgot,
The joys of earth be heeded not;
The Comforter is come, and we
Shall soon with our Belovéd be.

Mrs. Mary J. Walker.

NEWBOLD. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.


The head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now; A roy - al
di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow, The mighty Vic - tor's brow.

469 *"Crowned with honor."*

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

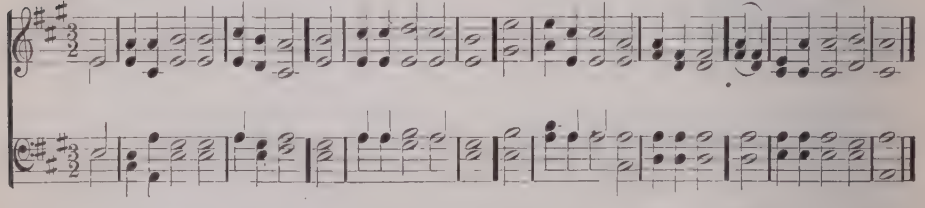
2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

Thomas Kelly.

AZMON. C. M. ARR. by L. MASON.



470 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

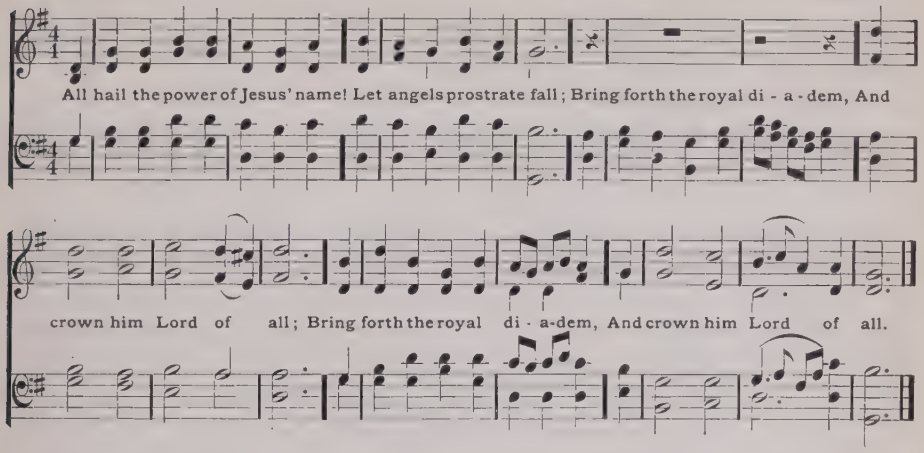
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts.

CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And
crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

471 *"Lord of all."*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

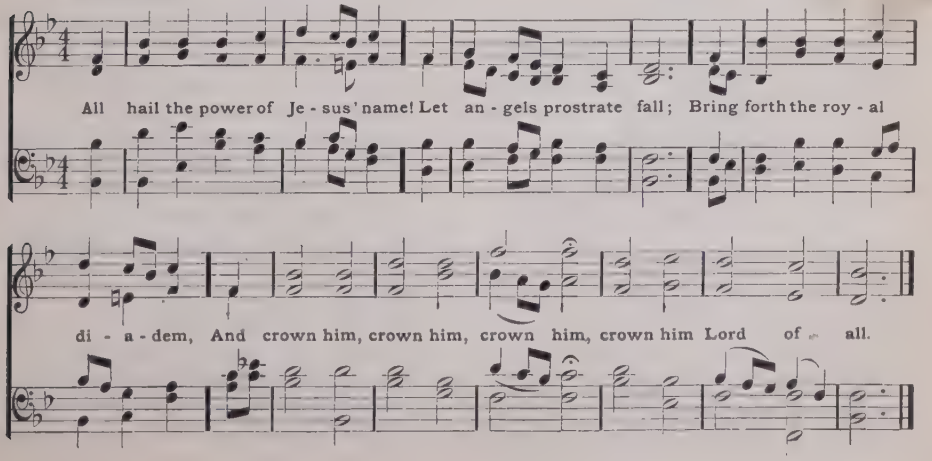
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

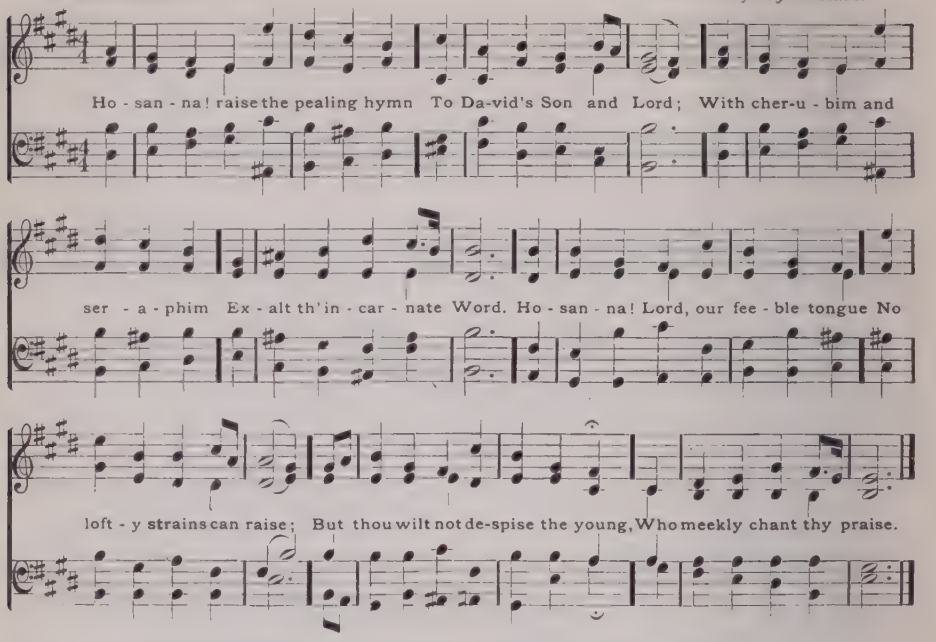
6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

MILES LANE. C. M. W. SHRUBSOLE.


All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

MENDELSSOHN. C. M. D. Arr. by E. J. HOPKINS.


Ho - san - na! raise the pealing hymn To Da-vid's Son and Lord; With cher-u - bim and
ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' in - car - nate Word. Ho - san - na! Lord, our fee - ble tongue No
loft - y strains can raise; But thou wilt not de-spise the young, Who meekly chant thy praise.

472 *Children's Hosannas.*

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.
Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest;
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.
Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

3 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng:
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
O Saviour, if, redeemed by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We 'll sing to harps of gold!

William H. Havergal.

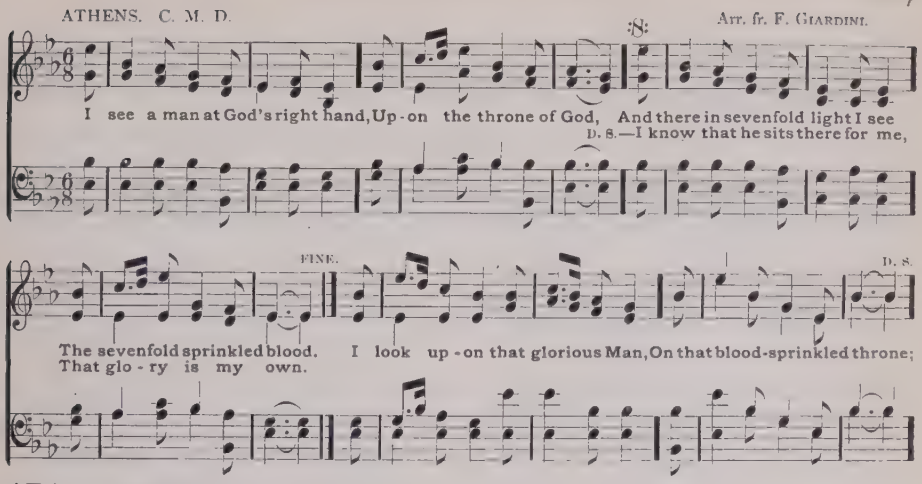
473 *"The Seamless Robe."*

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

2 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

3 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

Isaac Watts.


ATHENS. C. M. D.
Arr. fr. F. Giardini.
I see a man at God's right hand, Up-on the throne of God, And there in sevenfold light I see
D. S.—I know that he sits there for me,
FINE.
D. S.
The sevenfold sprinkled blood. I look up-on that glorious Man, On that blood-sprinkled throne;
That glo-ry is my own.

474 *The Mediator.*

I SEE a man at God's right hand,
Upon the throne of God,
And there in sevenfold light I see
The sevenfold sprinkled blood.
I look upon that glorious Man,
On that blood-sprinkled throne;
I know that he sits there for me,
That glory is my own.

2 The heart of God flows forth in love,
A deep eternal stream;
Through that beloved Son it flows
To me as unto him.
And, looking on his face, I know—
Weak, worthless, though I be—
How deep, how measureless, how sweet,
That love of God to me.

3 The Lord who sits upon the throne
With them his joy will share,
And there the sprinkled blood appears
That he may set them there.
From drear dark places of the earth,
From depths of sin and shame,
He takes the vessels for his grace,
A people for his name.

Horatius Bonar.

475 *"A thoughtless tongue."*

OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King:
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

2 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

Isaac Watts.

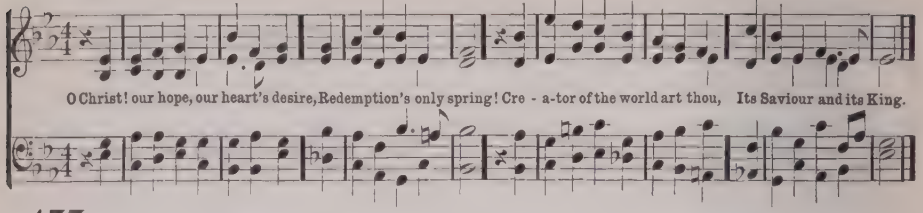
476 *Reconciliation.*

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

Isaac Watts.

ST. HUGH. C. M. E. J. HOPKINS.



477 *Our Joy and Reward.*

O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free!

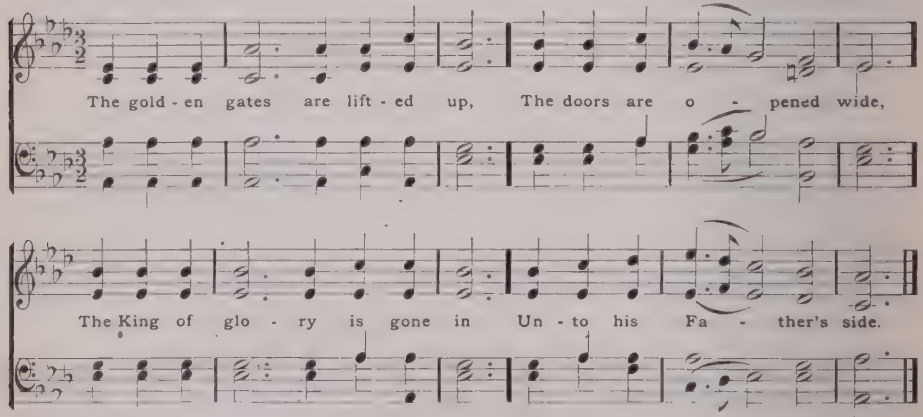
3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh, may we come before thy throne
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord.

John Chandler, tr.

CINCINNATI. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



478 *Christ's return to Heaven.*

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

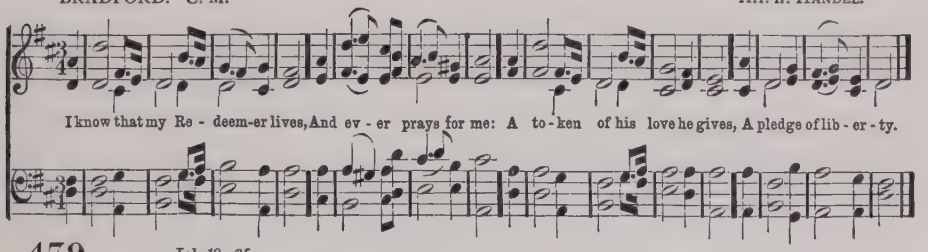
3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vailed thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

BRADFORD. C. M. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



479 *Job 19: 25.*

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

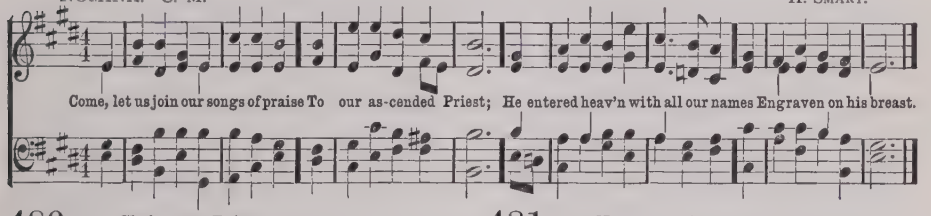
2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

NOMINA. C. M. H. SMART.



480 *Christ, our Priest.*

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

Alexander Pirie.

481 *Names on his heart.*

NOW LET our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned:—

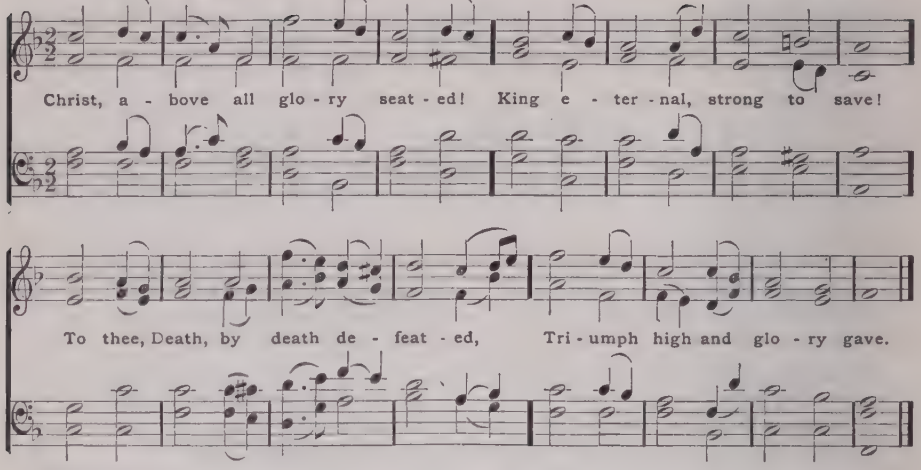
3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge.

CARTHAGE. 8s, 7s. Arr. by G. F. Root.



482 *Christ in Heaven.*

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

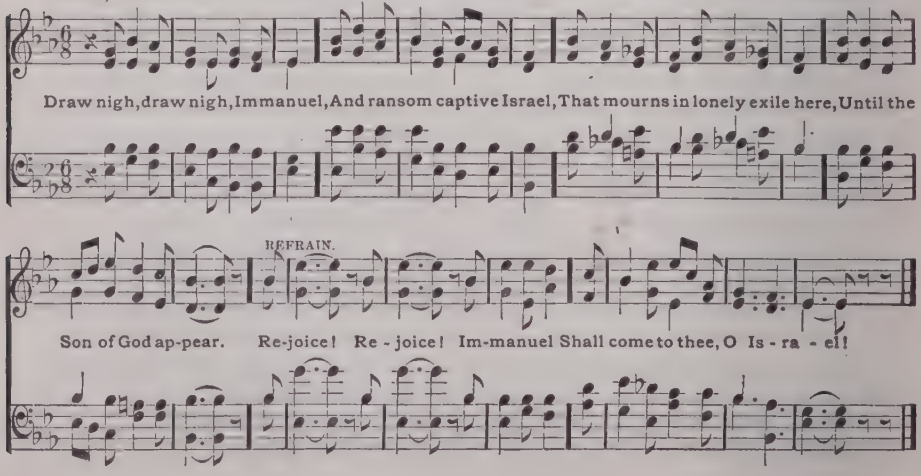
3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

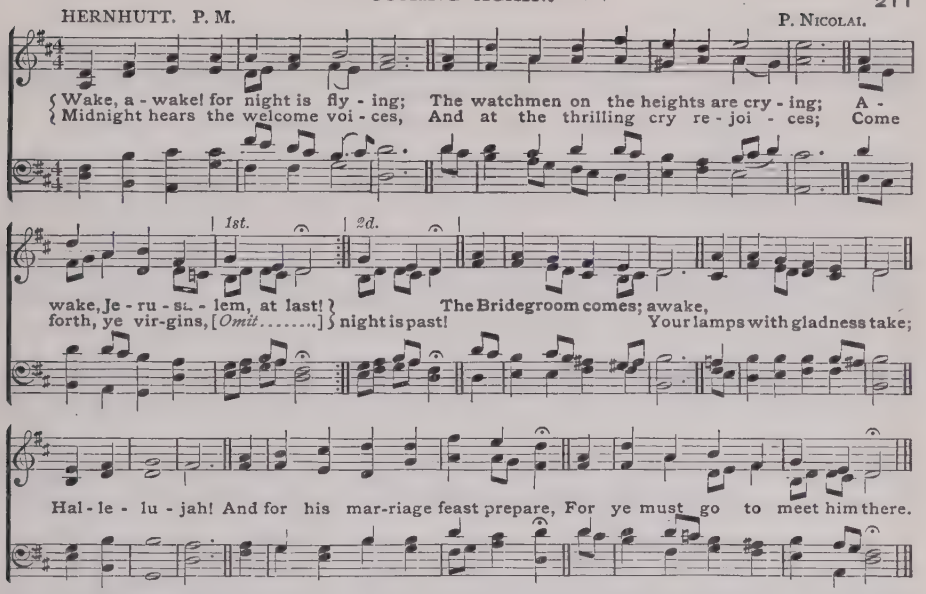
4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

J. R. Woodford, tr.

VENI, IMMANUEL. L. M. 61. C. GOUNOD.


Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel, And ransom captive Israel, That mourns in lonely exile here, Until the
REFRAIN.
Son of God ap-pear. Re-joice! Re - joice! Im-manuel Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!


HERNHUTT. P. M.
P. NICOLAI.
Wake, a - wake! for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing; A -
Midnight hears the welcome voi - ces, And at the thrilling cry re - joi - ces; Come
1st.
2d.
wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!
forth, ye vir-gins, [Omit.....] night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hal - le - lu - jah! And for his mar-riage feast prepare, For ye must go to meet him there.

483 "*The Bridegroom cometh.*"

WAKE, awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious;
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

C. Winkworth, tr.

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484 L. M. 61. "*Veni, Immanuel.*"

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

REF.—Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

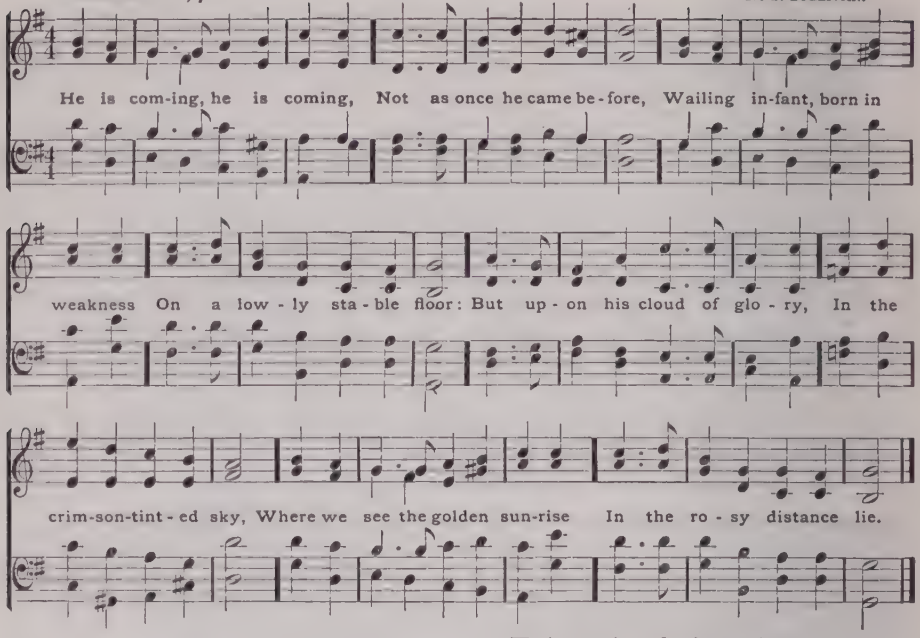
2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.—REF.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.—REF.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—REF.

John M. Neale, tr.

FORMOSA. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


He is com-ing, he is coming, Not as once he came be-fore, Wailing in-fant, born in
weakness On a low-ly sta-ble floor: But up-on his cloud of glo-ry, In the
crim-son-tint-ed sky, Where we see the golden sun-rise In the ro-sy distance lie.

485 *The Judgment.*

HE is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he came before,
Wailing infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon his cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, he is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on his forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon him,
And the sceptre in his hand,
And the dead all ranged before him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crowned at his feet.

4 He is coming, he is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

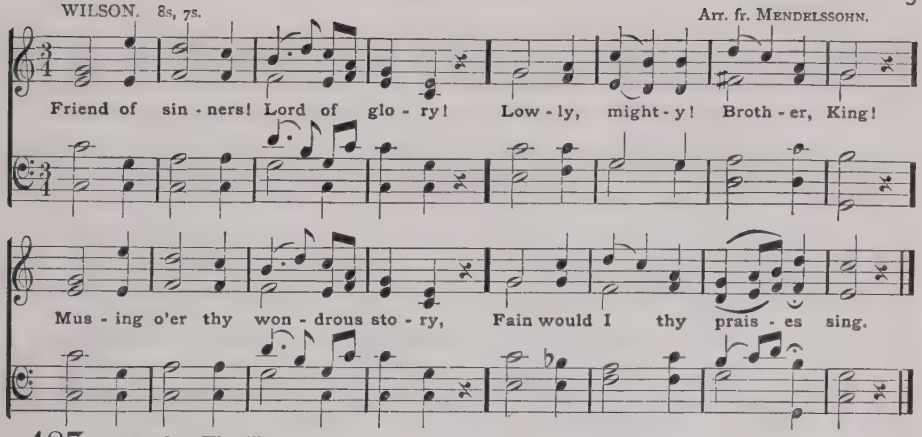
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

486 *"Desire of the Nations."*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.


WILSON. 8s, 7s.
Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.
Friend of sin - ners! Lord of glo - ry! Low - ly, might - y! Broth - er, King!
Mus - ing o'er thy won - drous sto - ry, Fain would I thy prais - es sing.

487 *"Brother, King!"*

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
Fain would I thy praises sing.

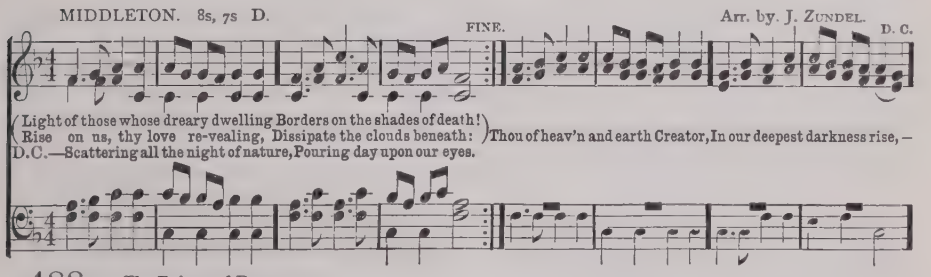
2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!

4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

5 Oh, to love and serve thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to thee.

Newman Hall.


MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s D.
FINE.
Arr. by. J. ZUNDEL.
D. C.
Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love re-vealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heav'n and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, —
D.C.—Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes.

488 *The Prince of Peace.*

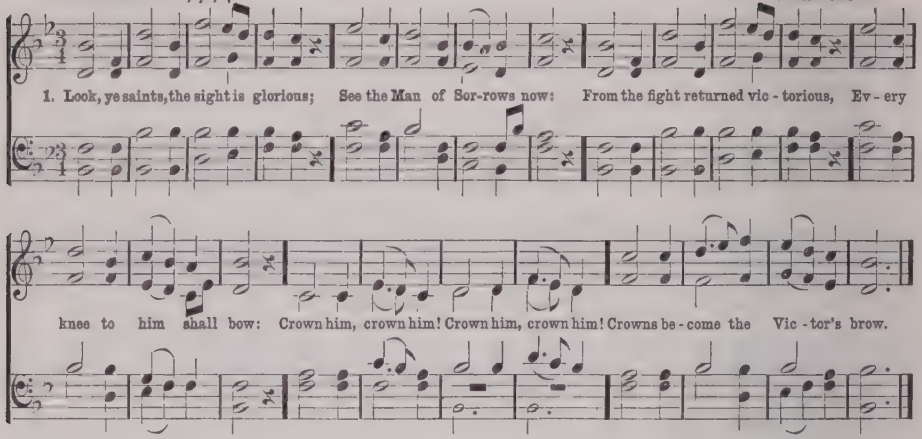
LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

FARLAND. 8s, 7s, 4s. T. HASTINGS.


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of Sor-rows now: From the fight returned vic-torious, Ev-ery
knee to him shall bow: Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.

489 *"King of kings."*

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him;
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned him;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords:
Crown him, crown him;
"King of kings and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly.

490 *Creation groans.*

SAVIOUR! hasten thine appearing;
Take thy waiting people home!
'T is this hope, our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou shalt come.

2 Lord! how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?

3 Reign, oh, reign! almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor
There alone is life and light.
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

James G. Deck.

491 *"Thou art worthy."*

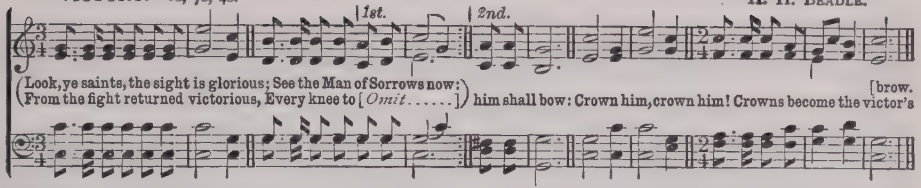
HOLY SAVIOUR! we adore thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
While the heavenly hosts before thee,
Gladly sing thy praise aloud.
"Thou art worthy!
We are ransomed by thy blood."

2 Saviour! though the world despised thee,
Though thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
"Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for thou hast died."

3 Haste the day of thy returning
With thy ransomed church to reign:
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy!
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

James G. Deck.

VICTORY. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. H. BEADLE.


1st.
2nd.
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious, Every knee to [Omit.....] him shall bow: Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the victor's [brow.

492 *"Christ is coming!"*

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease:
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessèd Prince of peace!

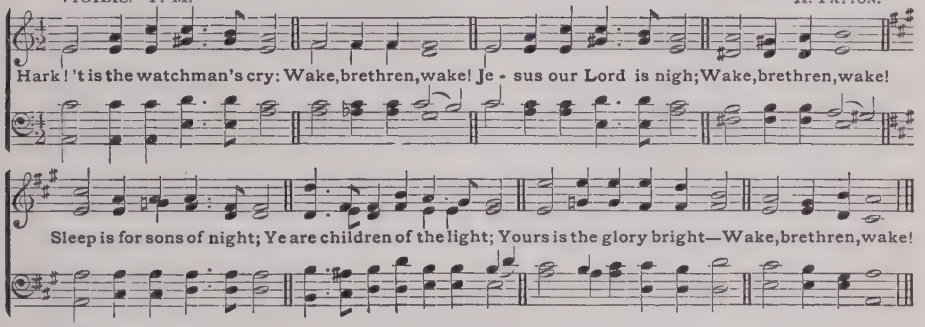
2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee:
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

John R. Macduff.

VIGILIS. P. M. A. PATTON.


Hark! 't is the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is nigh; Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night; Ye are children of the light; Yours is the glory bright—Wake, brethren, wake!

493 *Wait, watch, pray, praise.*

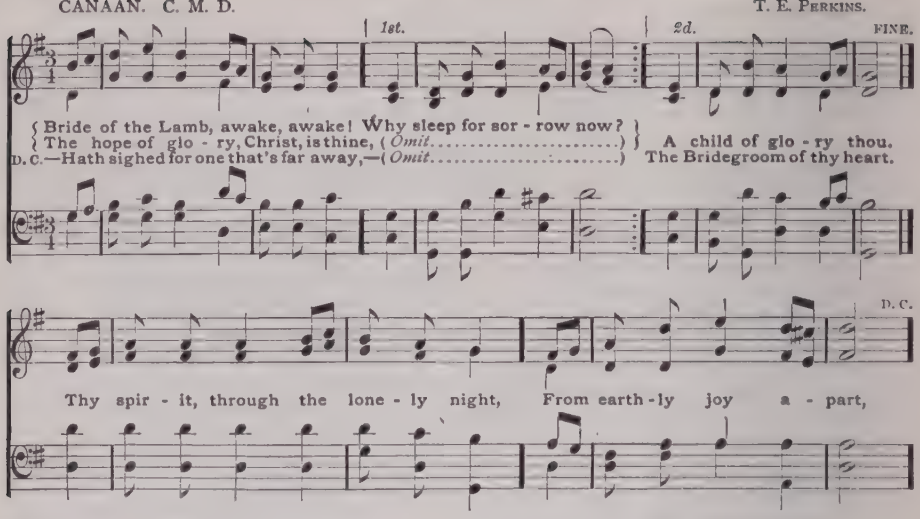
HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry:
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright—
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as they that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate;
Ev'n though he tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch.

3 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye his heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise!

Horatius Bonar.


CANAAN. C. M. D.
T. E. PERKINS.
1st.
2d.
FINE.
Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake! Why sleep for sor - row now?
The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, (Omit.....)
D.C.—Hath sighed for one that's far away,—(Omit.....)
A child of glo - ry thou.
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
D. C.
Thy spir - it, through the lone - ly night, From earth - ly joy a - part,

494 *"The Lamb's Wife."*

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

2 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
Then weep no more; 't is all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine!

Edward Denny.

495 *"Behold, I come quickly."*

SOON will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding-guests, draw near,
And slumber not in sin, when he,
The Son of God, is here!
Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,
And hail him with delight;
Who saved us by his precious blood,
And sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him all the patriarchs old,
And holy prophets stand;
The glorious apostolic choir,
And noble martyr band.
As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their vailéd heads,
Before the Three in One;—

3 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood!
Our lot shall be for aye to share
His reign of peace above:
And drink, with unexhausted joy,
The river of his love.

E. H. Kennedy.

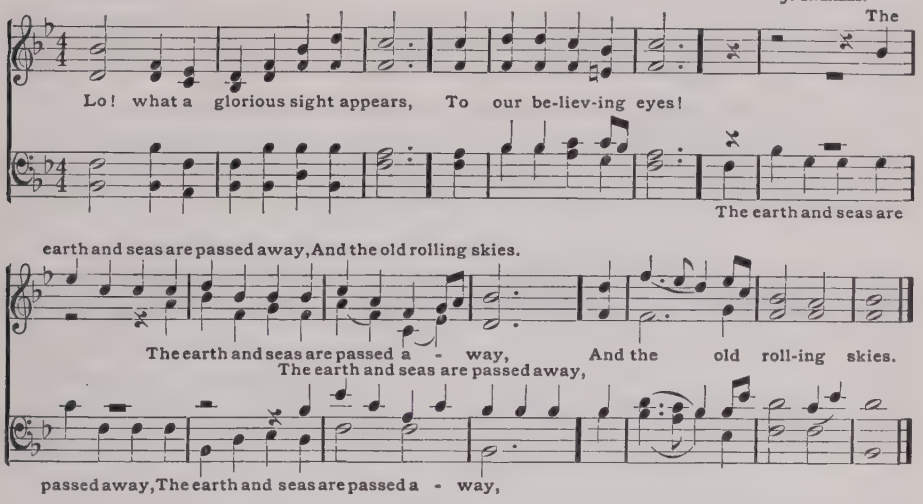
496 *"Come, Lord Jesus."*

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us— and thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. J. INGALLS.


The
Lo! what a glorious sight appears, To our be-liev-ing eyes!
The earth and seas are
earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.
The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll-ing skies.
The earth and seas are passed away,
passed away, The earth and seas are passed a - way,

497 *"Your descending King."*

Lo! WHAT a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts.

498 *Messiah's Reign.*

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Michael Bruce.

499 *"Come, blessed Lord!"*

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

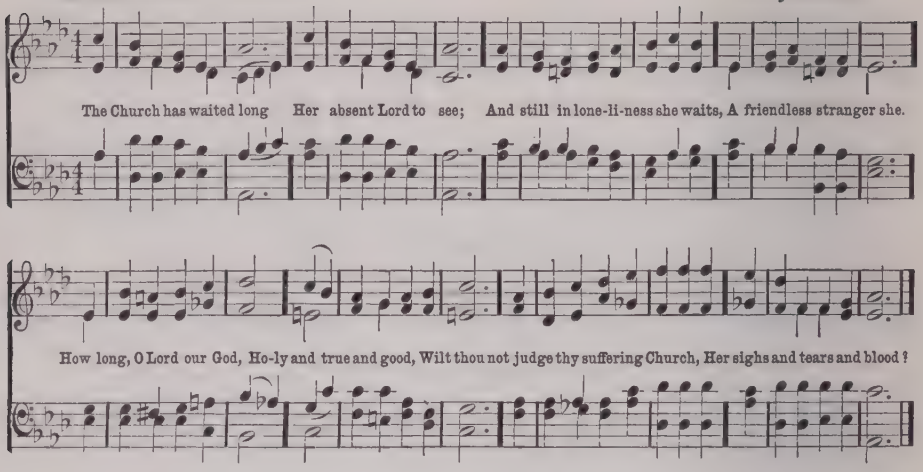
2 Come, blessèd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

Edward Denny.

BLESSED HOME. S. M. D. J. STAINER.


The Church has waited long Her absent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God, Ho-ly and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church, Her sighs and tears and blood?

500 *"How long, O Lord!"*

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

2 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar.

501 *"Thy kingdom come!"*

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

2 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

John Johns.

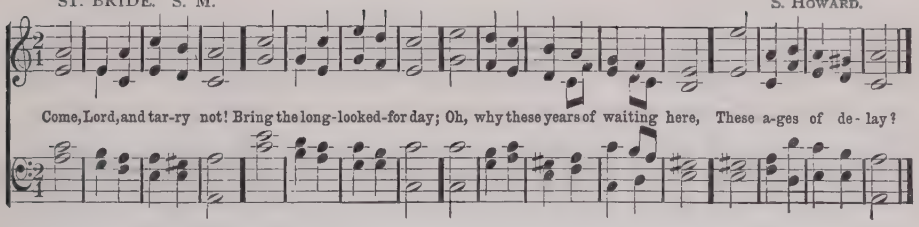
502 *Philippians 2: 10, 11.*

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

2 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley.

ST. BRIDE. S. M. S. HOWARD.



503 *"Come, Lord Jesus."*

COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

Horatius Bonar.

504 *The hidden Life.*

OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.

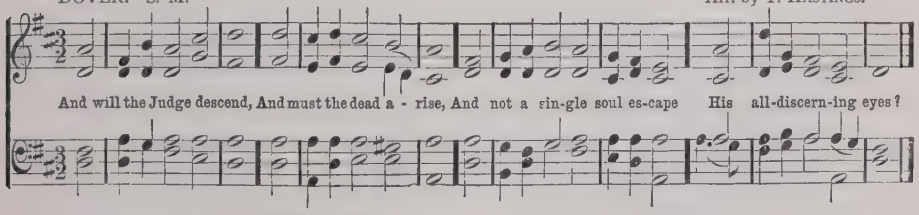
3 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

4 Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

5 Like him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide.

Horatius Bonar.

DOVER. S. M. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.



505 *The final Judgment.*

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

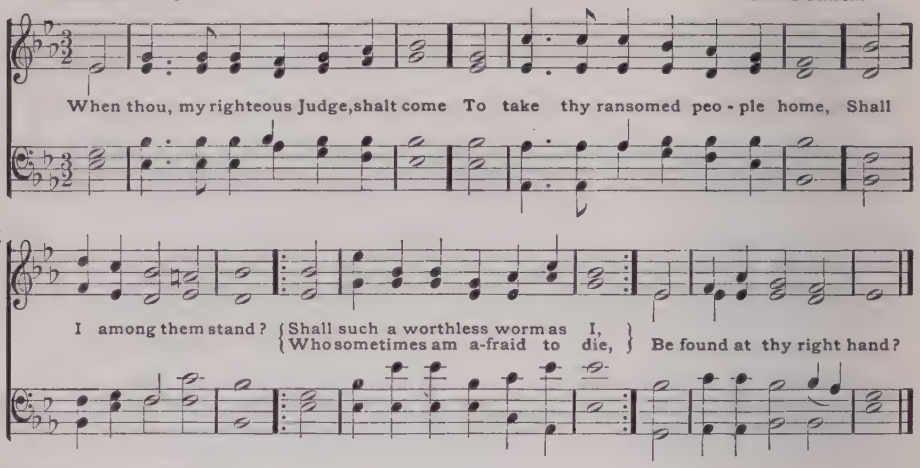
2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.


When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed peo - ple home, Shall
I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

506 *The Tribunal.*

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington.

---

507 7s, 6s. D. *Isaiah 52: 1.*

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

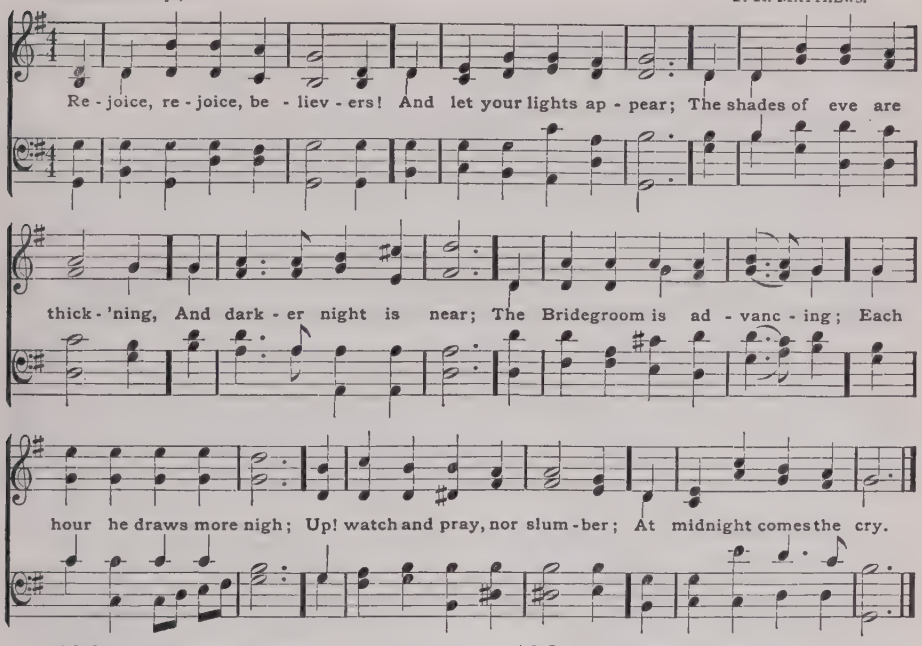
2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign:
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone,
Oh, world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thy watch and ward:
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.


Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are
thick - 'ning, And dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is ad - vanc - ing; Each
hour he draws more nigh; Up! watch and pray, nor slum - ber; At midnight comes the cry.

508 *"Your lamps trimmed."*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

509 *The Lamb's Bridal.*

THE marriage feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham:
Now from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring;
The triumph of the Victor,
The marriage of the King.

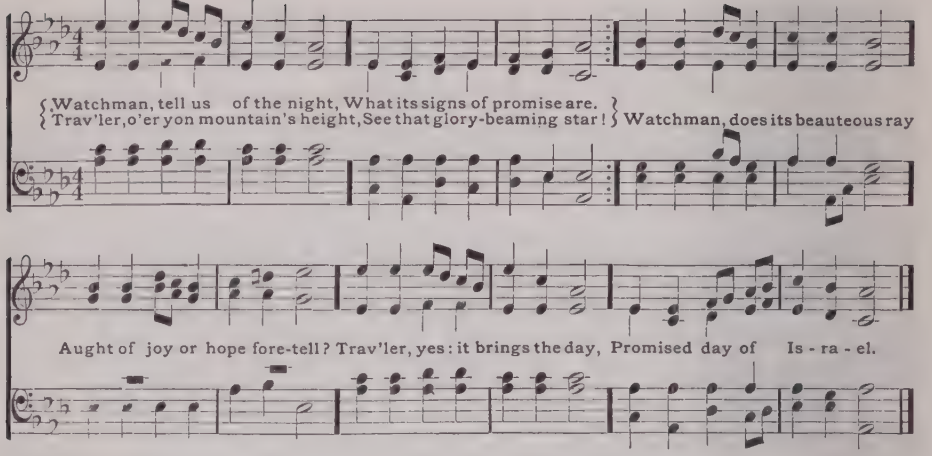
2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where Jesus leads them in;
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
Now shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the radiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there;
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care:
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah-flame,
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

Gerard Moultrie.

WESLEY. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.


Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

510 *Isaiah 21: 11.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

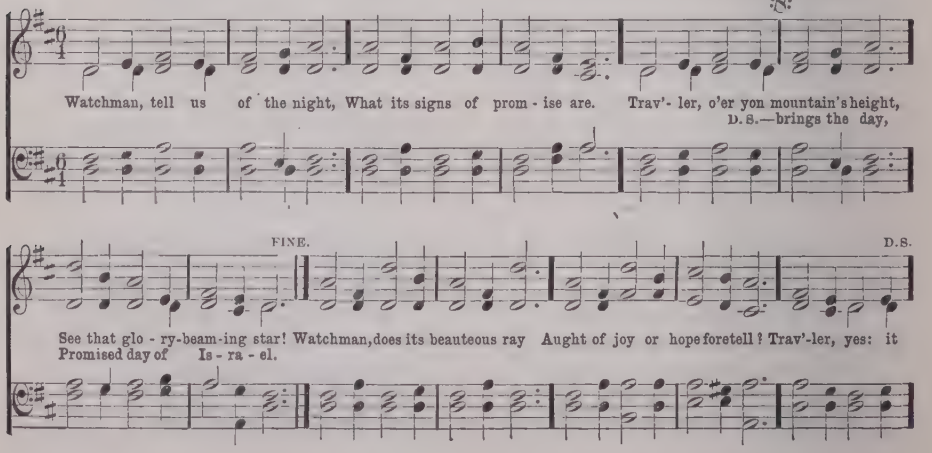
2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

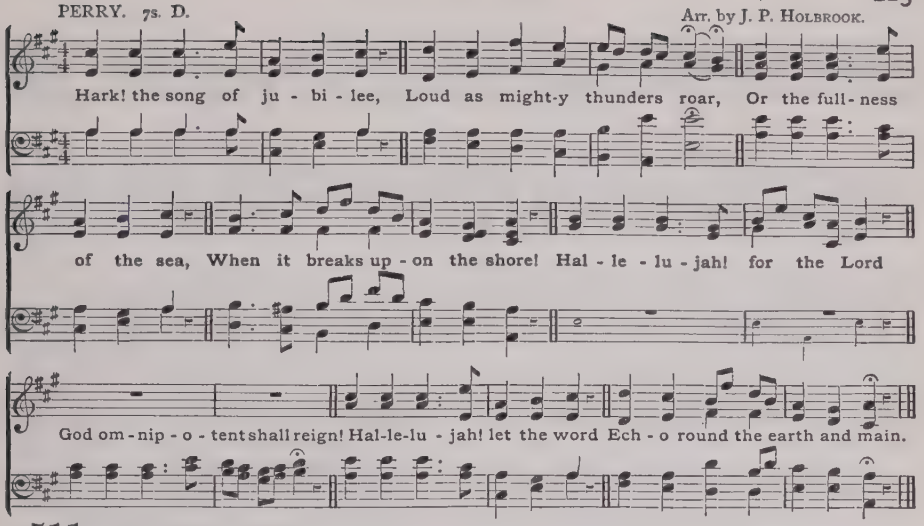
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

John Bowring.

STAR. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.


:8:
Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are. Trav'- ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
D. S.—brings the day,
FINE.
D.S.
See that glo - ry-beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell? Trav'-ler, yes: it
Promised day of Is - ra - el.

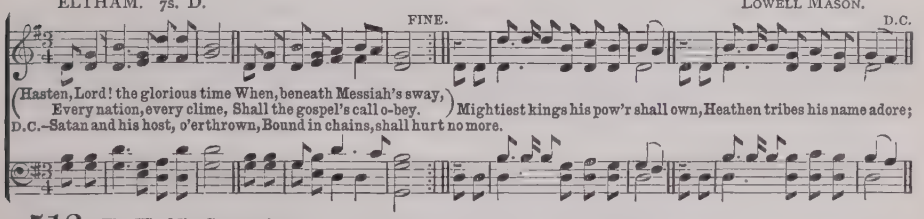

PERRY. 7s. D.
Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.
Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thunders roar, Or the full-ness
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
God om-nip - o - tent shall reign! Hal-le-lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

511 *"The Lord God reigneth."*

Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

James Montgomery.

ELTHAM. 7s. D.
Lowell Mason.
FINE.
D.C.
(Hasten, Lord! the glorious time When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call o-bey.)
Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore;
D.C.—Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

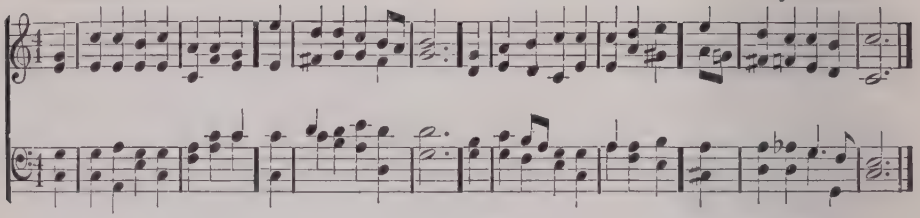
512 *The World's Conversion.*

Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

ROGET. C. M. J. BARNBY.



513 *Day of Pentecost.*

WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

John Keble.

514 *Giver of grace.*

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

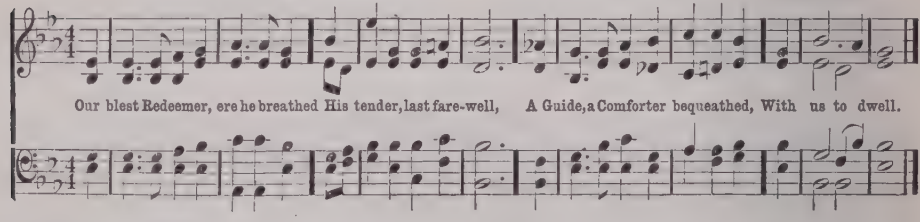
2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8s, 6s, 4s. J. B. DYKES.



515 *The Promise.*

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And viewless, too.

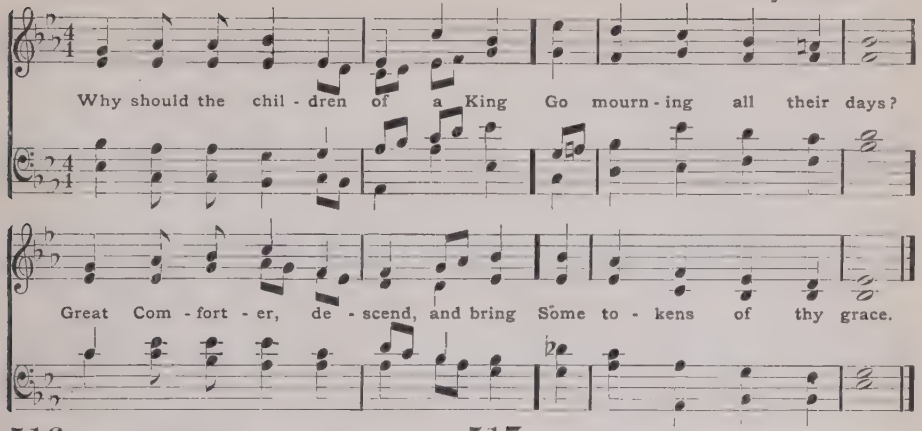
3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber.

ELVET. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



516 *Assurance.*

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

517 *Sanctification.*

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

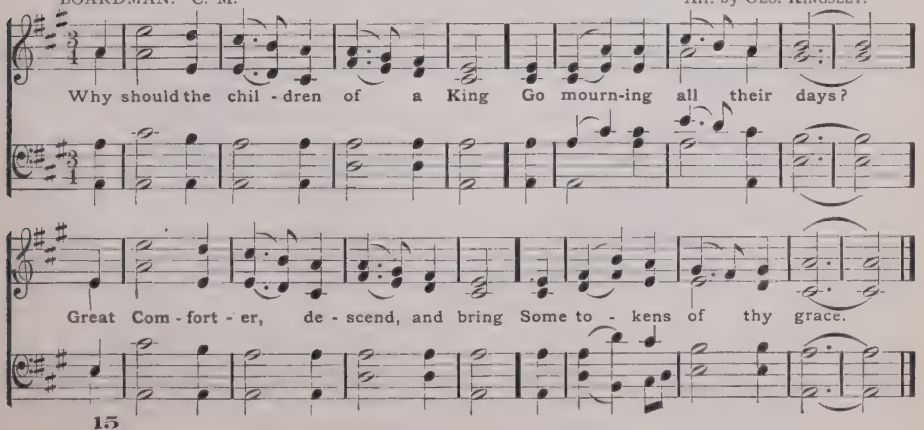
2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

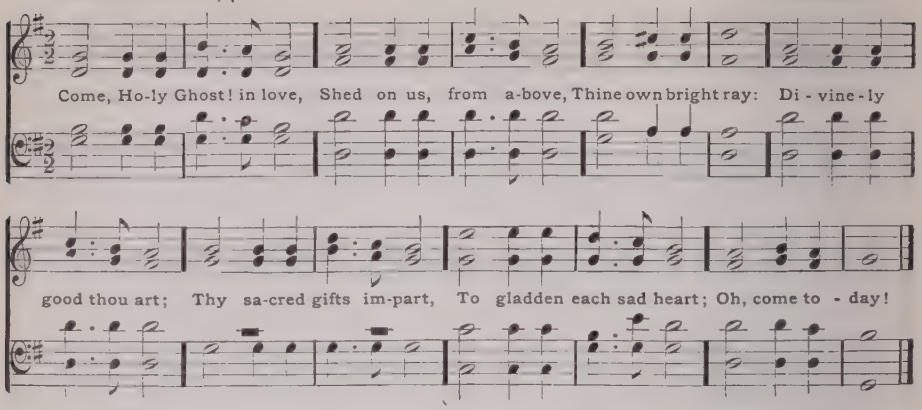
4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thomas Cotterill.

BOARDMAN. C. M. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.



NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s. T. HASTINGS.


Come, Ho-ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from a-bove, Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly
good thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts im-part, To gladden each sad heart; Oh, come to - day!

518 *"Oh, come to-day."*

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene! and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Ray Palmer, tr.

519 *"Let there be light."*

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

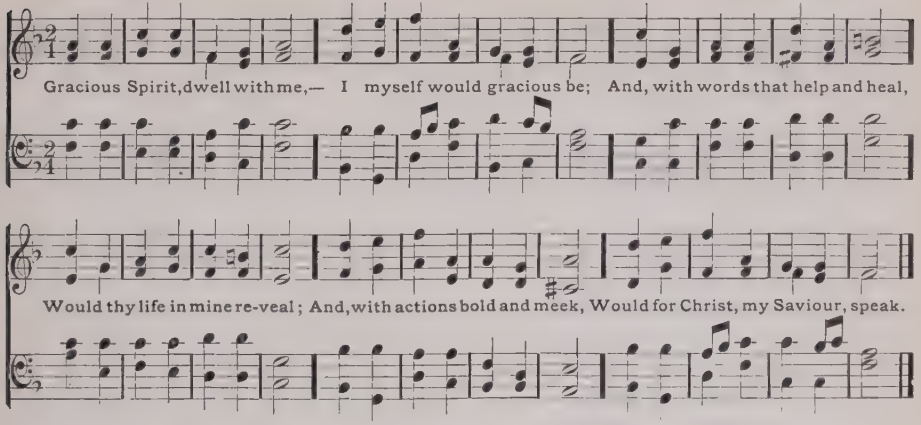
2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh, now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,—
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott.

NASSAU. 7s, 6l. J. ROSENMÜLLER.


Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,— I myself would gracious be; And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine re-veal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

520 *Prayer for grace.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

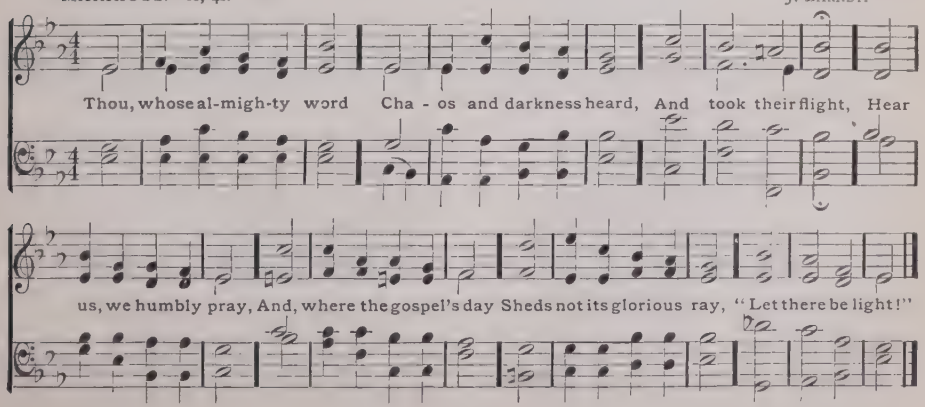
3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it, when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

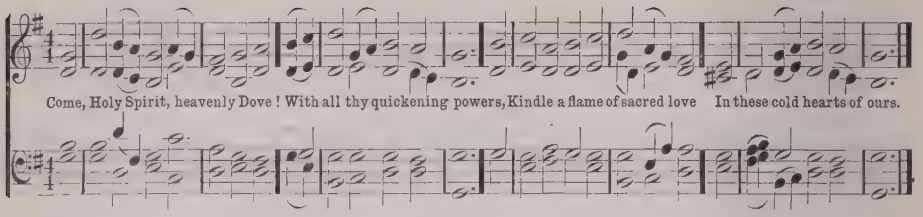
5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas T. Lynch.

MARRIOTT. 6s, 4s. J. BARNBY.


Thou, whose al-migh-ty word Cha - os and darkness heard, And took their flight, Hear
us, we humbly pray, And, where the gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"

STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES.



521 *Invocation.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

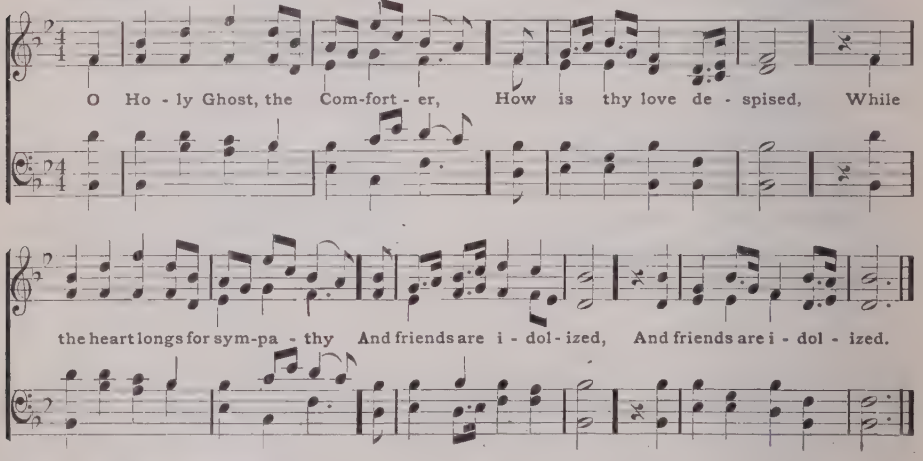
3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

CHESTER. C. M. T. HASTINGS.


O Ho - ly Ghost, the Com-fort - er, How is thy love de - spised, While
the heart longs for sym-pa - thy And friends are i - dol - ized, And friends are i - dol - ized.

522 *The Comforter's love.*

O HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

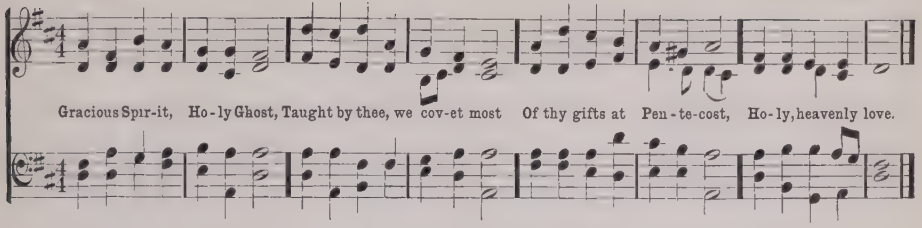
3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,
Didst thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

Mrs. Jane E. Saxby.

CAPETOWN. 7s, 5s. F. FILITZ.



523 *Heavenly Love.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

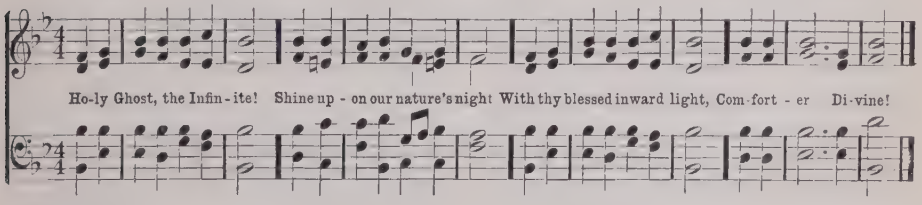
5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

TREVES. 7s, 5s. Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.



524 *"Comforter Divine!"*

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our natures night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

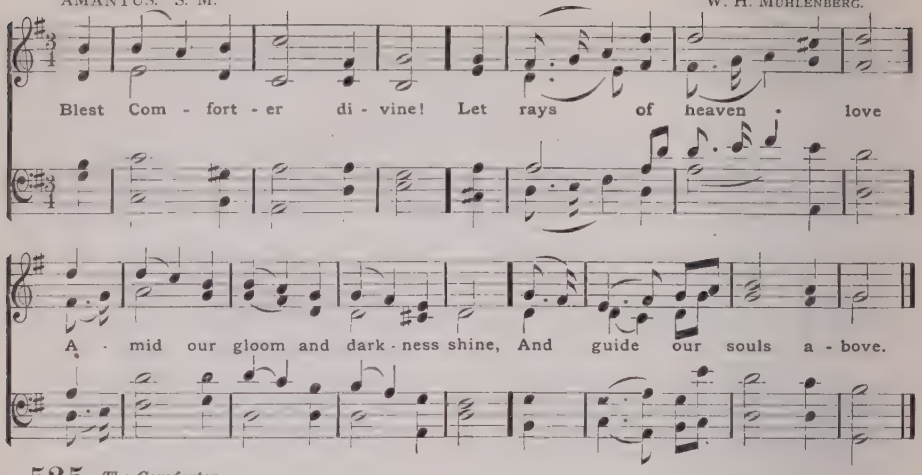
4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson.

AMANTUS. S. M. W. H. MUHLENBERG.



525 *The Comforter.*

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vail of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

526 *"May we be sanctified."*

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

527 *Grieving the Spirit.*

THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

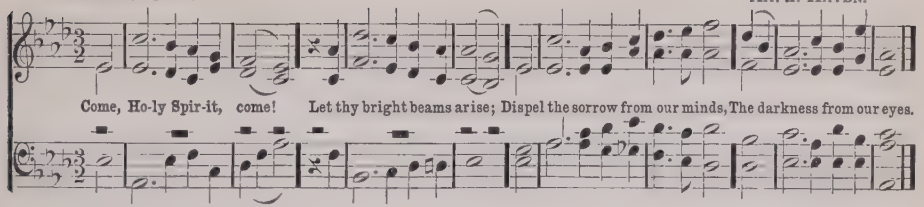
2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,—
'T is heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Anon., 1858.

HAYDN. S. M. Arr. fr. HAYDN.



528 *Giver of Grace.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

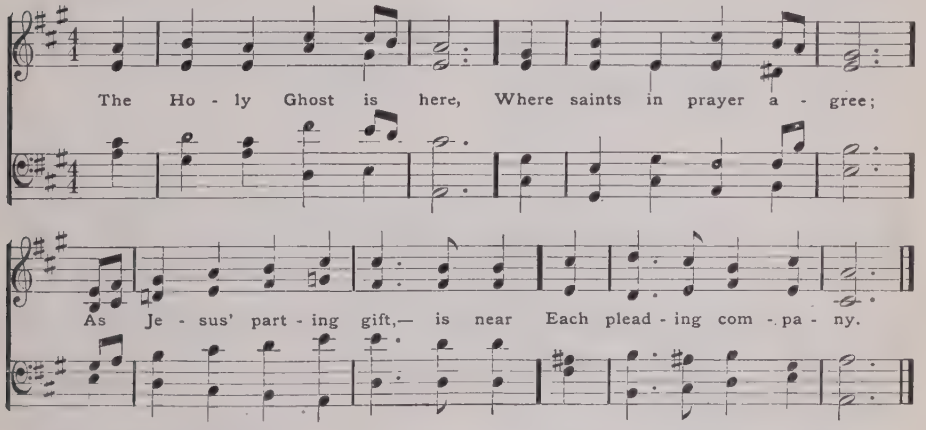
3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart.

ARMES. S. M. P. ARMES.



529 *Jesus' parting Gift.*

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift,—is near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
As in his courts on high.

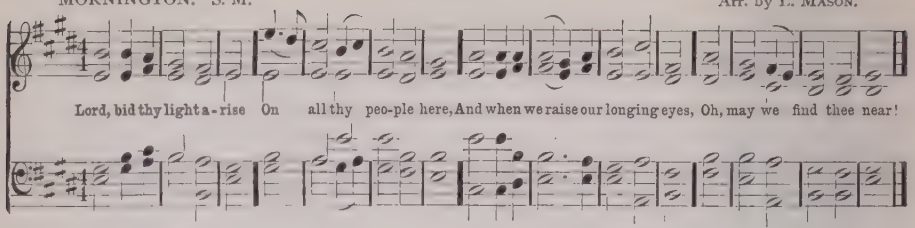
3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he the indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

MORNINGTON. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



530 *The Light.*

LORD, bid thy light arise
On all thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes,
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul;
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name
Thy sacred image bear,
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

4 Since in thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
Oh, raise our earthly minds to thee,
And help our unbelief!

W. H. Bathurst.

531 *Teaching Truth.*

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

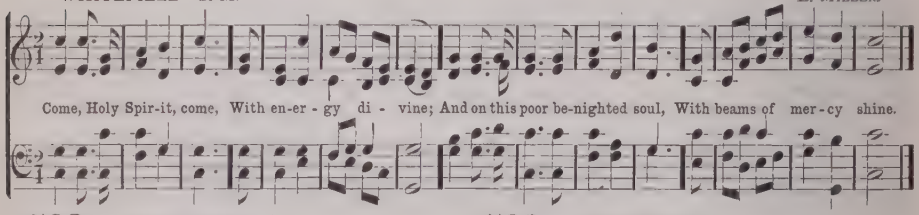
2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

B. Beddome, alt.

WHITEFIELD S. M. E. MILLER.



532 *The heart melted.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

533 *He works in us.*

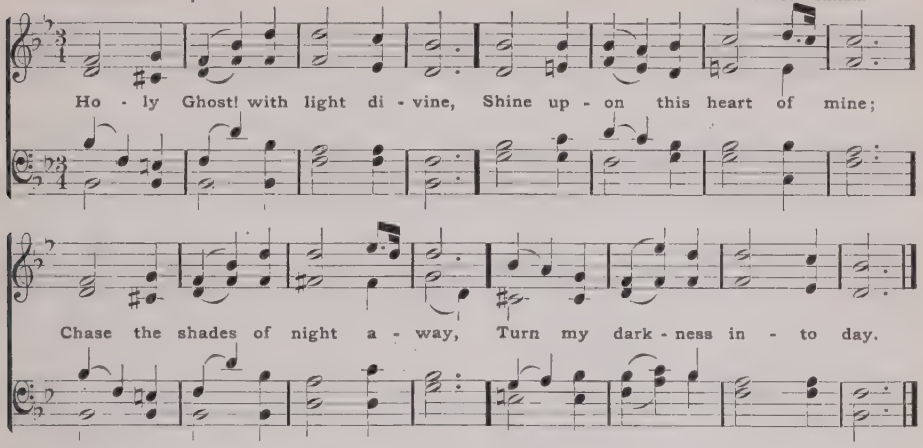
'T IS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

Benjamin Beddome.

LAST HOPE. 7s. Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.



534 *All-divine.*

HOLY GHOST! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

535 *"The things of Christ."*

HOLY SPIRIT! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through his well beloved Son.

William Hammond.

536 *The Gifts bestowed.*

HOLY SPIRIT, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

2 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, desend from thee;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
These thy gifts to us impart;—

3 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with thee,
In the threefold Deity!

Richard Mant.

537 *"Keep me, Lord!"*

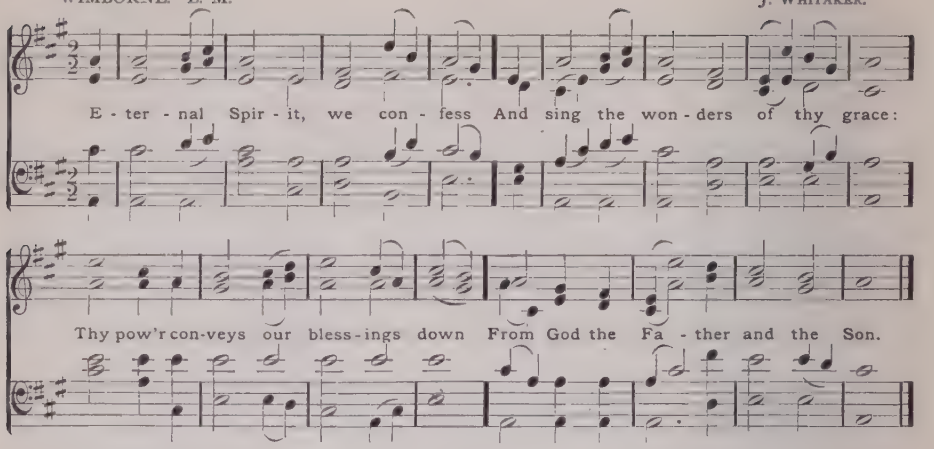
GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

John Stocker.

WIMBORNE. L. M. J. WHITAKER.

E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace:
Thy pow'r con-veys our bless-ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

538 *"Inward Teachings."*

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Isaac Watts.

539 *"Veni, Creator!"*

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Edward Caswall, tr.

540 *"The book unfold."*

COME, blessèd Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome.

541 *Spirit of grace.*

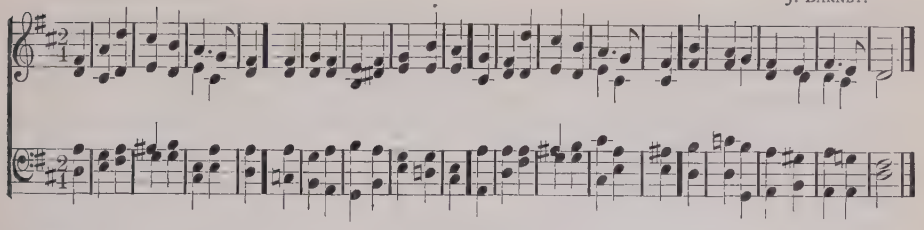
COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

GRATIA. L. M. J. BARNBY.



542 *Invocation*

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

Simon Browne.

543 *Veni, Creator.*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

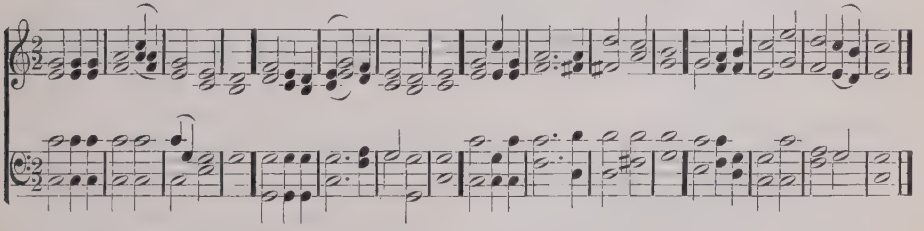
2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee!

4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

John Dryden, tr.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



544 *The Spirit near.*

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

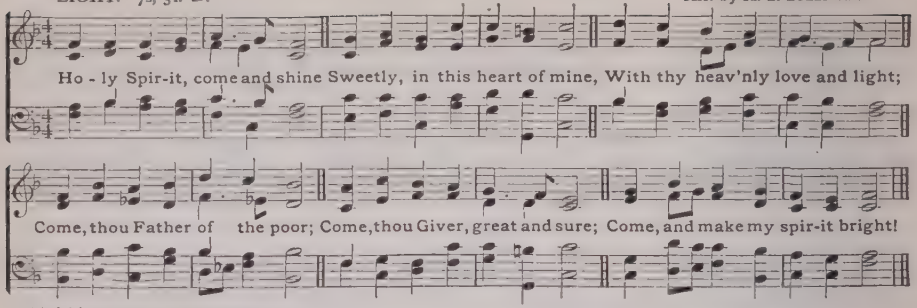
2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Anne Steele.

LIGHT. 7s, 3l. D. Arr. by A. S. Sullivan.


Ho - ly Spir-it, come and shine Sweetly, in this heart of mine, With thy heav'nly love and light;
Come, thou Father of the poor; Come, thou Giver, great and sure; Come, and make my spir-it bright!

545 *"Come and shine."*

Holy Spirit, come and shine
Sweetly, in this heart of mine,
With thy heavenly love and light;
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver, great and sure;
Come, and make my spirit bright!

2 Best of all my helpers, thou!
Dearest guest that I can know,
Freshest draught that I can find:
In my labor thou art peace,
Thou dost bid my fever cease,
To my sorrows thou art kind.

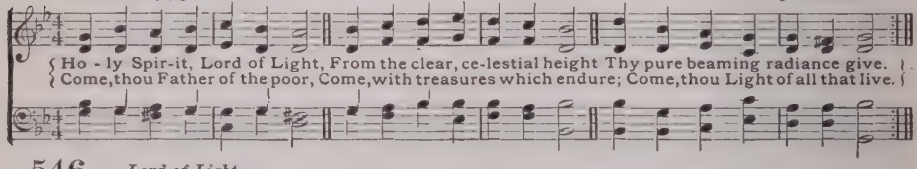
3 O thou blessèd Light of Light,
Fill thou every secret height
In thy servant's waiting soul!
Save for this, thy heavenly aid,
Man would be for nothing made;
Not a sin could he control.

4 Cleanse thou every sordid place,
Soften harshness by thy grace,
Heal the wounds I feel within;
Bend the stubborn will to thine,
Cheer the thoughts that droop and pine—
Rule whatever turns to sin!

5 Give to them that faithful be
Everlasting trust in thee,
All thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
Give to virtue her reward,
Give us safety in our Lord,
Give what joy immortals know!

S. W. Duffield, tr.

CYPRUS. 7s, 3l. J. Cruger.


Ho - ly Spir-it, Lord of Light, From the clear, ce-lestial height Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, thou Father of the poor, Come, with treasures which endure; Come, thou Light of all that live.

546 *Lord of Light.*

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear, celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, thou Light of all that live.

2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

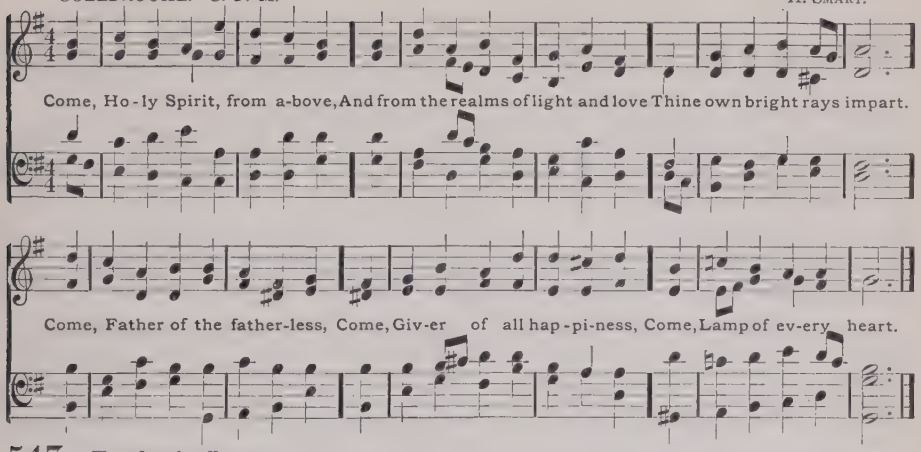
3 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend.
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Edward Caswall, tr.

COLEBROOKE. C. P. M. H. SMART.


Come, Ho-ly Spirit, from a-bove, And from the realms of light and love Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the father-less, Come, Giv-er of all hap-pi-ness, Come, Lamp of ev-ery heart.

547 *The solace in all woes.*

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O thou, of comforters the best,
O thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes!

3 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruiséd reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that goodness need.

A. P. Stanley, tr.

548 *Giver of Truth.*

O HOLY GHOST, thou Fount of light,
Thy blesséd radiance puts to flight
The darkness of the mind;
The pure are only pure through thee;
And thou the prisoner dost set free,
And cheer with light the blind.

2 Thy grace eternal truth instills,
The ignorant with knowledge fills,
Awakens those who sleep,
Inspires the tongue, informs the eye,
Expands the heart with charity,
And comforts all who weep.

3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin, direct us right,
Illume us with thy heavenly light,
Thy peace on us bestow.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might,
Eternal thou and infinite,
The life of earth and heaven;
To thee the High and Holy One,
To thee, with Father, and with Son,
Be praise and glory given.

Edward Caswall, tr.

549 *The valley of dry bones.*

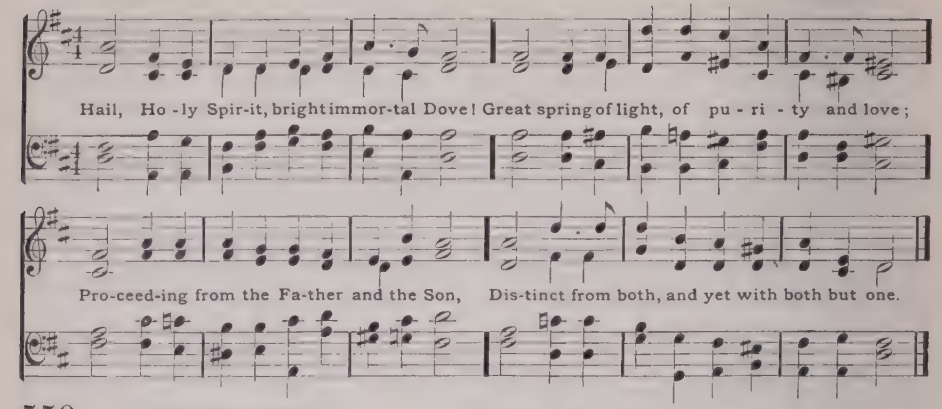
DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
O Fount of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his piercéd hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

Joseph Hart.

DALKEITH. 10s. T. HEWLETT.


Hail, Ho - ly Spir-it, bright immor-tal Dove! Great spring of light, of pu - ri - ty and love;
Pro-ceed-ing from the Fa-ther and the Son, Dis-tinct from both, and yet with both but one.

550 *"Shed thine influence."*

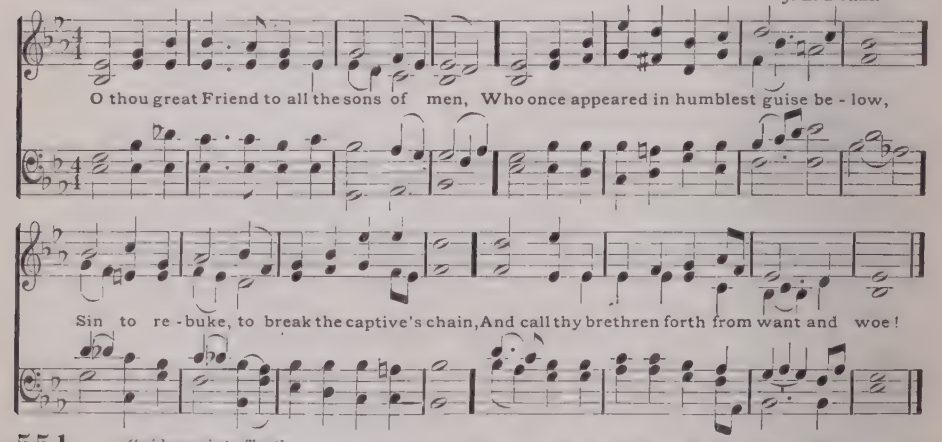
HAIL, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!
Great spring of light, of purity and love;
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from both, and yet with both but one.

2 O Lord, from thee one kind and quickening ray
Will pierce the gloom and re-enkindle day;
Will warm the frozen heart with love divine,
And with its Maker's image make it shine.

3 Oh, shed thine influence, and thy power exert;
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart;
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.

Simon Browne.

PAX DEI. 10s. J. B. DYKES.


O thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once appeared in humblest guise be - low,
Sin to re - buke, to break the captive's chain, And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

551 *Guidance into Truth.*

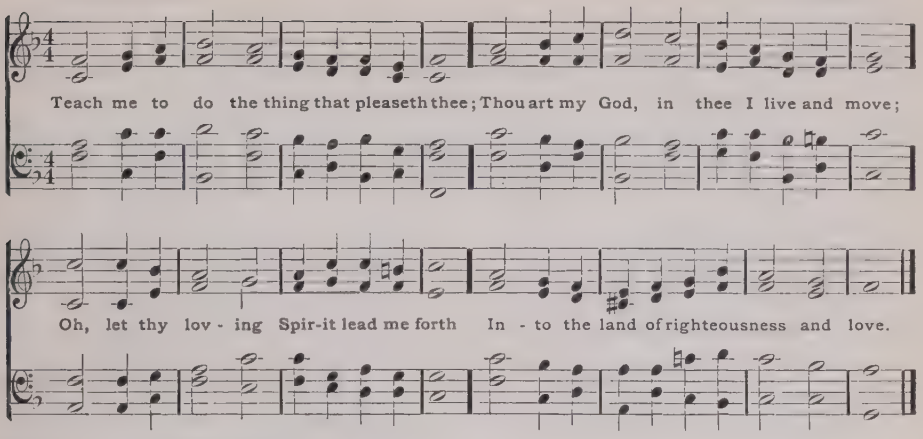
O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

2 We look to thee: thy Spirit gives the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

TOULON. 10s. C. GOUDIMEL.


Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee; Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
Oh, let thy lov - ing Spir-it lead me forth In - to the land of righteousness and love.

552 *"Thy loving Spirit."*

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee;
Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
Oh, let thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the land of righteousness and love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, thou art,
To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
To do thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
From self alone what could that peace destroy?
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

J. S. B. Monsell.

553 *The Fullness of Grace.*

O HOLY SPIRIT! now descend on me
As showers of rain upon the thirsty ground;
Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree;
May all thy precious fruits in me be found.

2 Be thou my guide into all truth divine;
Give me increasing knowledge of my God;
Show me the glories that in Jesus shine,
And make my heart the place of his abode.

3 Be thou my quickener—in me revive
Each drooping grace so prone to fade and die;
Help me on Jesus day by day to live,
And loosen more and more each earthly tie.

4 Blest Spirit! I would yield myself to thee,
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from thy fullness drink.

Christina Forsyth.

554 *The heart on the altar.*

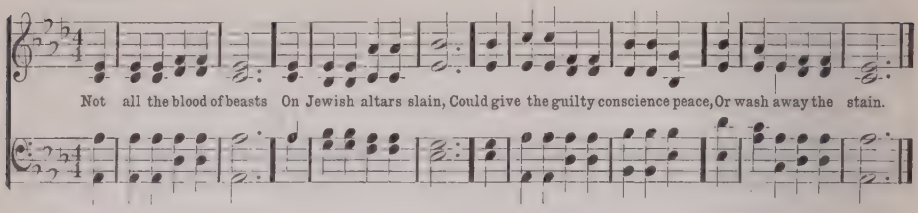
SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

2 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

3 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame!

George Croly.

GORTON. S. M. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



555 *"No other name."*

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

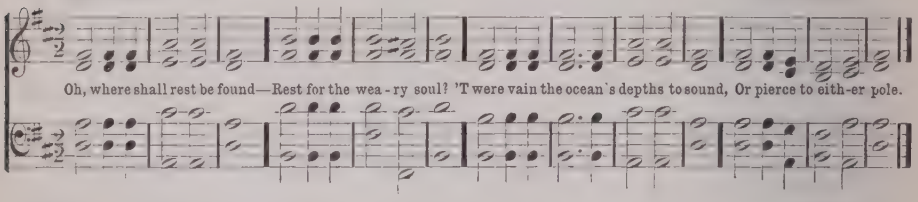
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

Isaac Watts.

SHAWMUT. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



556 *Deut. 30: 19.*

OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

557 *A Physician wanted.*

AND wilt thou hear, O Lord,
Thy suppliant people's cry?
And pardon, though thy book record
Our crimes of crimson dye?

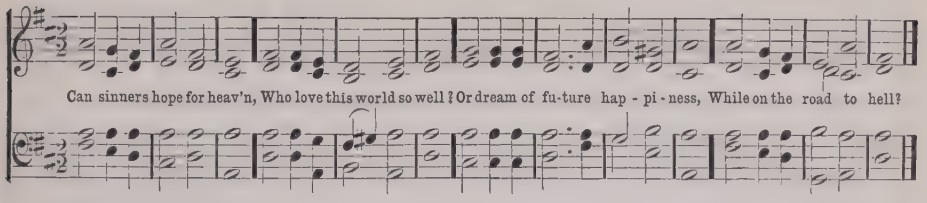
2 So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall we appear?

3 Let us make all things known
To him who all things sees:
That so his blood may yet atone
For our iniquities.

4 O thou, Physician blest,
Make clean the guilty soul;
And us, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep us whole!

John M. Neale, tr.

PRAYER. S. M. L. MARSHALL.



558 *Pardon and Purity.*

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Benjamin Beddome.

559 *"All downward."*

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God—
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

Isaac Watts.

560 *"Jesus only."*

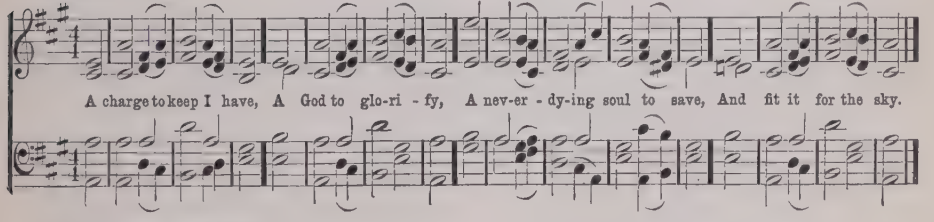
NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar.

IOWA. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



561 *Probation.*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

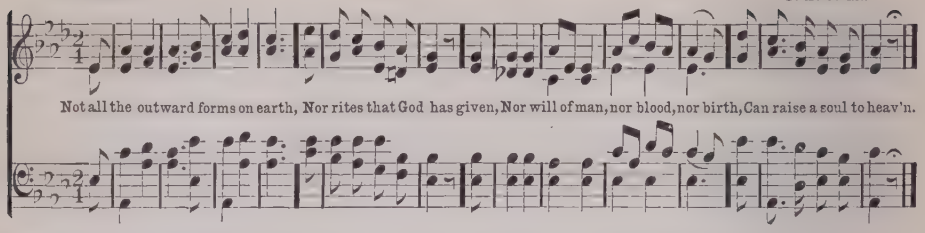
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley.

HUMMEL. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



562 *Utter helplessness.*

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts.

563 *The Soul ruined.*

HOW SAD our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

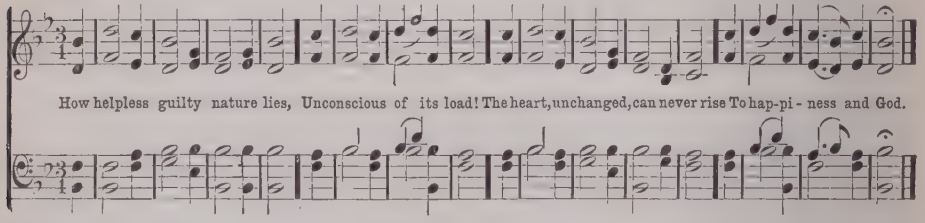
2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

Isaac Watts.

BALERMA. C. M. H. WILSON.



564 *The load of Sin.*

HOW HELPLESS guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

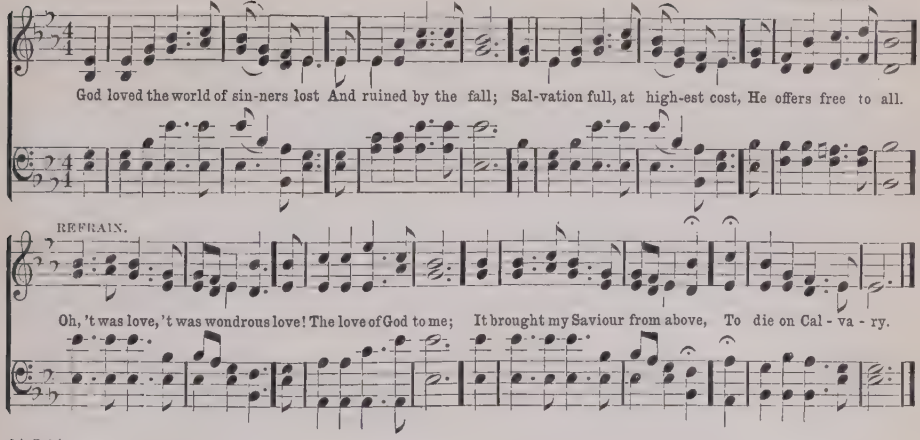
3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele.

WONDROUS LOVE. P. M. W. G. FISCHER.


God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ruined by the fall; Sal-vation full, at high-est cost, He offers free to all.
REFRAIN.
Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Cal - va - ry.

565 *The seeking love of God.*

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

REF.—Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.—REF.

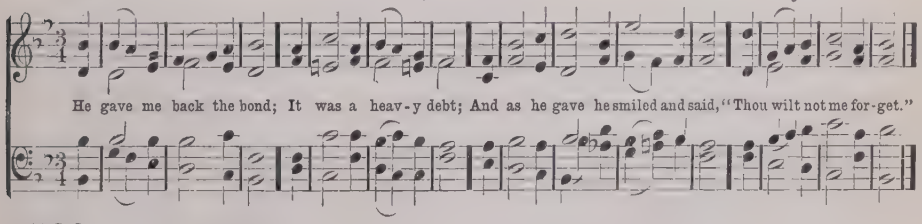
3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—REF.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—REF.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.—REF.

Mrs. M. M. Stockton.

AYNHOE. S. M. J. NARES.



566 *The Canceled Bond.*

HE gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Thou wilt not me forget."

2 He gave me back the bond;
The seal was torn away;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Think thou of me alway."

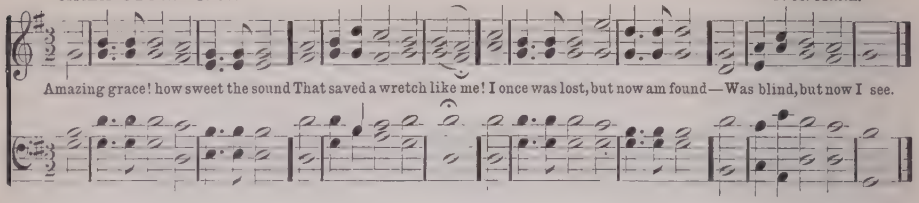
3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be,
It tells me of the love of him
Who paid the debt for me.

4 I look on it and smile;
I look again and weep;
That record of his love for me
I will for ever keep.

5 It is a bond no more;
But it shall ever tell
All that I owed was fully paid
By my Immanuel.

Sabine.

ARLINGTON. C. M. T. A. ARNE.



567 *"Amazing grace."*

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton.

568 *Zech. 13: 1.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

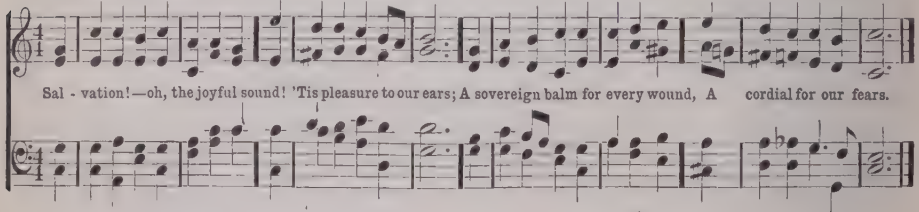
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

ROGET. C. M. J. BARNBY.



569 *"Salvation."*

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

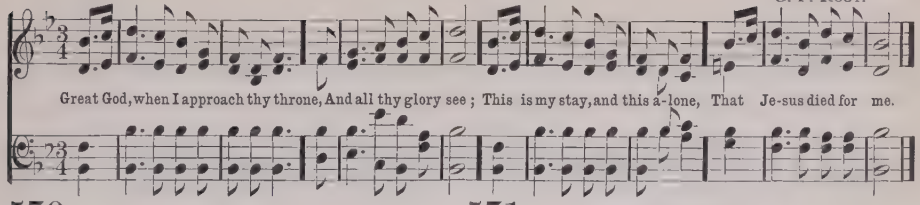
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

GLASGOW. C. M. G. F. ROOT.



570 *"Jesus died for me."*

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

W. H. Bathurst.

571 *Divine compassion.*

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

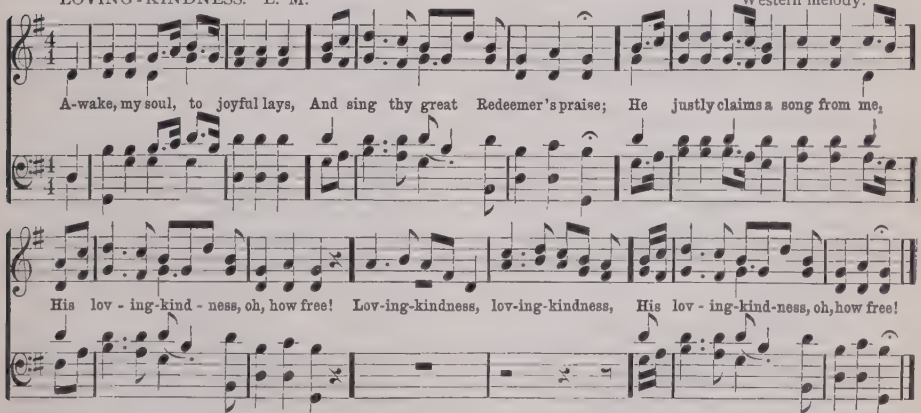
2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

Anne Steele.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Western melody.


A-wake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!

572 *Loving-kindness.*

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

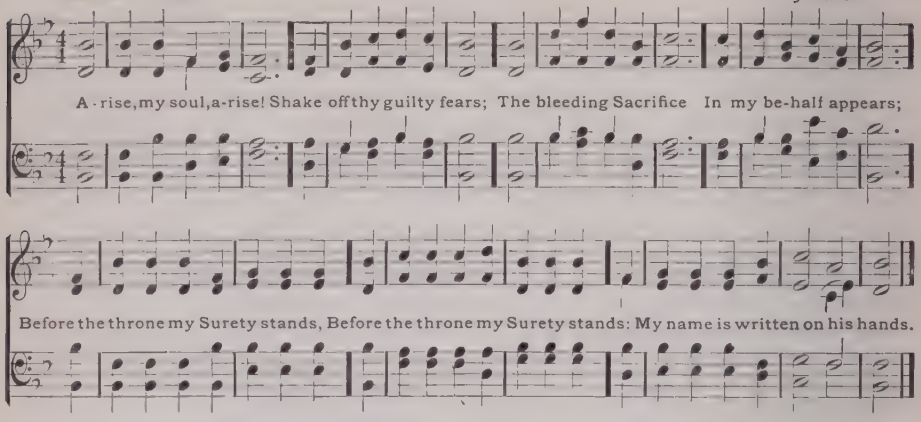
2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

Samuel Medley.

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON.


A-rise, my soul, a-rise! Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my be-half appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.

573 *Our Surety.*

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

574 *Year of Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;—
The gladly solemn sound;—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

575 *"The Cross alone."*

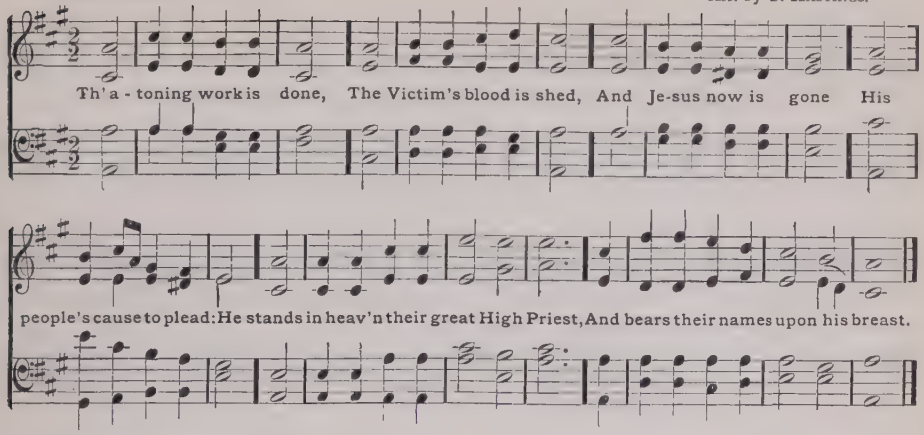
YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

CULLODEN. H. M. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


Th'a - toning work is done, The Victim's blood is shed, And Je-sus now is gone His
people's cause to plead: He stands in heav'n their great High Priest, And bears their names upon his breast.

576 *The sacrifice offered.*

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkled with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

Thomas Kelly.

577 *Christ the Surety.*

JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His precious blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My great and glorious Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

578 *Thine, not mine.*

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

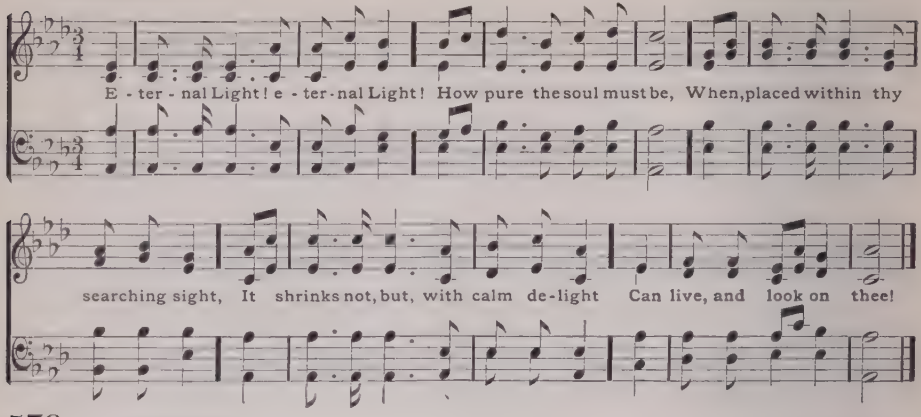
2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessèd day:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruisèd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar.

NAUMANN. C. M. 51. Arr. fr. NAUMANN.


E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When, placed within thy
searching sight, It shrinks not, but, with calm de-light Can live, and look on thee!

579 *The Father.*

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on thee!

2 The spirits that surround thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

Thomas Binney.

580 *The Son.*

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of life, to die?
Why didst thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 To save us by thy precious blood,
To make us one in thee,
That ours might be thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all thy love to be;
To thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be thine,
And ever live in thee.

C. E. May.

581 *The Holy Ghost.*

COME, thou who dost the soul endue
With sevenfold gifts of grace;
Come, thou who dost the world renew,
Author of peace, consoler true,
Spirit of holiness.

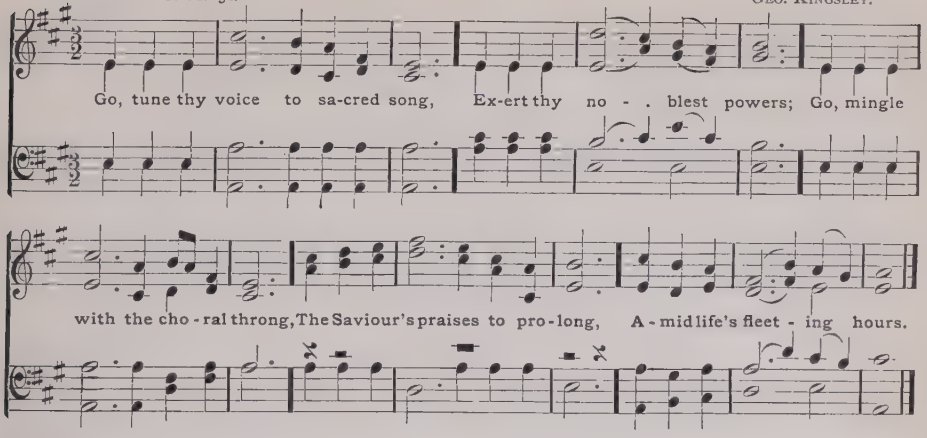
2 Thou didst the gospel-trumpet sound
O'er all the world afar;
And summon from their sleep profound
The dead, who lay in darkness round,
To hail the Morning Star.

3 Thine be all praise for evermore,
From all salvation's heirs;
Thy goodness, truth, and love, and power,
Let all created worlds adore
In holy hymns and prayers.

4 O thou, who teachest us to place
In thee our hope and trust,
The stains of former guilt efface,
Confirm the innocent in grace,
And glorify the just.

Edward Caswall, tr.

TAPPAN. C. M. 51. GEO. KINGSLEY.


Go, tune thy voice to sa-cred song, Ex-ert thy no - . blest powers; Go, mingle
with the cho - ral throng, The Saviour's praises to pro-long, A - mid life's fleet - ing hours.

582 *"A Saviour's Blood."*

Go, TUNE thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 Oh! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
Oh, sing the praise of God!

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven!

Thomas Hastings.

583 *"Eternal life."*

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there!

2 Go—'t is the son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree;
See quivering there the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
O sinful soul, for thee!

3 Go—there from every streaming wound
Flows rich atoning blood:
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go—at that cross thy heart subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
A vital stream shall flow!

Ray Palmer.

584 *"O holy Lamb!"*

O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

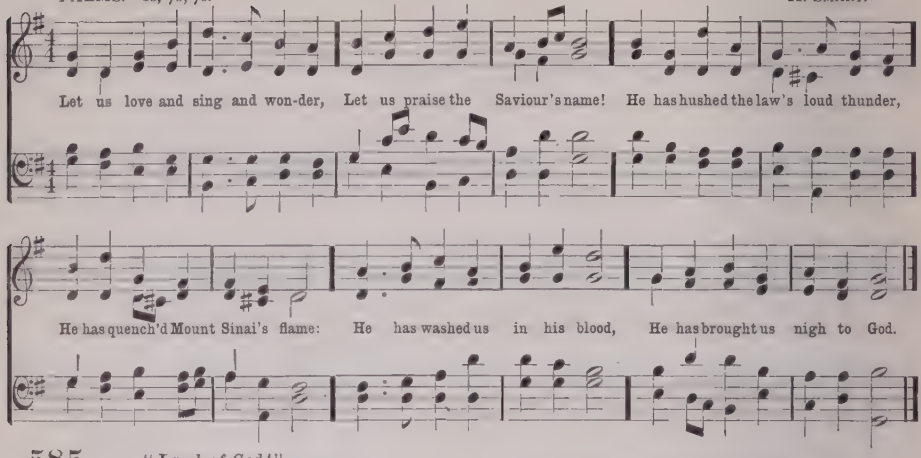
2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place,
From earthly care and toil.

3 'T is sin that separates from thee
This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
I yield to thy control.

4 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

Thomas Hastings.

PALMS. 8s, 7s, 7s. H. SMART.


Let us love and sing and won-der, Let us praise the Saviour's name! He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame: He has washed us in his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.

585 *"Lamb of God!"*

LET us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame:
He has washed us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by his grace, and taught us,
Healed the blindness of our eyes:
He has washed us in his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He, who washed us in his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us in thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

John Newton.

586 *The Atonement.*

HE, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With his own most precious blood;
Coming from his throne on high,
On the painful cross to die.

2 Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal!
Oh, the depth of love divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
For the guilty, doomed to die,
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May the blood of his atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease;
Be our pardon and our peace.

Edward Caswall, tr.

587 *"Mercy and truth are met!"*

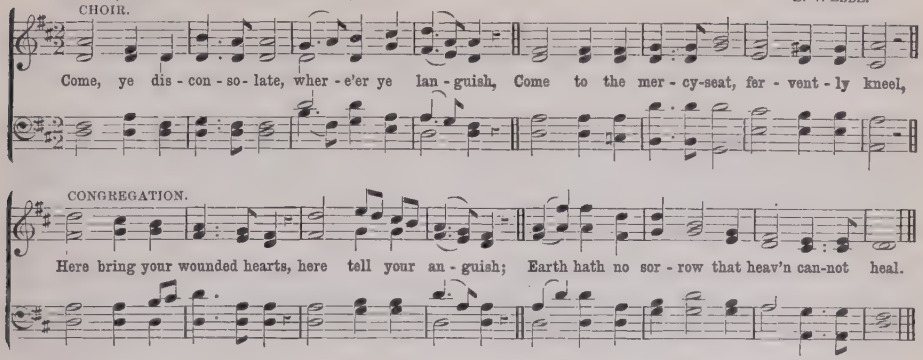
COME, behold a great expedient,
God revealed in flesh appears;
God himself becomes obedient,
And the curse for sinners bears;
'T is a great, a gracious plan,
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

2 Oh, the wisdom of contrivance,
Oh, the grace that shines therein,
God forgives without connivance,
He forgives, yet spares not sin;
Justice sees the victim bleed,
Nothing more can justice need.

3 Whither should we go, oh, whither,
Whither from the glorious sight?
Truth and mercy meet together,
Righteousness and peace unite:
'T is the cross that gives us rest,
Makes us safe, and makes us blest.

Thomas Kelly.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s. S. WEBBE.


CHOIR.
Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel,
CONGREGATION.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.

588 . *"Here speaks the Comforter."*

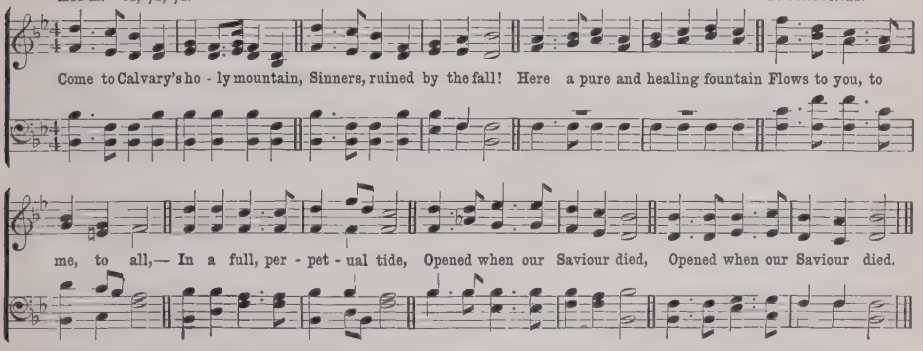
COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore.

LIFE. 8s, 7s, 7s. T. HASTINGS.


Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall! Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to
me, to all,— In a full, per - pet - ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died, Opened when our Saviour died.

589 *A fountain opened.*

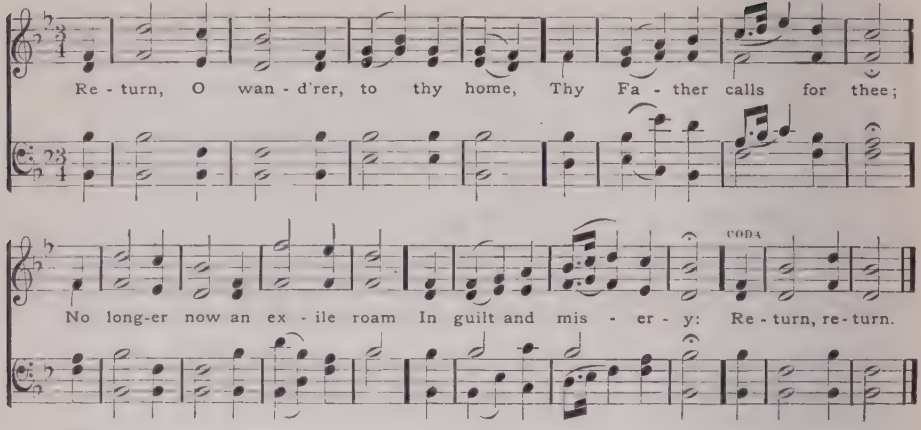
COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

James Montgomery.

RETURN. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



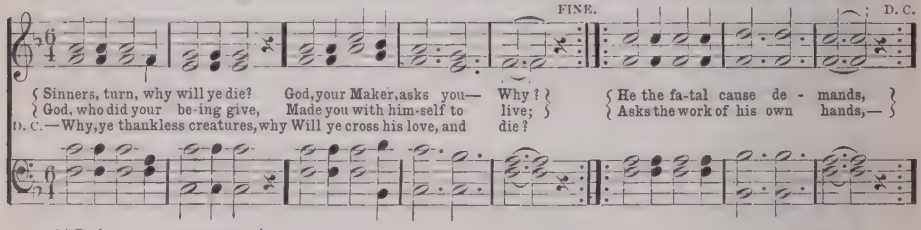
590 *"Return, return!"*

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come,"
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return. *Thomas Hastings.*

MARTYN. 7s. D. S. B. MARSH.


FINE.
D. C.
{ Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you— Why? }
{ God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live; }
{ He the fa-tal cause de - mands, }
{ Asks the work of his own hands,— }
D. C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

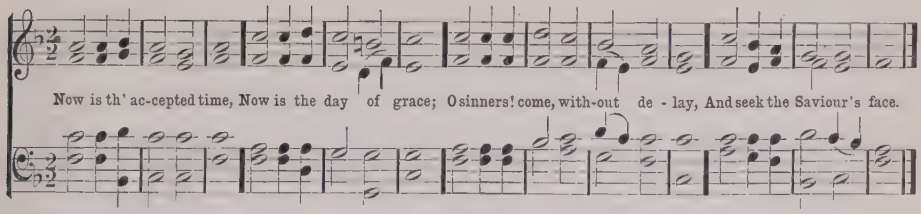
591 *Ezekiel 33 : 11.*

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?
Charles Wesley.

DETROIT. S. M. E. P. HASTINGS.



592 *The accepted time.*

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

John Dobell.

593 *"Sinner, come!"*

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

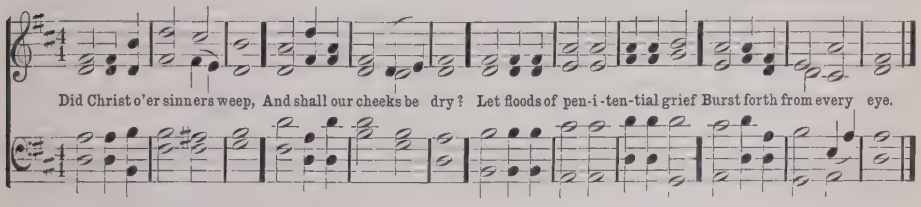
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Delares, I "quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. Onderdonk.

OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



594 *Weeping for sinners.*

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

595 *The call of love.*

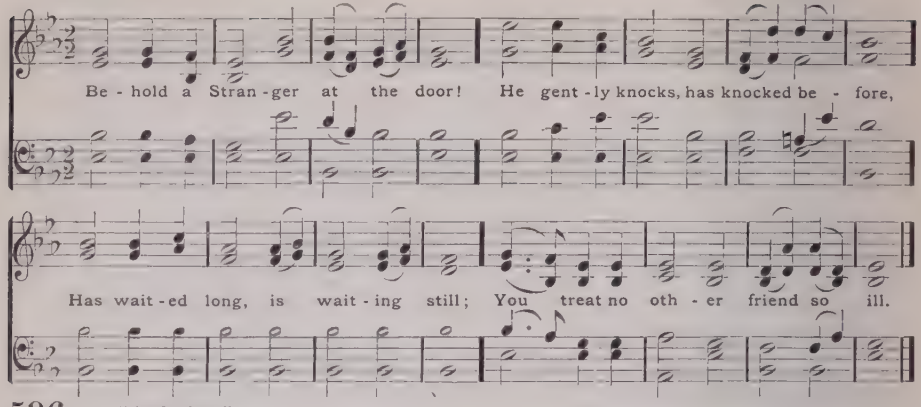
And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Will wash thy guilt away.

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde.

BERA. L. M. J. E. GOULD.


Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has knocked be - fore,
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

596 *"At the door."*

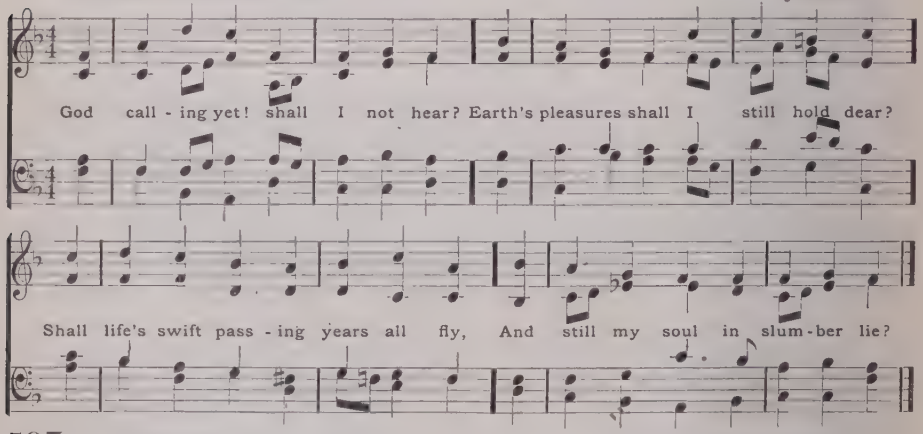
BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg.

LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M. J. BARNBY.

God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

597 *"God calling yet."*

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

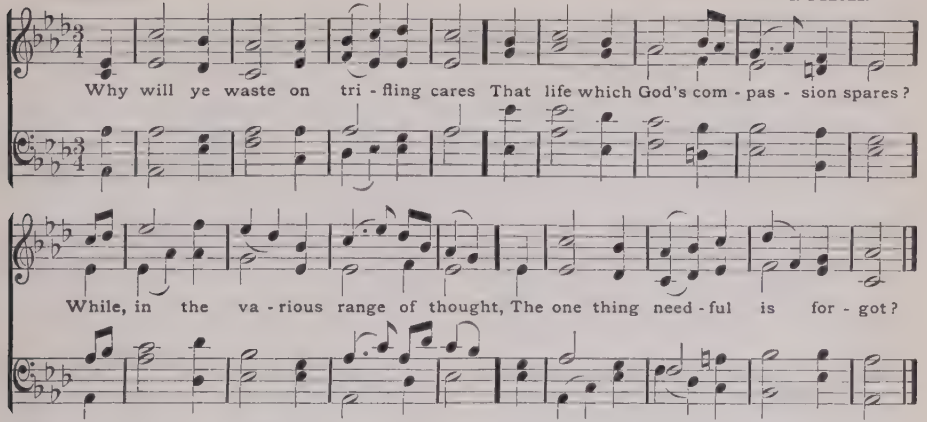
2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

SEASONS. L. M. I. PLEYEL.


Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com - pas - sion spares?
While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

598 *One Thing needful.*

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

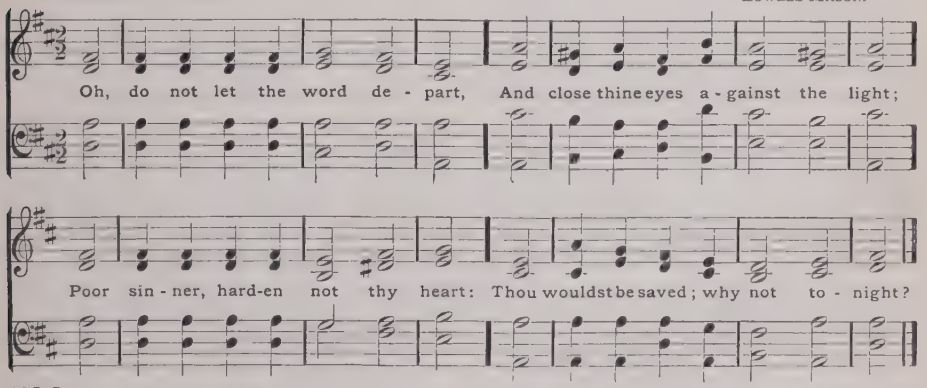
2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

ASHWELL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
Poor sin - ner, hard-en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?

599 *"Why not to-night?"*

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

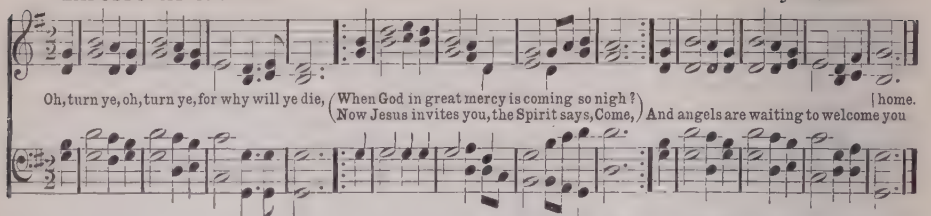
2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. J. HOPKINS.


Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, (When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?) home.
(Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,) And angels are waiting to welcome you

600 *"Why will ye die?"*

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home. *Josiah Hopkins.*

601 *Procrastination.*

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

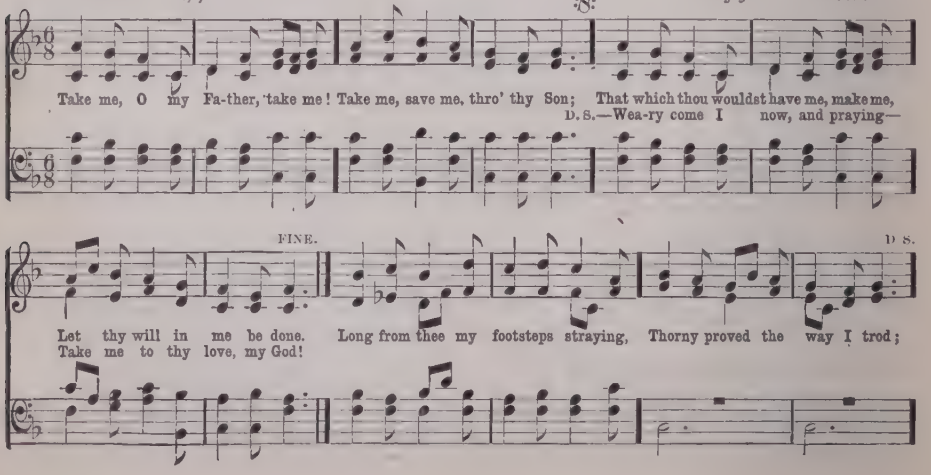
3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid? *Thomas Hastings.*

602 *Job 22 : 21.*

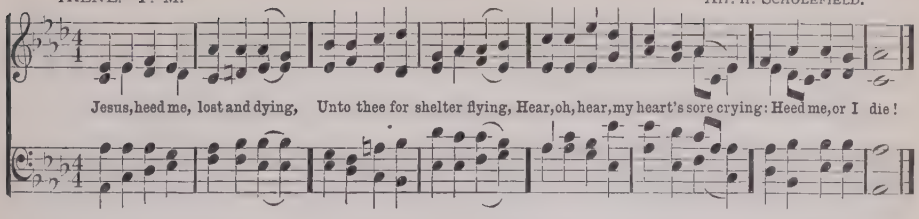
ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death. *William Knox.*

GAYLORD. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.


Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
D. S.—Wea-ry come I now, and praying—
FINE.
D. S.
Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny proved the way I trod;
Take me to thy love, my God!

IRENE. P. M. Arr. fr. SCHOLEFIELD.



603 *The Penitent's Plea.*

JESUS, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto thee for shelter flying,
Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore crying:
Heed me, or I die!

2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling;
Come to thee for help and healing,
Heal me, or I die!

3 Naught have I to plead of merit,
Naught but curse do I inherit;
By thy gracious, quickening Spirit
Save me, or I die!

4 Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission,
Helpless, hopeless my condition:
Help me, or I die!

5 Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
Only to thy mercy clinging:
Bless me, or I die!

6 By thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming:
Cleanse me, or I die!

7 So my soul shall praise thee ever,
For the love which changes never,
From which not ev'n death can sever:
Saved no more to die.

R. M. Offord.

604 *"The footsteps of the flock."*

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by thee.

2 In thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at thy command,
We will follow thee.

3 By thy blood our souls were bought,
By thy life salvation wrought,
By thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow thee.

4 Father, draw us to thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free—

5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with thee.

Cooke.

---

605 8s, 7s. D. *"Take me."*

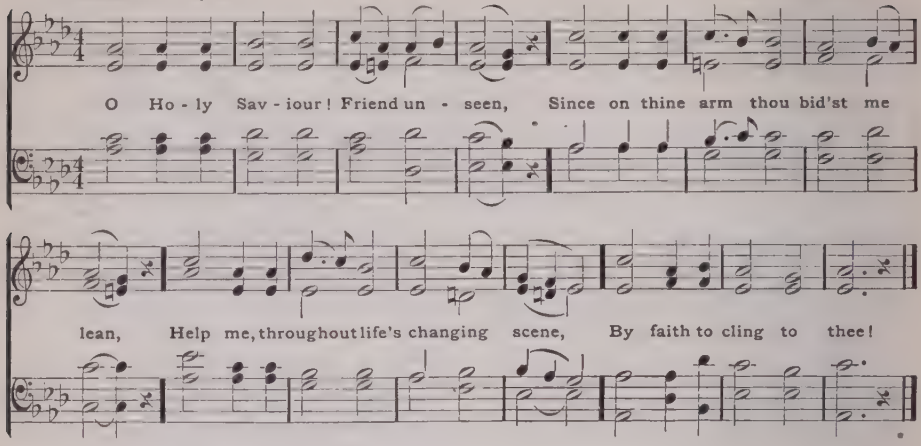
TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer.

FLEMMING. 8s, 6s. Arr. fr. FLEMMING.


O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

606 *Clinging to Christ.*

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

607 *"Plead for me."*

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott.

608 *"A will resigned."*

I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

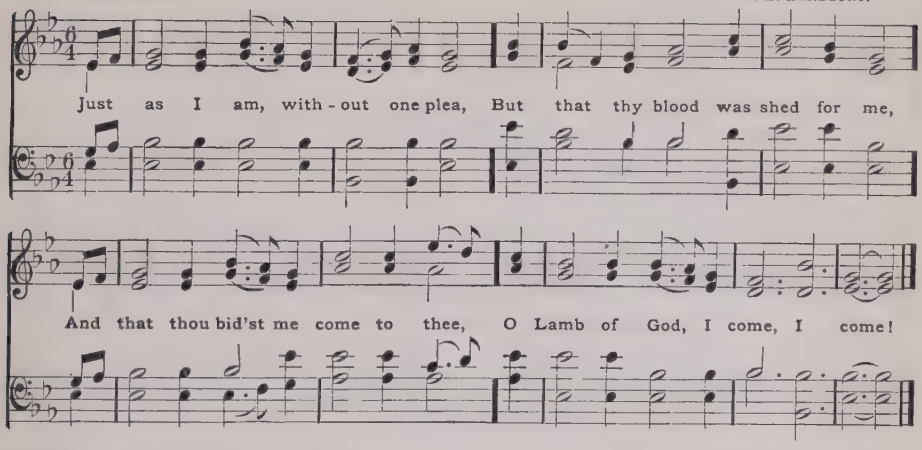
2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

John G. Whittier.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



609 *"Lamb of God."*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

610 *"Be merciful, O God."*

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven.

611 *Psalm 51.*

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

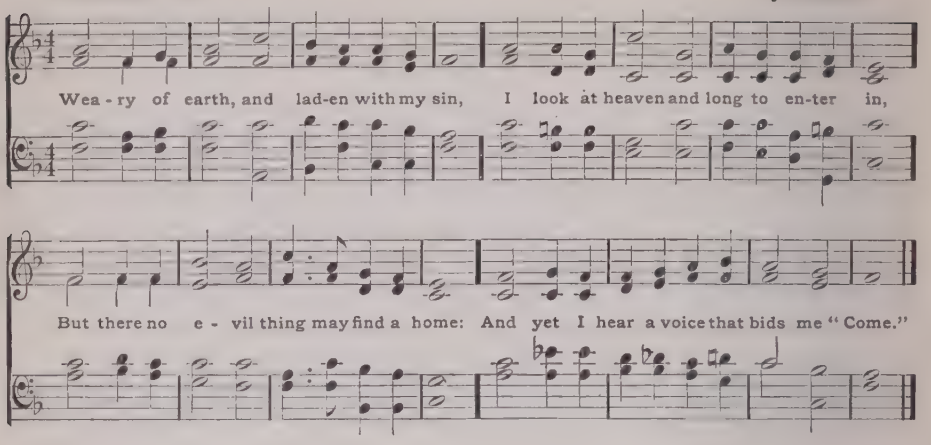
3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

LANGRAN. 10s. J. LANGRAN.


Wea - ry of earth, and lad-en with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en-ter in,
But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

612 *"The voice of Jesus."*

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'T was he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Samuel J. Stone.

613 *"Thine all the merit."*

O JESUS Christ the righteous! live in me,
That, when in glory I thy face shall see,
Within the Father's house, my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

2 Then thou wilt welcome me, O righteous Lord,
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down,
Thine the thorn-plaited, mine the righteous crown.

3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel J. Stone, alt.

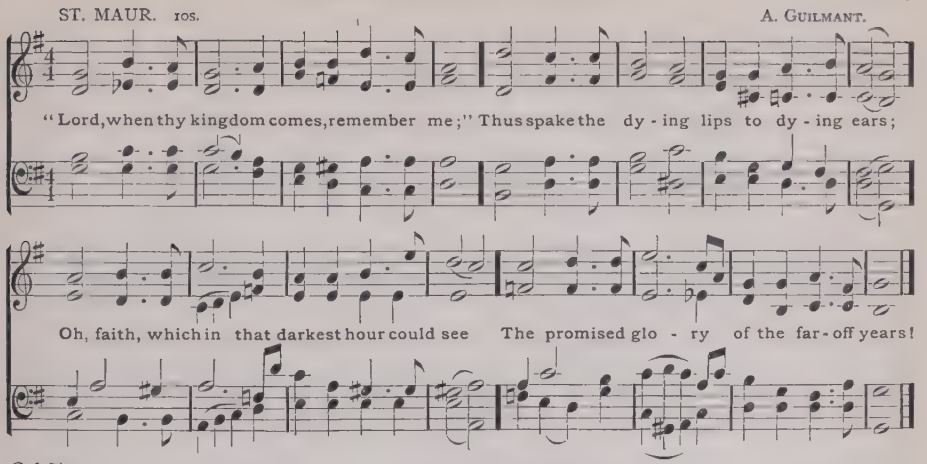
614 *"Jesus died."*

LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh!
But thou hast called the burdened soul to thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

3 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge, with—"Jesus died."

John Newton.


ST. MAUR. 10s.
A. GUILMANT.
"Lord, when thy kingdom comes, remember me;" Thus spake the dy - ing lips to dy - ing ears;
Oh, faith, which in that darkest hour could see The promised glo - ry of the far-off years!

615 *The dying thief.*

"LORD, when thy kingdom comes, remember me;"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
Oh, faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
Oh, words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh, words of hope for those who live to pray!

W. D. Maclagan.

616 *"Remember me."*

LORD, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

2 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

3 Remember me; yet how canst thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow thou didst bear for me?

4 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with me."

W. D. Maclagan.

617 *"Lord, I believe."*

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy,—myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

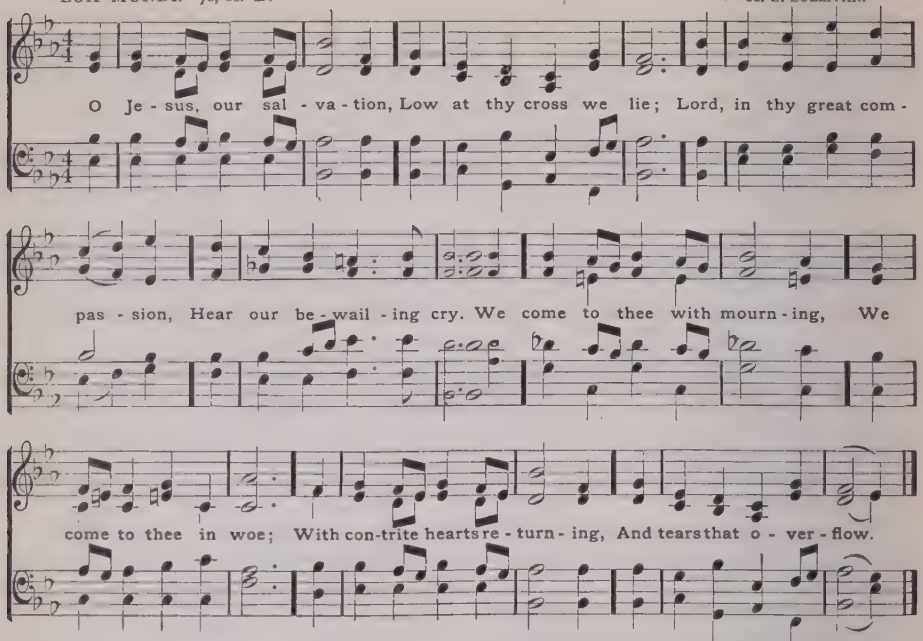
2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

3 True, I am weak, ah! very weak; but then,
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

4 Oh, draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still has strength to pray,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

J. S. B. Monsell.

LUX MUNDI. 7s, 6s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


O Je - sus, our sal - va - tion, Low at thy cross we lie; Lord, in thy great com -
pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry. We come to thee with mourn - ing, We
come to thee in woe; With con-trite hearts re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.

618 *"Jesus, our Salvation."*

O JESUS, our salvation,
Low at thy cross we lie;
Lord, in thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to thee with mourning,
We come to thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the vail,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before thee,
We tell them one by one;
Oh, for thy name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by thee alone;
O Priest, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone!

4 And in these hearts now broken
Re-enter thou and reign,
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away.

Hamilton.

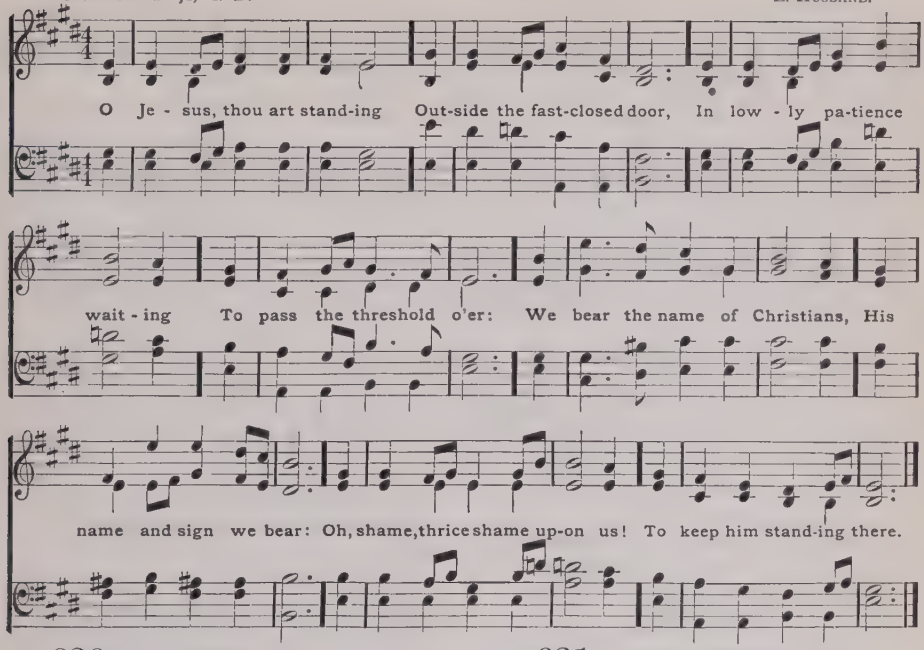
619 *Hope at the Cross.*

WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake;
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

Charlotte Elliott.

ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D. E. HUSBAND.


O Je - sus, thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep him stand-ing there.

620 *At the door.*

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William W. How.

621 *"Give us pardon."*

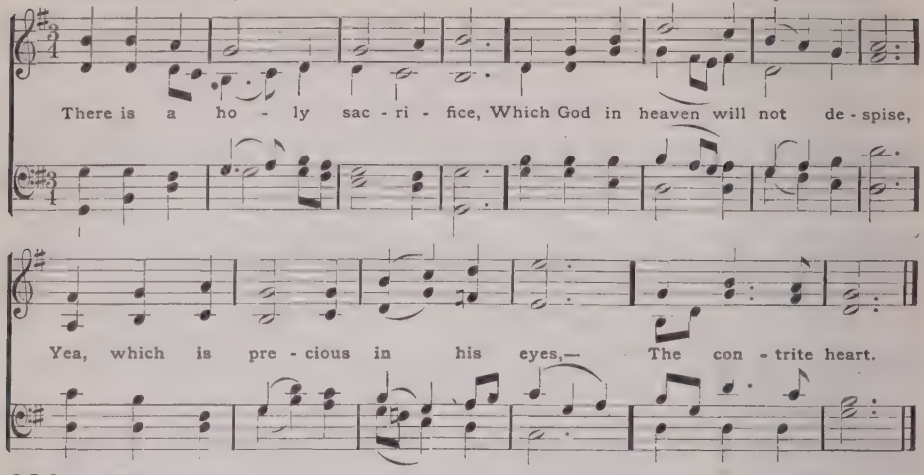
WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bearest the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer, tr.

CONTRITION. 8s, 4s. J. B. DYKES.



622 *The Contrite heart.*

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in his eyes,—
The contrite heart.

2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
The contrite heart.

3 The holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as his abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And cheer, and bless, and purify
The contrite heart.

5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on thee;
Such as thou art I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

Charlotte Elliott.

623 *The Heart Surrendered.*

GOD of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I come to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

624 *"O Lamb of God."*

O LAMB of God! that tak'st away
Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,
Turn thou, oh, turn this night to day,
Grant us thy peace!

2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

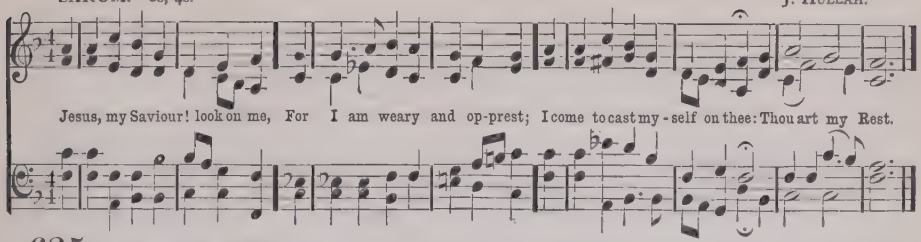
3 And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eye but thine can see;
Hopes naught can satisfy below;
We look to thee.

4 'T is not the calm, deceitful dream
That earth calls peace, we ask for now:
No dropping down the fatal stream
With careless prow.

5 Probe deep the wound if so thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross:
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath thy cross.

Mrs. Alassie B. Faussett.

SARUM. 8s, 4s. J. HULLAH.



625 *"Thou art my all."*

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

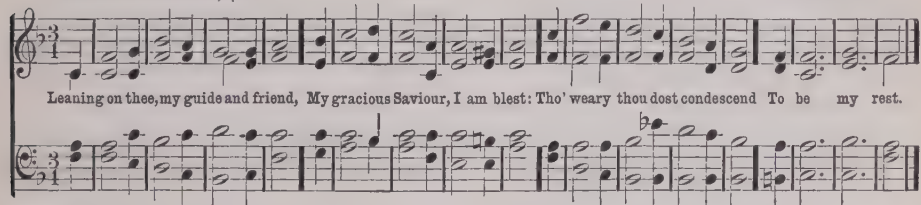
4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Ev'n to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

J. R. Macduff.

WIMBLETON. 8s, 4s. S. S. WESLEY.



626 *Leaning on Christ.*

LEANING on thee, my guide and friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Tho' faint with languor, parched with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Charlotte Elliott.

627 *Help from above.*

MY heart lies dead; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
Oh, let thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

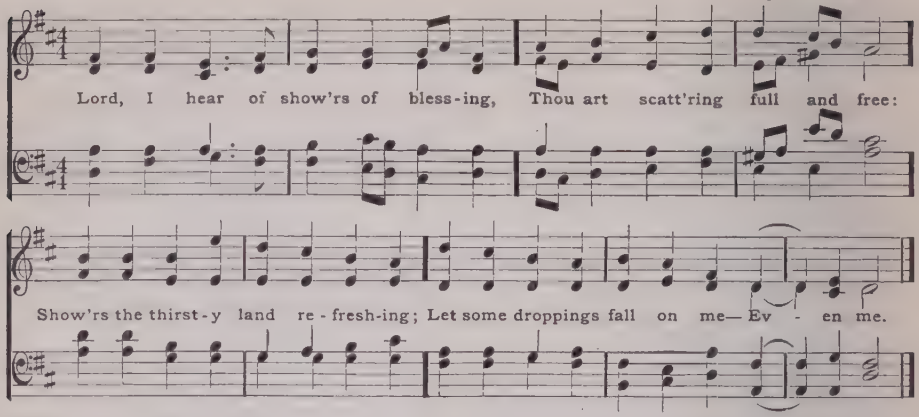
2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?—
The dew for which earth cannot call,
Drop from above!

3 The world is tempting still my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art
Drop from above!

4 Oh, come; for thou dost know the way!
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
"Drop from above!"

George Herbert.

ETIAM ET MIHI. 8s, 7s, 3. J. B. DYKES.


Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free:
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me— Ev - en me.

628 *"Even me!"*

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father;
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor, [me.
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

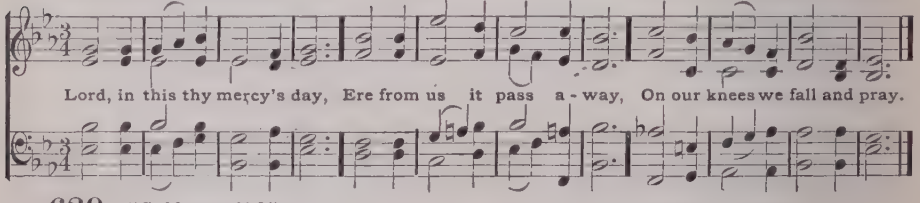
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

Mrs. E. Codner.

LACHRYMÆ. 7s, 3l. A. S. SULLIVAN.



629 *"God be merciful."*

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

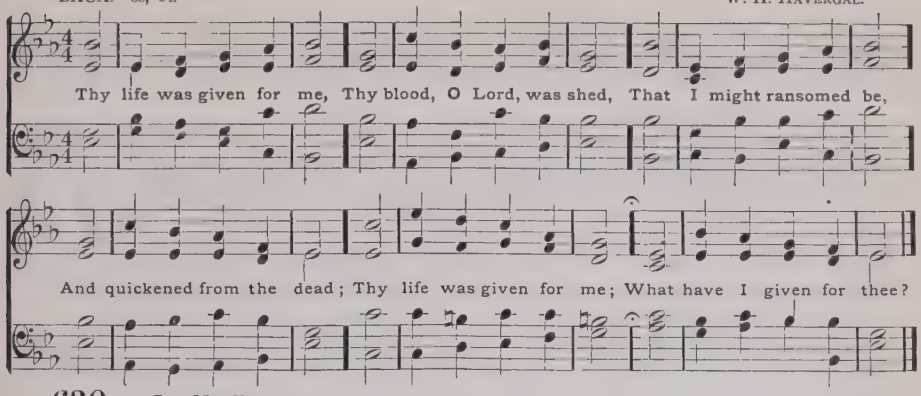
4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,—

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see thy face,
With thy ransomed ones a place.

Isaac Williams.

BACA. 6s, 6l. W. H. HAVERGAL.


Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead; Thy life was given for me; What have I given for thee?

630 *Lux Mundi.*

THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for thee?

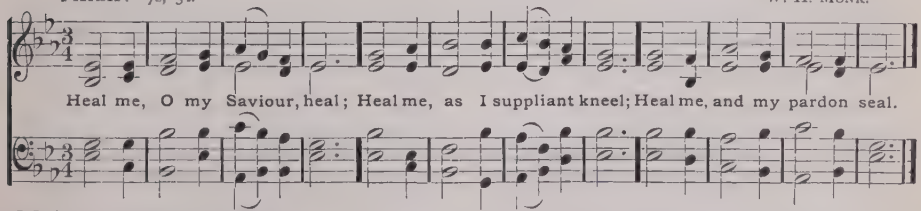
4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for thee?

5 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love;
Great gifts thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to thee?

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest thyself for me,
I give myself to thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

PHILIP. 7s, 3l. W. H. MONK.



631 *The true Physician.*

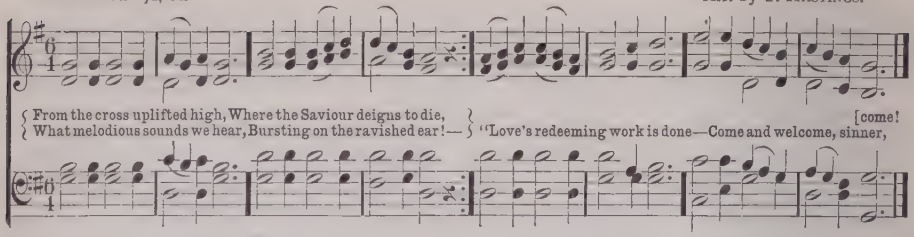
HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Godfrey Thring.

HALLE. 7s, 6l. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.

From the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—Come and welcome, sinner, [come!

632 *"Come and welcome."*

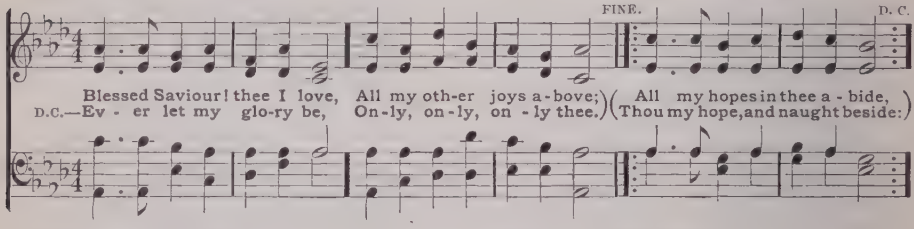
FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l. Spanish Melody.


FINE.
D. C.
Blessed Saviour! thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove;
All my hopes in thee a-bide,
D.C.—Ev - er let my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly thee.
Thou my hope, and naught beside:

633 *"Only thee."*

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

George Duffield.

634 *"I am thine."*

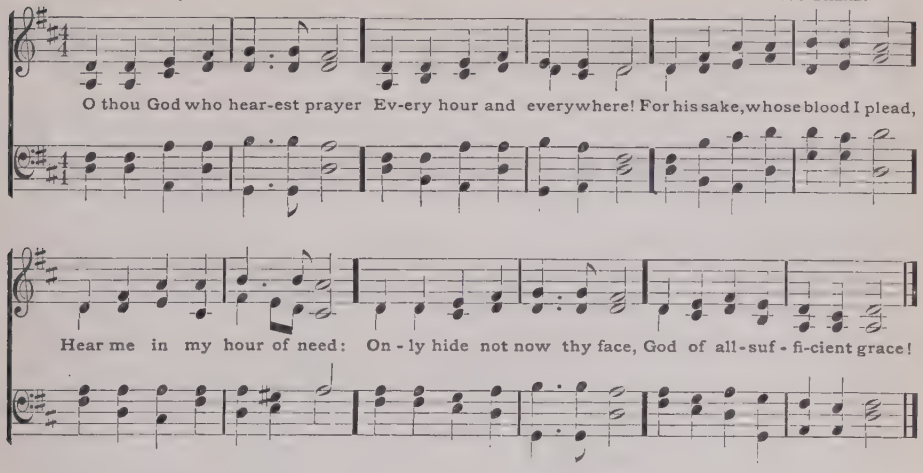
JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal.

REDHEAD. 7s, 6l. R. REDHEAD.


O thou God who hear-est prayer Ev-ery hour and everywhere! For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need: On - ly hide not now thy face, God of all-suf - fi-cient grace!

635 "*Hearer of prayer.*"

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
Oh, remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Josiah Conder.

636 *Look and live.*

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice:
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

A. M. Toplady.

637 "*Chief of sinners.*"

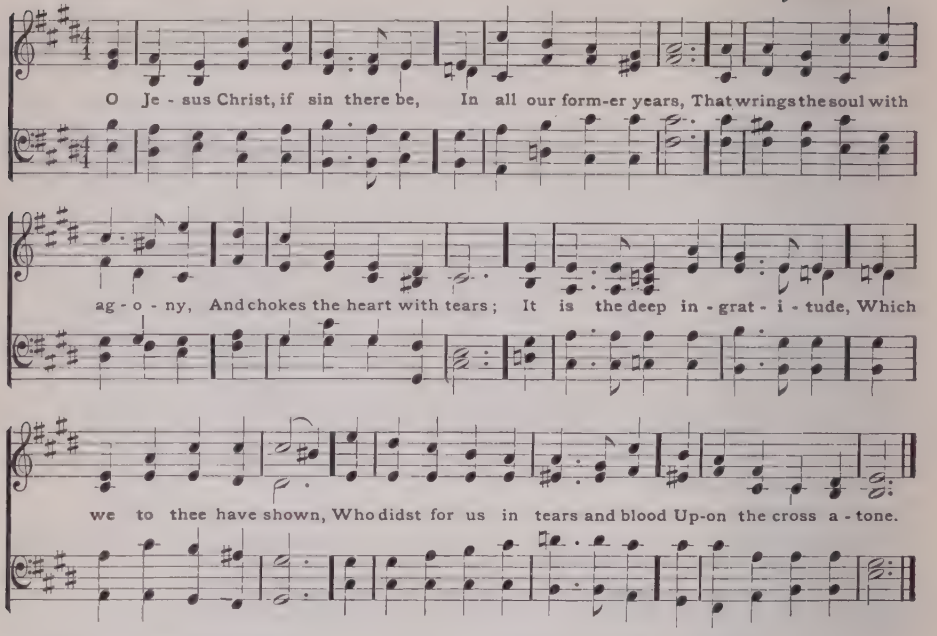
CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

William McComb.

CASWELL. C. M. D. J. STAINER.


O Je - sus Christ, if sin there be, In all our form-er years, That wrings the soul with
ag - o - ny, And chokes the heart with tears; It is the deep in - grat - i - tude, Which
we to thee have shown, Who didst for us in tears and blood Up-on the cross a - tone.

638 *Ingratitude lamented.*

O JESUS Christ, if sin there be,
In all our former years,
That wrings the soul with agony,
And chokes the heart with tears;
It is the deep ingratitude,
Which we to thee have shown,
Who didst for us in tears and blood
Upon the cross atone.

2 Alas, how with our actions all
Has this defect entwined;
And poisoned with its bitter gall
The spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas, through this, how many gems
Have we not cast away,
That might have formed our diadems
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though naught is all that can be done,
Ev'n with our utmost pains:
Still, Jesus, in thy grace we try
To do what in us lies;
For never did thy loving eye
The contrite heart despise.

Edward Caswall.

639 *Prayer for mercy.*

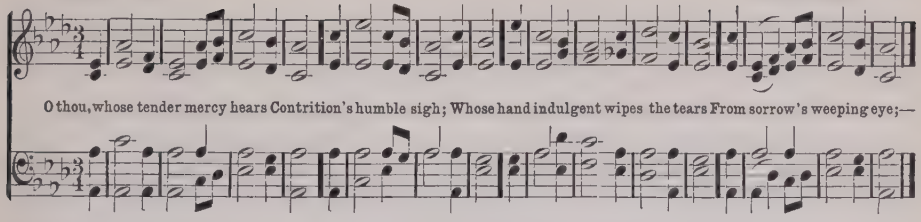
O LORD, turn not thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry;
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
Oh, let thy mercy come!

John Marckant.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



640 *"Return."*

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

Anne Steele.

641 *"Remember me."*

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

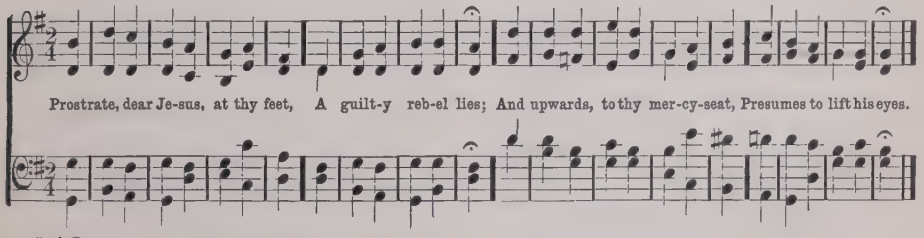
2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis.

CRENIM. C. M. R. R. CHOPE.



642 *Deep Penitence.*

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
Oh, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

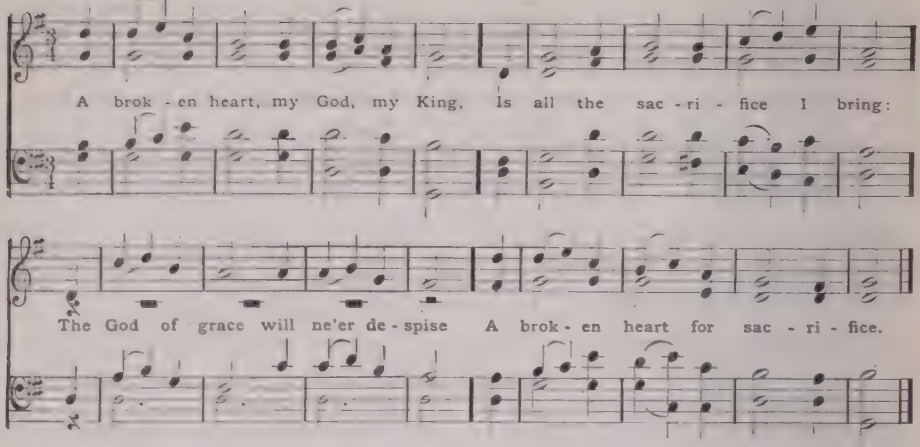
3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive,
Then justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

WARNER. L. M. Arr. by Geo. Kingsley.



643 *Psalm 51.*

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood;
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

644 *"Thou hast died."*

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.

3 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

Charles Wesley.

645 *"Look unto me."*

See a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look,—and look again.

2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!

3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again!

Samuel Medley.

646 *Philippians 3: 7–10.*

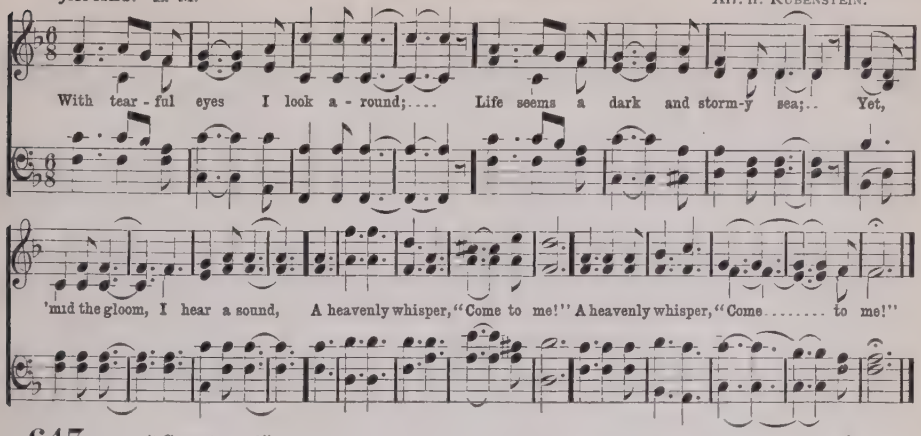
No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts.

JAPHET. L. M. Arr. fr. RUBENSTEIN.

With tear - ful eyes I look a - round;.... Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;.. Yet,
'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!" A heavenly whisper, "Come..... to me!"

647 *"Come to me!"*

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

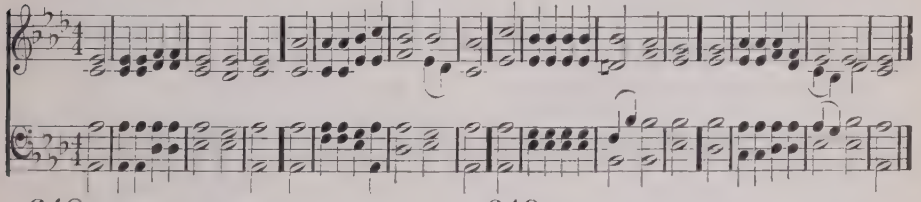
2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



648 *God, our Refuge.*

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'t is death, 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

Anne Steele.

649 *"Search me, O God."*

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

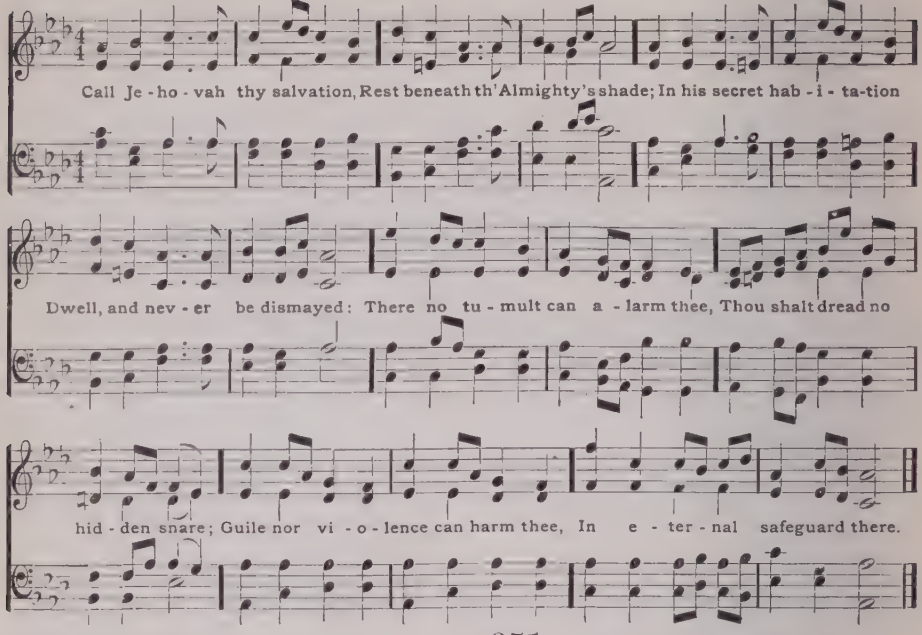
2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge.

MANSFIELD. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Call Je - ho - vah thy salvation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; In his secret hab - i - ta-tion
Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed: There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no
hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.

650 *Psalm 91.*

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence;
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

651 *"Finish thy new creation."*

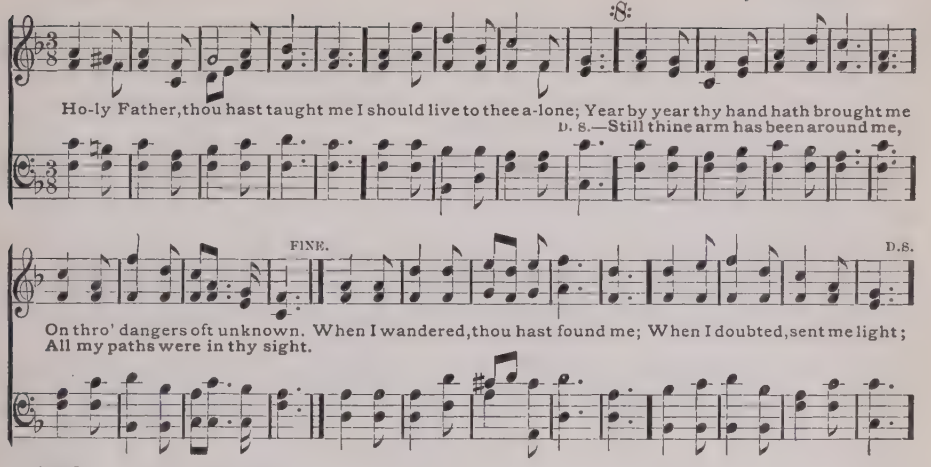
LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

TRISTE. 8s, 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Ho-ly Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a-lone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me
D. S.—Still thine arm has been around me,
FINE.
D.S.
On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;
All my paths were in thy sight.

652 *"Keep me ever."*

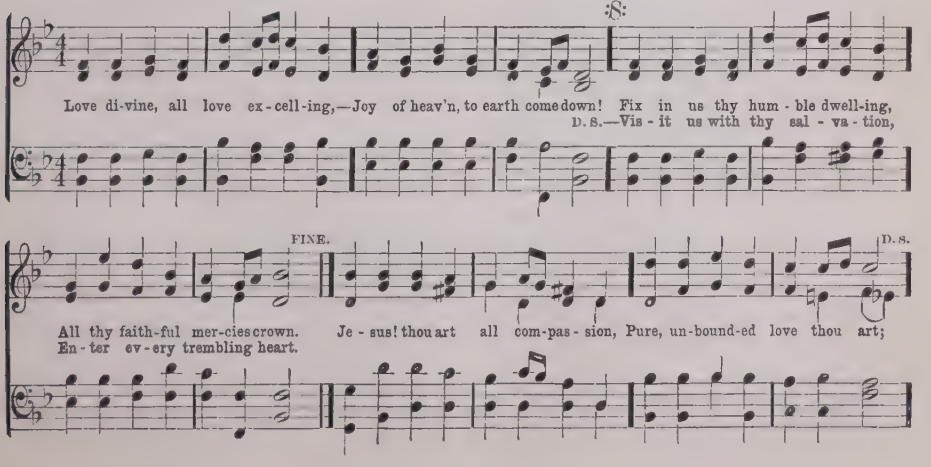
HOLY FATHER, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

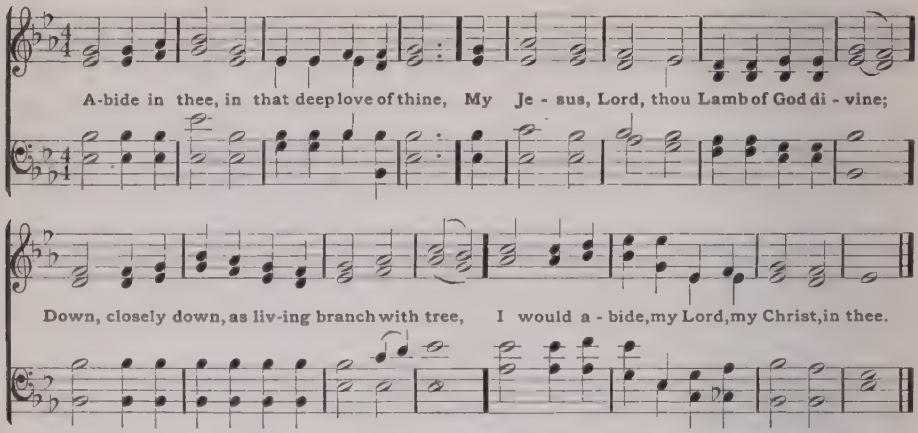
3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

John M. Neale.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.


Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing,
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,
FINE.
D.S.
All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.

BATTELL. 10s. ROBBINS BATTELL.


A-bide in thee, in that deep love of thine, My Je - sus, Lord, thou Lamb of God di - vine;
Down, closely down, as liv-ing branch with tree, I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

653 *The Branch and the Vine.*

ABIDE in thee, in that deep love of thine,
My Jesus, Lord, thou Lamb of God divine;
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

2 Abide in thee, my Saviour God, I know
How love of thine, so vast, in me may flow:
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to thee without alloy.

3 Abide in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with thy blest life within;
Joined to thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows naught besides its motions to control.

4 Abide in thee, 't is thus alone I know
The secrets of thy mind ev'n while below;
All joy and peace, and knowledge of thy word,
All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

J. Denham Smith.

654 *"Roll the stone away."*

OUR sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on thee;
Thy stripes have healed, thy bonds have set us free;
And now thy toil is o'er, thy grief and pain
Have passed away; the vail is rent in twain.

2 Ev'n now our place is with thee on the throne,
For thou abidest ever with thine own;
Yet in the tomb with thee, we watch for day;
Oh, let thine angel roll the stone away!

3 Oh, by thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

E. W. Eddis.

655 *Thinking of Jesus.*

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

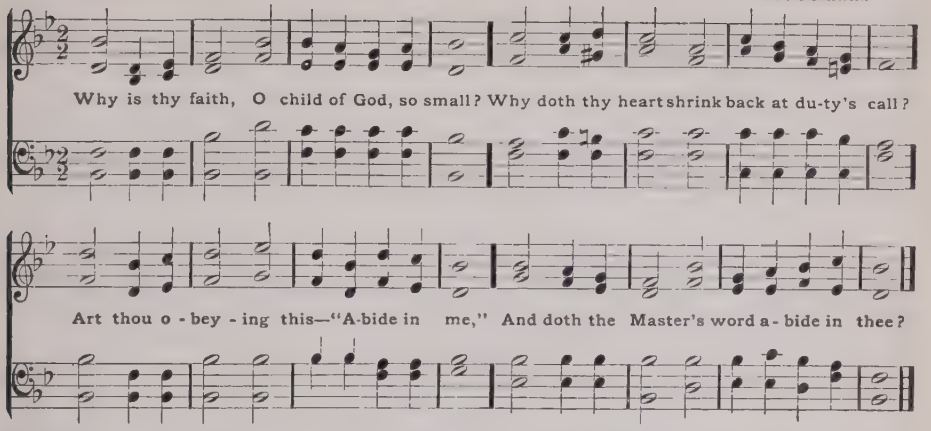
2 Thoughts of his love—the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

4 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Mrs. M. J. Walker.

ASSURANCE. 10s. W. F. SHERWIN.


Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? Why doth thy heart shrink back at du-ty's call?
Art thou o - bey - ing this—"A-bide in me," And doth the Master's word a - bide in thee?

656 *"Abide in me."*

WHY is thy faith, O child of God, so small?
Why doth thy heart shrink back at duty's call?
Art thou obeying this—"Abide in me,"
And doth the Master's word abide in thee?

2 Oh, blest assurance from our risen Lord!
Oh, precious comfort breathing from the Word!
How great the promise! could there greater be?
"Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee!"

3 "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, remember this,—
We ask and have not, for we ask amiss
When, weak in faith, we only half believe
That what we ask we really shall receive.

4 Increase our faith, and clear our vision, Lord;
Help us to take thee at thy simple word,
No more with cold distrust to bring thee grief;
Lord, we believe! help thou our unbelief.

W. F. Sherwin.

657 *"Thy love, not mine."*

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what thou art!
That, that alone, can be my soul's true rest:
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 Thy name is love;—I hear it from yon cross,
Thy name is love;—I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3 More of thyself, oh, show me hour by hour,
More of thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of thyself in all thy grace and power,
More of thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

Horatius Bonar.

658 *"Lead us, O Father."*

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

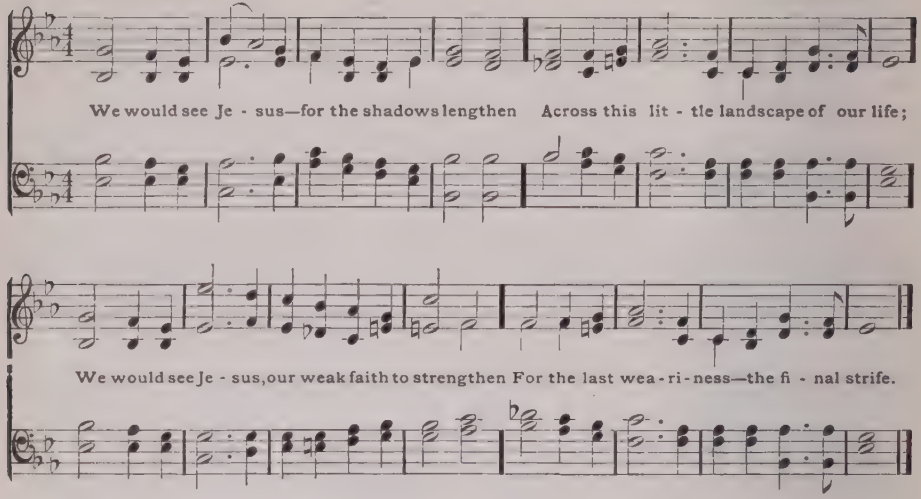
2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night:
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

William H. Burleigh.

RAYNOLDS. 11s, 10s. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen Across this lit - tle landscape of our life;
We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.

659 *"We would see Jesus."*

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Anon., 1858.

660 *"A little while."*

OH, for the peace which floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the the shadows of earth's "little while!"

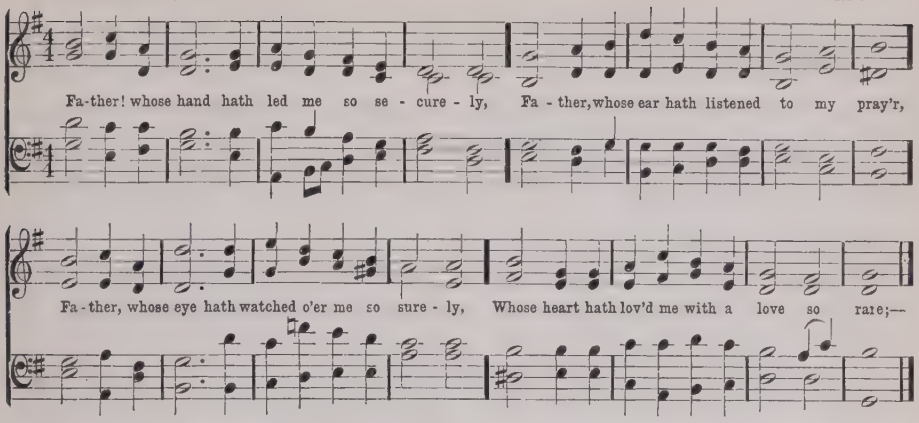
2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song!

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

4 And he who is himself the gift and giver,—
The future glory and the present smile,—
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

EIRENE. 11s, 10s. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.


Fa-ther! whose hand hath led me so se - cure - ly, Fa - ther, whose ear hath listened to my pray'r,
Fa - ther, whose eye hath watched o'er me so sure - ly, Whose heart hath lov'd me with a love so rare;—

661 *Prayer to the Trinity.*

FATHER! whose hand hath led me so securely,
Father, whose ear hath listened to my prayer,
Father, whose eye hath watched o'er me so surely,
Whose heart hath loved me with a love so rare;—

2 Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me
In the straight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and sickness, and through weal and woe.

3 O my Redeemer! who hast my redemption
Purchased and paid for by thy precious blood;
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment of God!

4 Thou who hast saved my soul from condemnation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be thou the Captain still of my salvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory win.

5 O Holy Ghost! who from the Father flowest—
And from the Son, oh, teach me how to pray!
Thou, who the love and peace of God bestowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my way;—

6 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of thee!

Richard Massie, tr.

662 *"We are the Lord's."*

WE are the Lord's; his all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace accords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

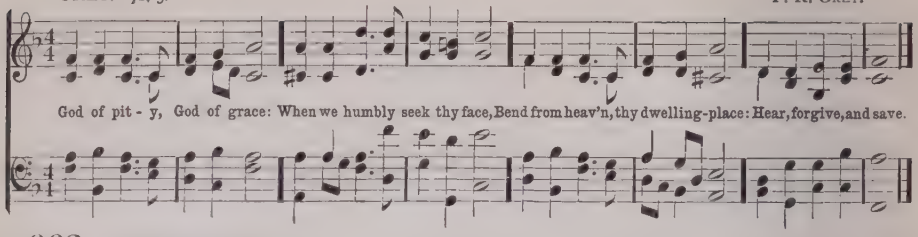
2 We are the Lord's; then let us gladly tender
Our souls to him, in deeds, not empty words;
Let heart and tongue, and life, combine to render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.

3 We are the Lord's; no darkness brooding o'er us
Can make us tremble, while this star affords
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.

4 We are the Lord's; no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening cords;
No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
Death we shall vanquish, for we are the Lord's.

C. T. Astley, tr.

GREY. 7s. 5. F. R. GREY.



663 *Prayer for pardon.*

GOD of pity, God of grace:
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3 When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

Mrs. E. F. Morris.

664 *"Jesus, hear my cry!"*

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on thee I cast my care;
There to thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be thou nigh.

James D. Burns.

665 *"Life for evermore."*

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled,—
"Peace for evermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

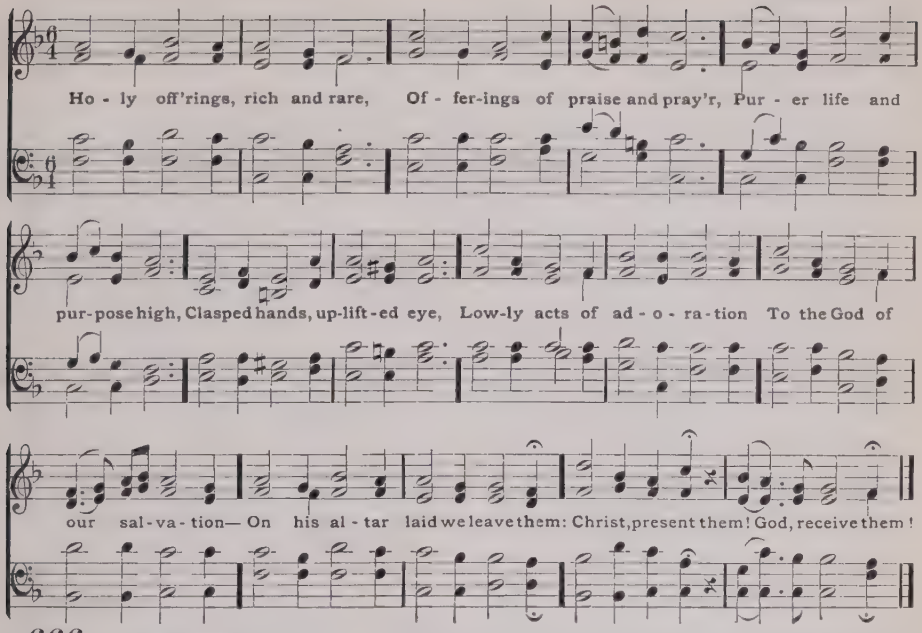
4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton.

HOLY OFFERINGS. P. M. R. REDHEAD.


Ho - ly off'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and pray'r, Pur - er life and
pur-pose high, Clasped hands, up-lift-ed eye, Low-ly acts of ad - o - ra-tion To the God of
our sal-va-tion— On his al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!

666 *Vows renewed.*

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

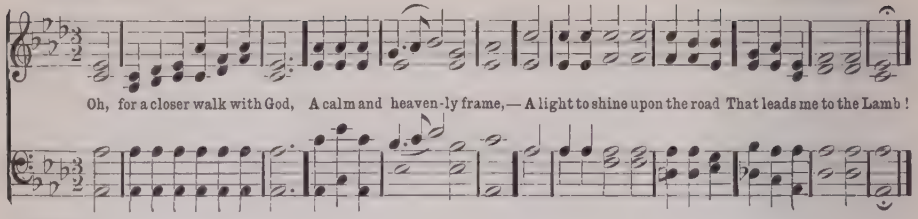
3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Sinful thoughts and willful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them:
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

J. S. B. Monsell.

HERMON. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

667 *The closer walk.*

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

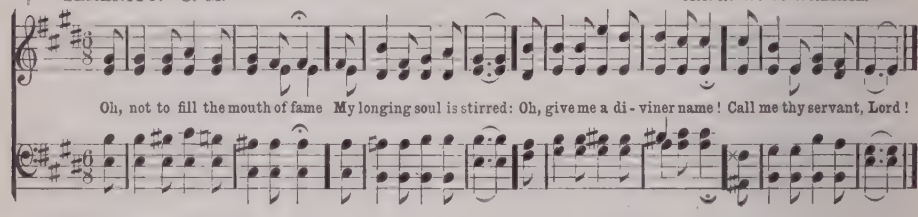
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

SERENITY. C. M. ARR. fr. W. V. WALLACE.



668 *Greatness in Service.*

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred:
Oh, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant,—me thy servant choose;
Naught of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Thomas H. Gill.

669 *"Trembleth at my word."*

OH, for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

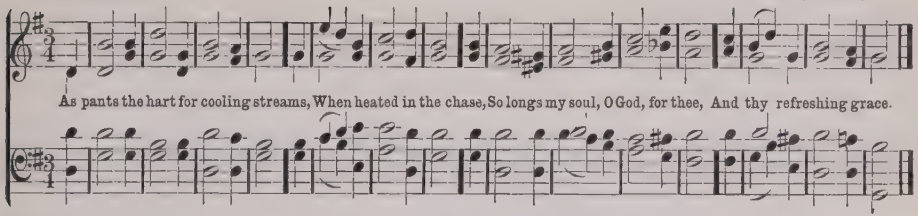
2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

Charles Wesley.

CHERITH. C. M. Arr. fr. SPOHR.



670 *Psalm 42.*

AS PANTS the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte.

671 *"I shall be with Him."*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

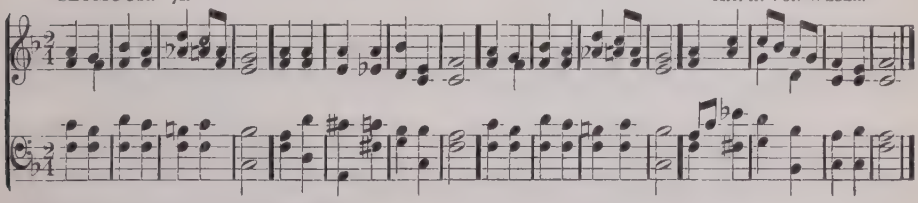
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

SEYMOUR. 7s. Arr. fr. VON WEBER.



672 *"My repentings are kindled."*

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

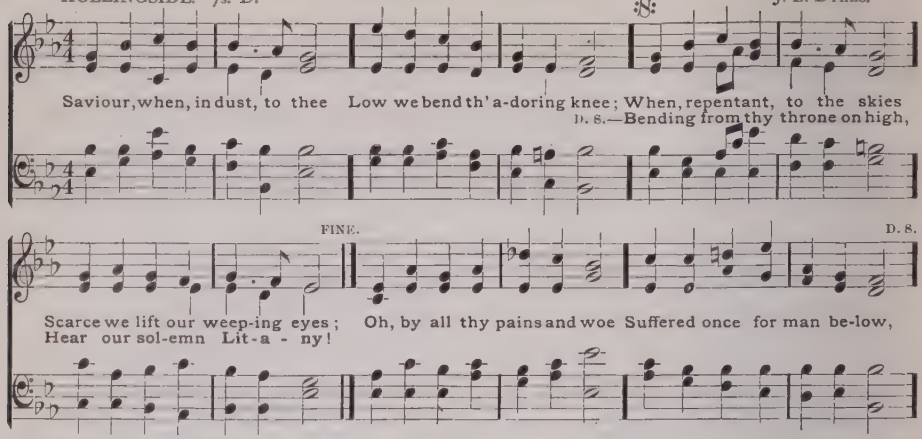
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still

Charles Wesley.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. J. B. DYKES.


Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend th' a-doring knee; When, repentant, to the skies
D. S.—Bending from thy throne on high,
FINE.
D. S.
Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suffered once for man be-low,
Hear our sol-emn Lit-a - ny!

673 *The Ancient Litany.*

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

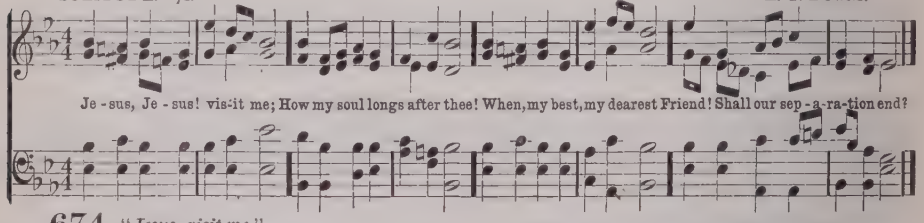
2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that vailed the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;—
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Robert Grant.

SOLITUDE. 7s. L. T. DOWNS.



674 *"Jesus, visit me."*

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

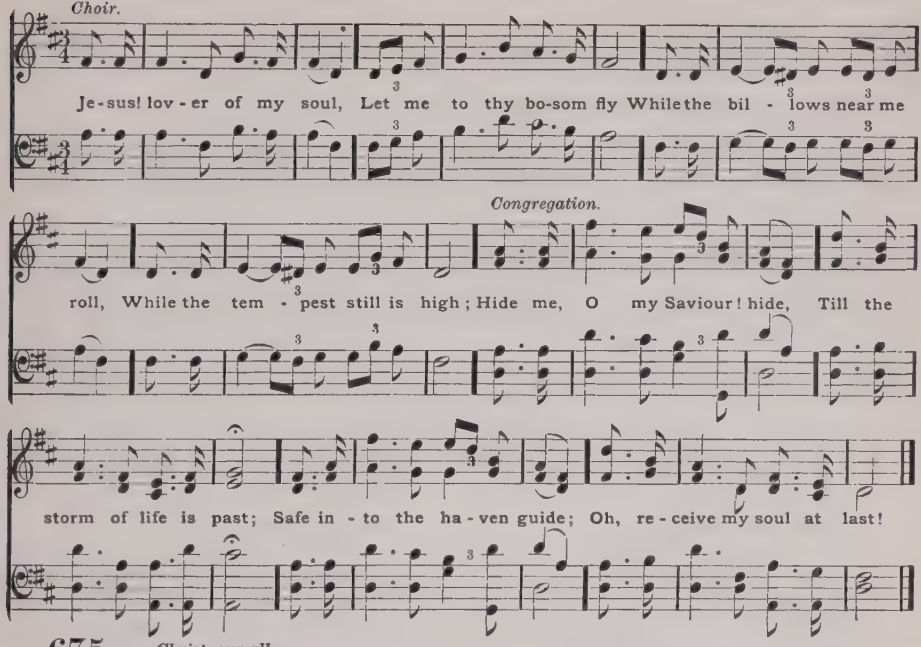
2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'T is my constant cry to thee,—
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Naught but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou,—
To thy sovereign will I bow.

R. P. Dunn, tr.

REFUGE. 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Choir.
Je-sus! lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly While the bil-lows near me
Congregation.
roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!

675 *Christ, our all.*

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

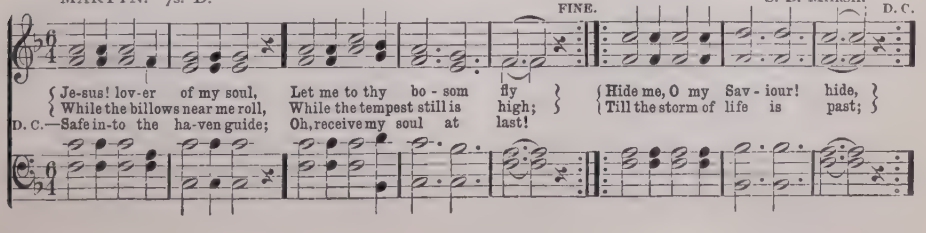
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

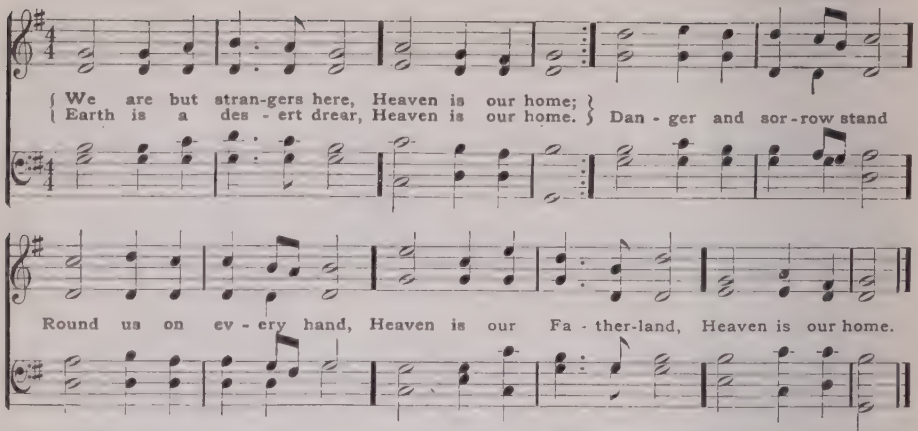
3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7s. D. S. B. MARSH.


FINE.
D. C.
{ Je-sus! lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly } { Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, }
{ While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

OAK. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

We are but stran-gers here, Heaven is our home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is our home.
Dan - ger and sor - row stand
Round us on ev - ery hand, Heaven is our Fa - ther-land, Heaven is our home.

676 *"Home at last."*

WE are but strangers here,
Heaven is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home,
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at thine own right hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

Thomas R. Taylor, alt.

677 *Jesus is mine.*

Now I have found a Friend;
Jesus is mine;—
His love shall never end;
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace:
Jesus is mine.

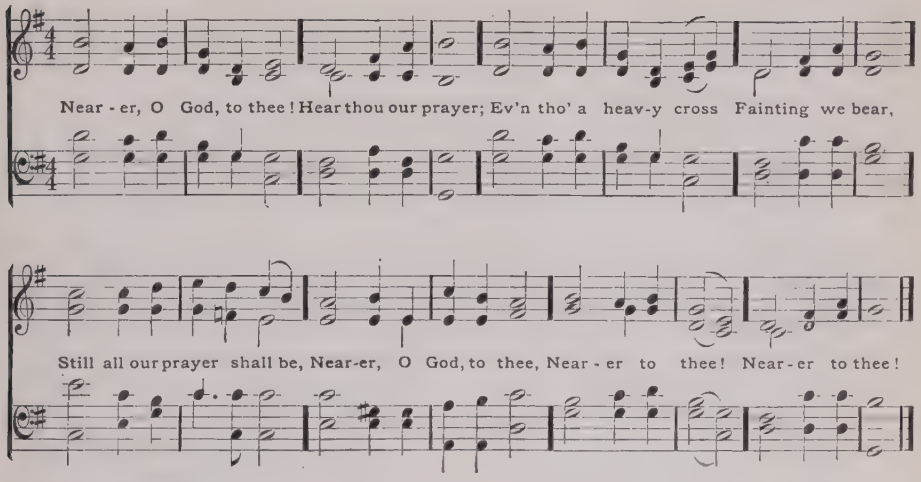
2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine:
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,—
Jesus is mine,—
In the great judgment day,—
Jesus is mine,—
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus, as mine.

Henry J. M. Hope.

PROPIOR DEO. 6s, 4s. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Near - er, O God, to thee! Hear thou our prayer; Ev'n tho' a heav-y cross Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be, Near-er, O God, to thee, Near - er to thee! Near - er to thee!

678 *Close to God.*

NEARER, O God, to thee!
Hear thou our prayer;
Ev'n though a heavy cross
Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 If, where they led the Lord,
We too are borne,
Planting our steps in his,
Weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place,
In thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

William W. How.

679 *The Walk with God.*

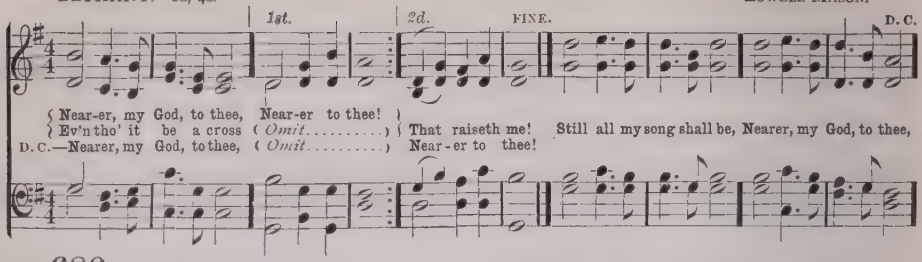
WALKING with thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in thee restored,
Brother and blessèd Lord,
Let it be mine.

2 Walking with thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild;
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

3 Walking in reverence
Humbly with thee,
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free:
Ev'n as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with thee.

George Rawson.

BETHANY. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
D. C.
Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
Ev'n tho' it be a cross (Omit.....) That raiseth me!
D. C.—Nearer, my God, to thee, (Omit.....) Near-er to thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,

680 *Genesis 28: 10–22.*

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

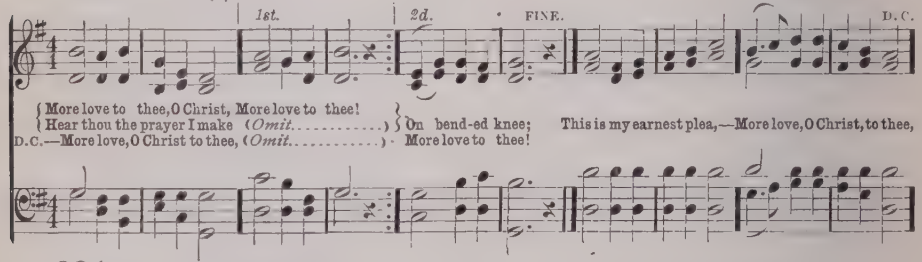
2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

MORE LOVE. 6s, 4s. T. E. PERKINS.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
D. C.
More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make (Omit.....) On bend-ed knee;
D. C.—More love, O Christ to thee, (Omit.....) More love to thee!
This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ, to thee,

681 *"More love."*

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

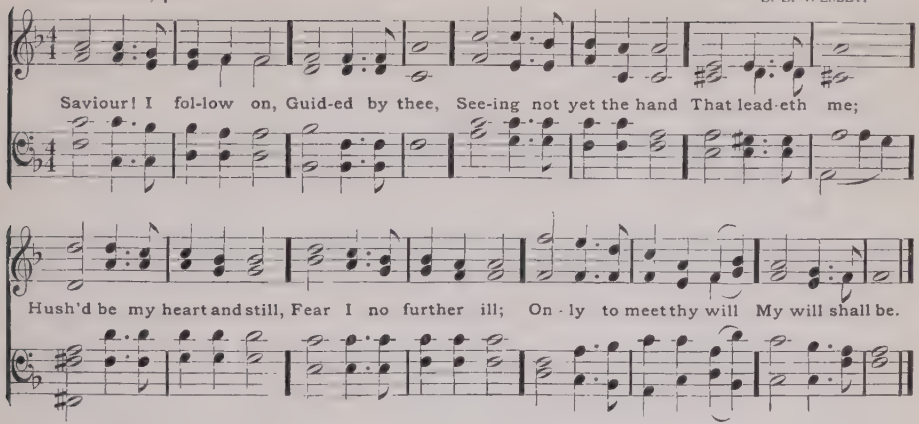
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.

EDEN. 6s, 4s. S. S. WESLEY.


Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee, See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Hush'd be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill; On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

682 "*A way they knew not.*"

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson.

683 "*Something for thee.*"

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

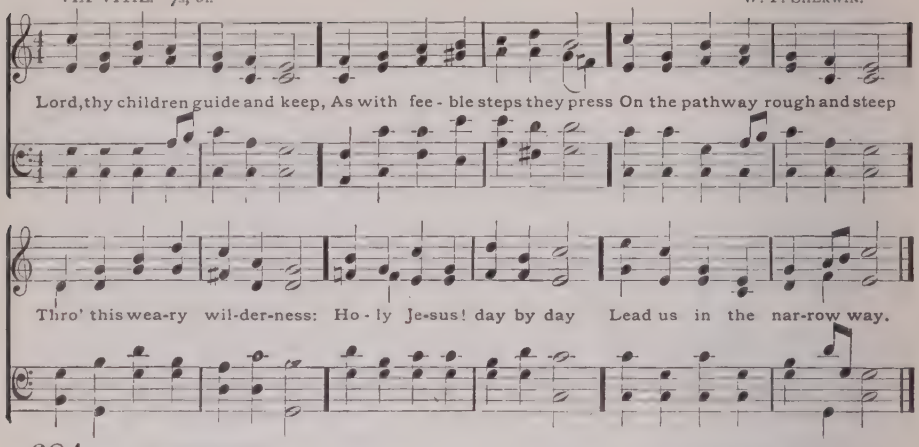
2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee:
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

Sylvanus D. Phelps.

VIA VITÆ. 7s, 6l. W. F. SHERWIN.


Lord, thy children guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press On the pathway rough and steep
Thro' this wea-ry wil-der-ness: Ho - ly Je-sus! day by day Lead us in the nar-row way.

684 *The Narrow Way.*

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

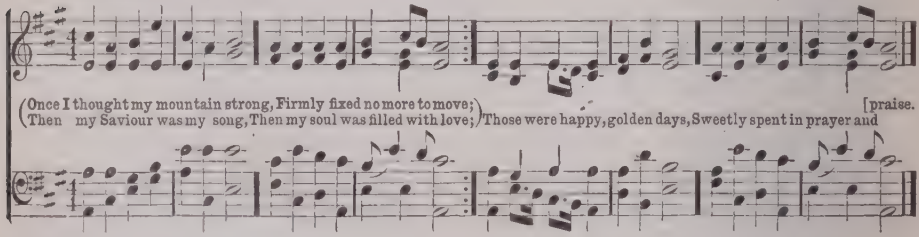
2 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees—
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest—
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

William W. How.

NUREMBURG. 7s, 6l. J. R. AHLE.


(Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love;)
Those were happy, golden days, Sweetly spent in prayer and [praise.

685 *Backsliding confessed*

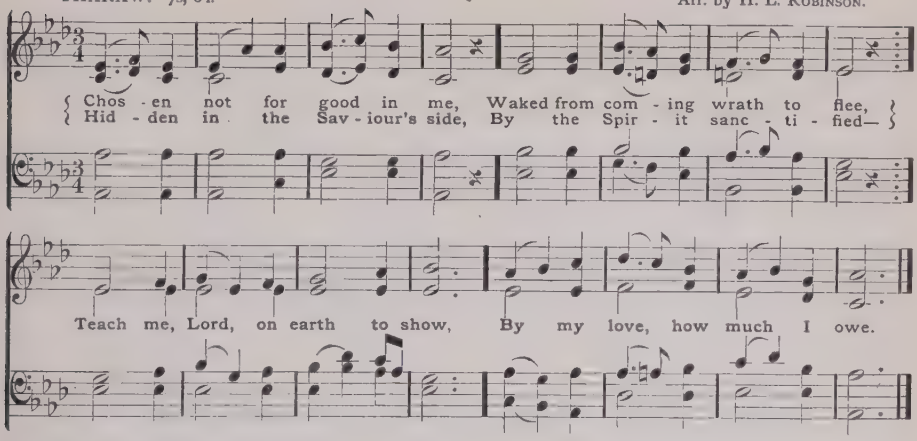
ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

John Newton.

THARAW. 7s, 6l. Arr. by H. L. Robinson.


Chos - en not for good in me, Waked from com - ing wrath to flee,
Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side, By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe.

686 *Acknowledgment.*

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessèd Jesus! bid me shew
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne.

687 *"It is well."*

WHAT our Father does is well;
Blessèd truth his children tell!
Though he send, for plenty want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Caanan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

4 Therefore unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

Henry W. Baker, tr.

688 *"Give us thy peace."*

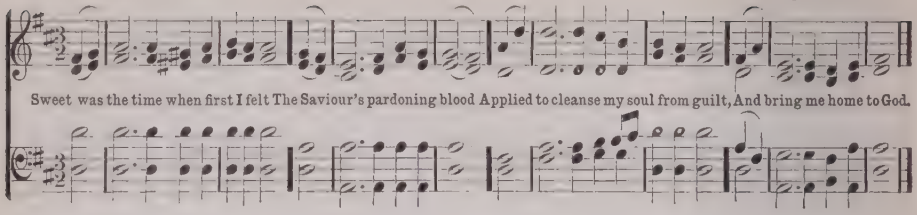
LORD of mercy and of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed
Thine own Spirit's living flame—
Love for all whom thou hast made,
Love for all who love thy name:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

3 Father, give to us thy peace:
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
May we enter into rest,—
Rest within our home above,
Thee to praise, and thee to love.

Reginald Heber.

COOLING. C. M. A. J. Abbey.


Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

689 *"Where is the blessedness."*

Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

690 *"What hourly dangers!"*

Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

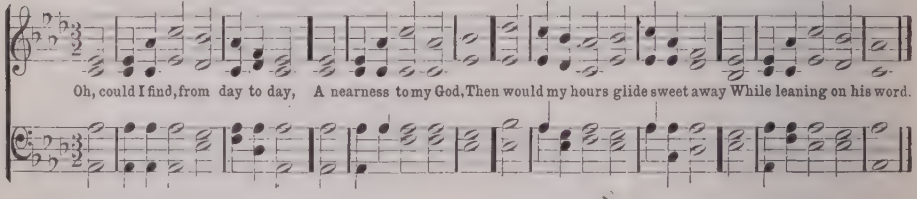
3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Anne Steele.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. Havergal.



691 *"Nearer to thee."*

Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

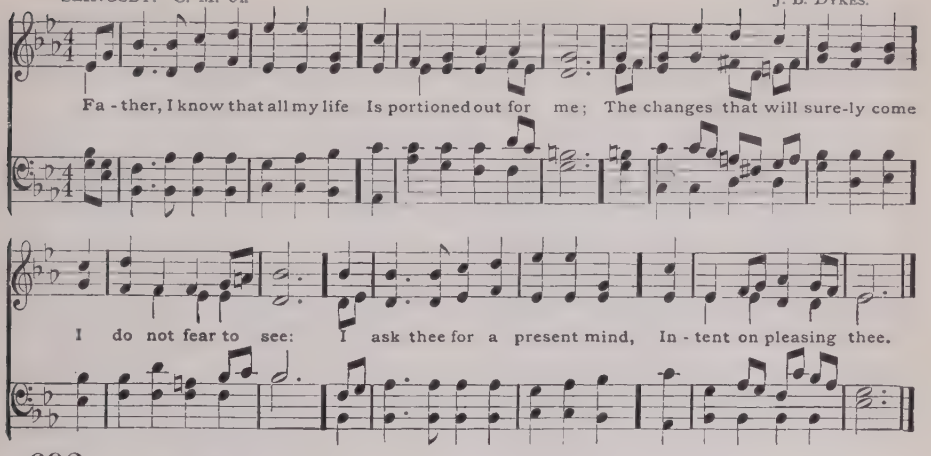
2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland.

SLINGSBY. C. M. 61. J. B. DYKES.


Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that will sure-ly come
I do not fear to see: I ask thee for a present mind, In - tent on pleasing thee.

692 *God's plan for us.*

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

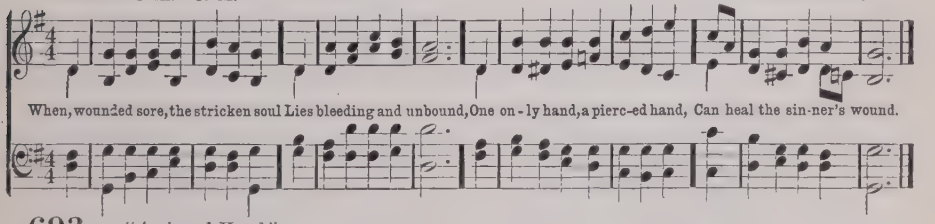
2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

Anna L. Waring.

EMMANUEL. C. M. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



693 *"A pierced Hand."*

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

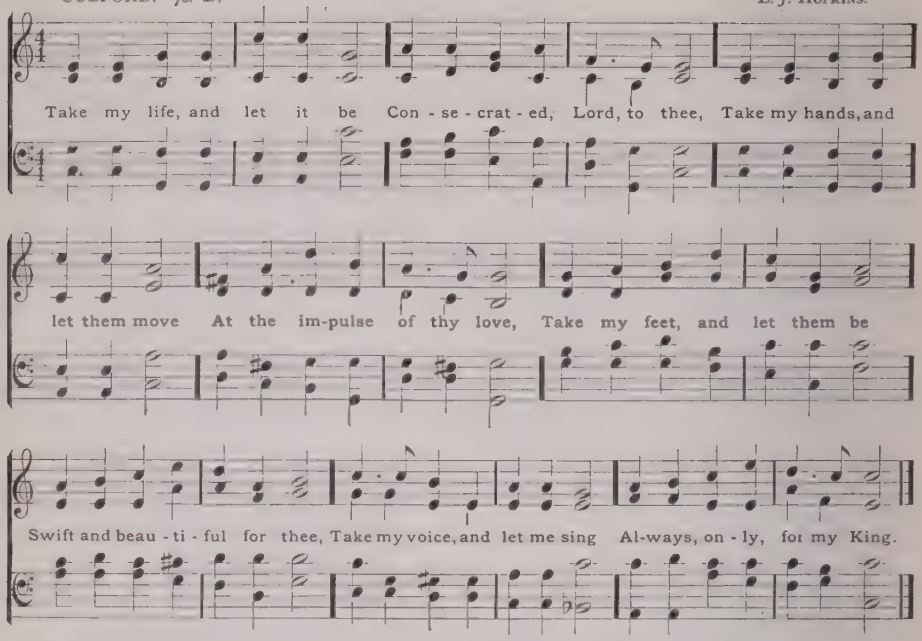
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood, that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief;
His heart, that 's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

CULFORD. 7s. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee, Take my hands, and
let them move At the im-pulse of thy love, Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.

694 *All for Jesus.*

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love,
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee,
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

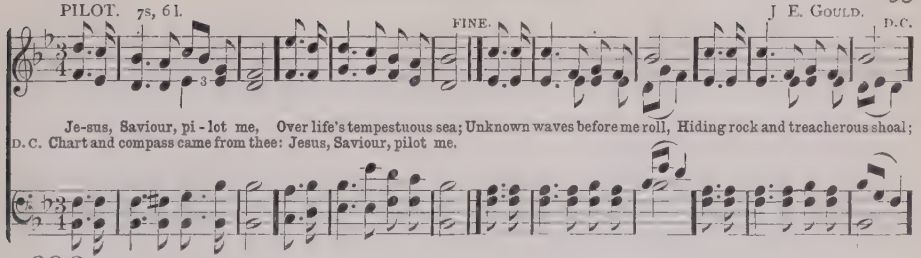
695 *A hard heart.*

OH, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro!
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

Horatius Bonar.


PILOT. 7s, 6l.
J. E. GOULD.
FINE.
D.C.
Je-sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

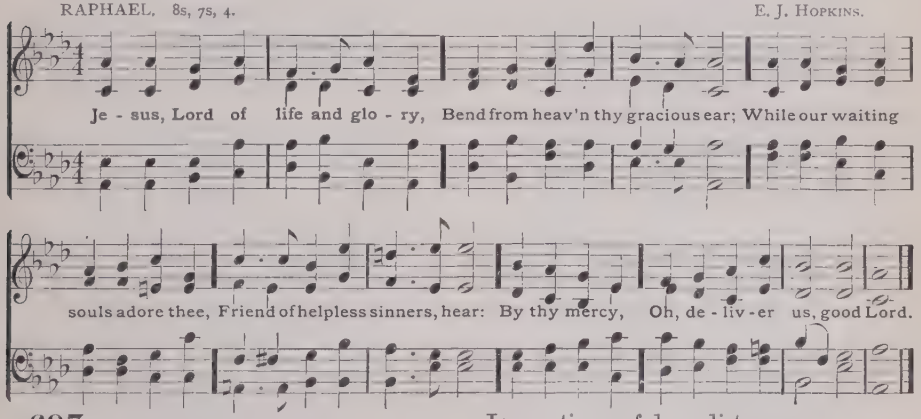
696 *Life's Sea.*

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.


RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4.
E. J. HOPKINS.
Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n thy gracious ear; While our waiting
souls adore thee, Friend of helpless sinners, hear: By thy mercy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

697 *The Litany.*

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

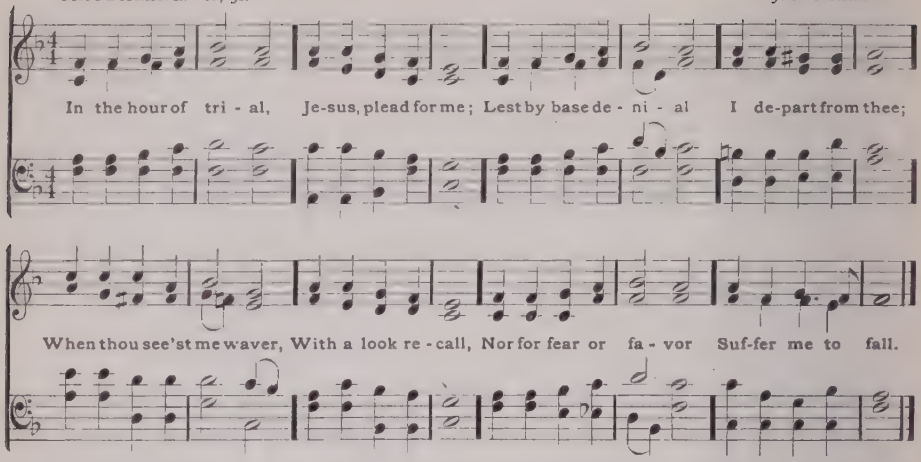
3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Hope and Stay:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

James J. Cummins.

MAGDALENE. 6s, 5s. J. B. DYKES.


In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al I de-part from thee;
When thou see'st me waver, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.

698 *A look from Christ.*

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee;
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

699 *Earnest Longings.*

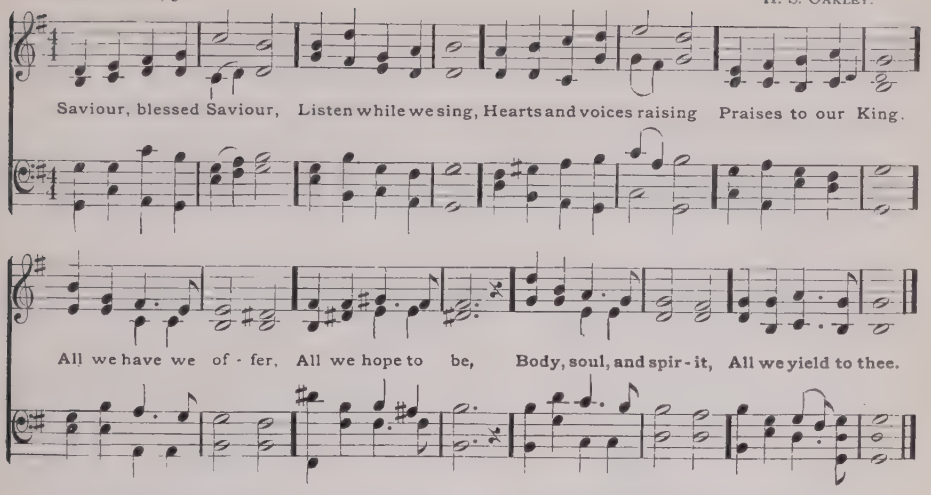
Purer yet, and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

Anon., 1858.

EDINA. 6s, 5s. H. S. OAKLEY.


Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.

700 *All for Jesus.*

SAVIOUR, blesséd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

3 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast.
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignéd,
Love that never dies.

4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Godfrey Thring

701 *"Backward never looking."*

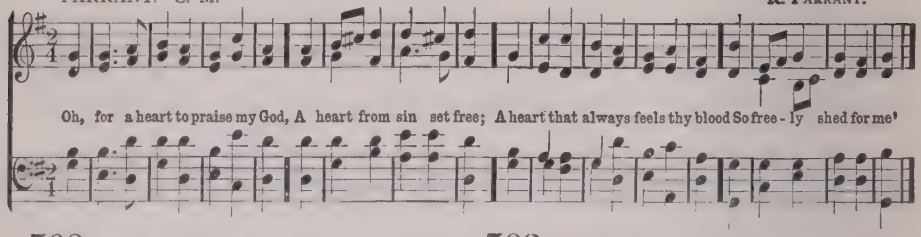
NEARER, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring

FARRANT. C. M. R. FARRANT.



702 *"A clean heart."*

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

703 *Thanks for victory.*

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

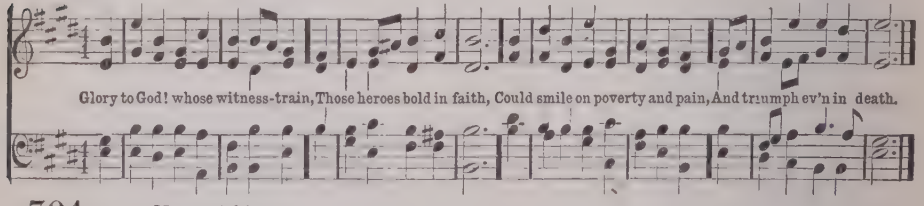
3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

KORNTHAL. C. M. J. G. FRECH.



704 *Martyr-faith.*

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

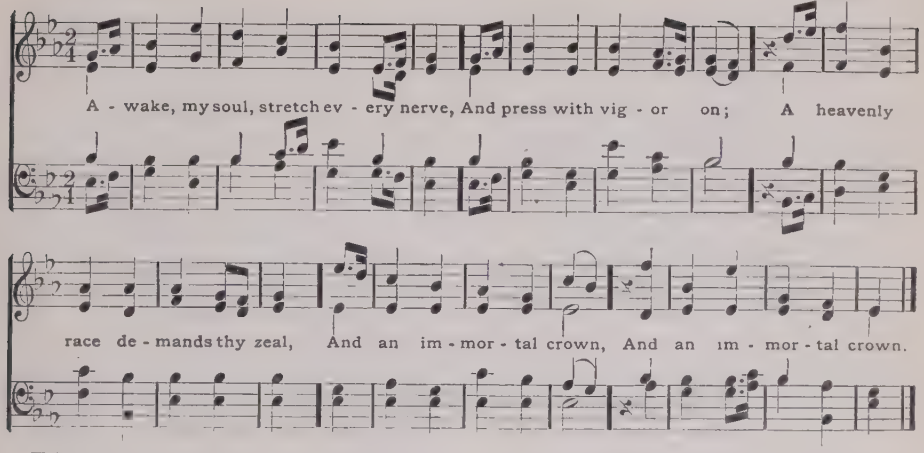
2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Moravian, tr.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.


A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly
race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

705 *The Race.*

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

706 *The Warfare.*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

707 *"I'm not ashamed."*

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

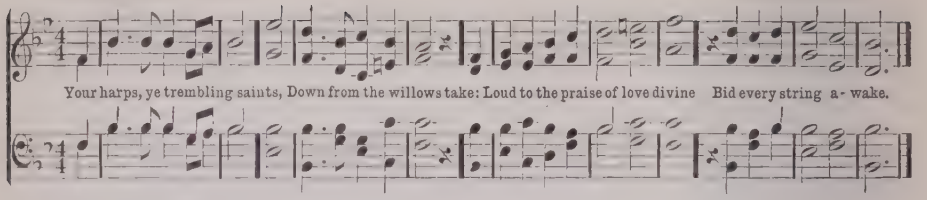
2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

ALEXANDER. S. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



708 *Our salvation near.*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

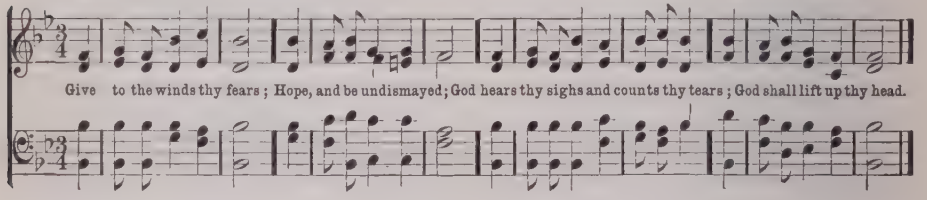
3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

709 *"Be of good courage."*

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

John Wesley, tr.

710 *"Weigh not thy life."*

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

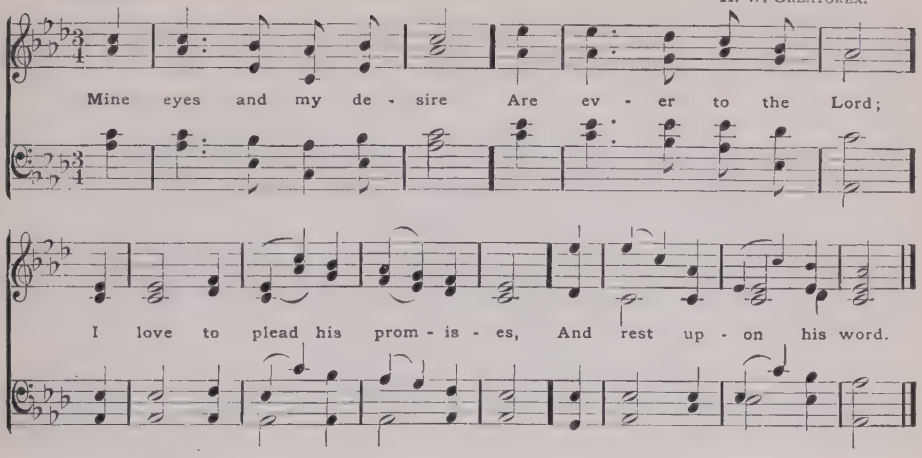
2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Leonard Swain.

LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



711 *Psalm 25.*

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Isaac Watts.

712 *Psalm 60.*

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

713 *Psalm 31.*

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

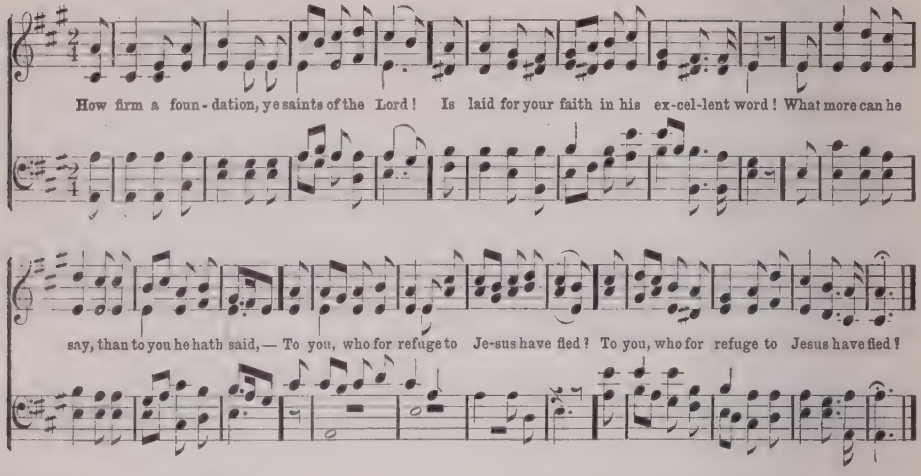
2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. M. PORTUGAL.


How firm a foun - dation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he
say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

714 *"Fear Not."*

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

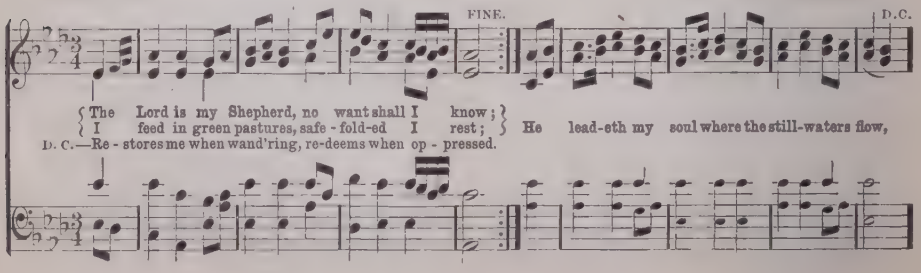
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

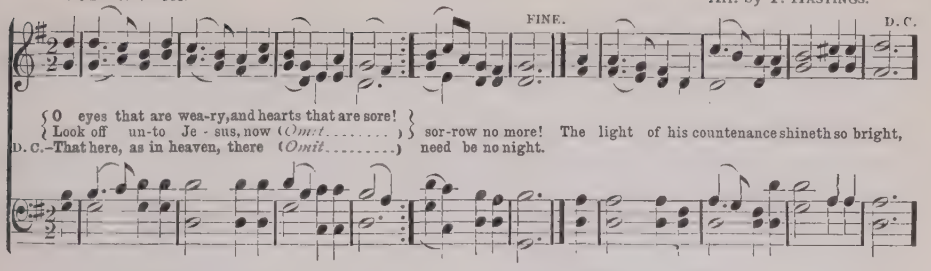
5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

George Keith.

CANA. 11s. GEO. KINGSLEY.

FINE.
D.C.
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe - fold-ed I rest;
He lead-eth my soul where the still-waters flow,
D. C.—Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op - pressed.

GOSHEN. 11s. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


FINE.
D. C.
O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore!
Look off un-to Je - sus, now (Omit.....) sor-row no more! The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
D. C.—That here, as in heaven, there (Omit.....) need be no night.

715 *"Looking unto Jesus."*

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled," he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

John N. Darby.

716 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

717 *"Faint, yet pursuing."*

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Tho' suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

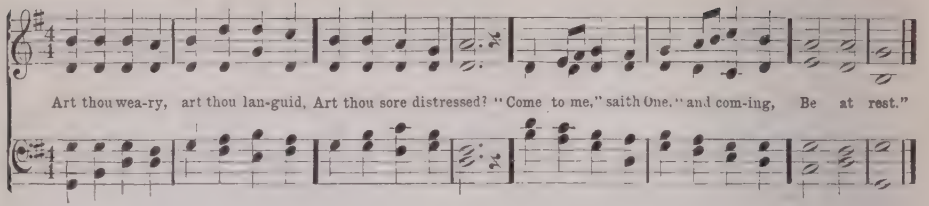
2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

John N. Darby.

STEPHANOS. P. M. W. H. MONK.



718 *Our Master.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

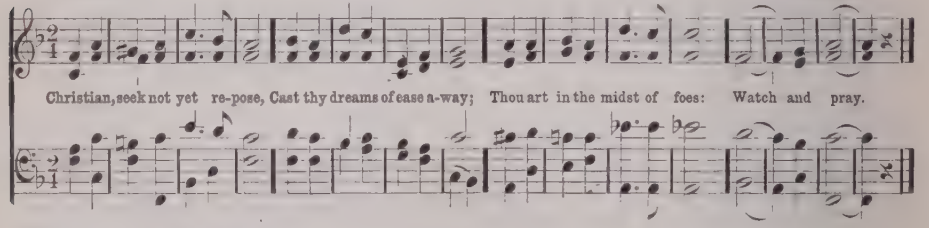
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

John M. Neale, tr.

ALERT. 7s, 3s. P. ARMES.



719 *Watch and pray.*

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for their unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

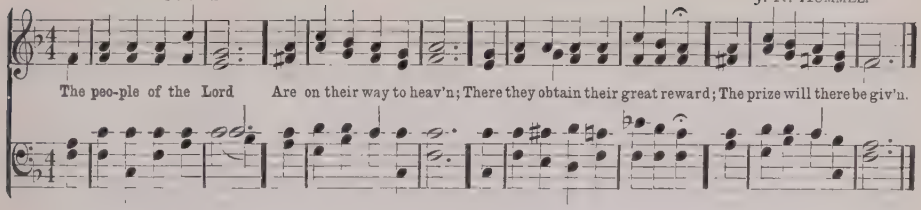
4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,—
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott.

RENOVATION. S. M. J. N. HUMMEL.



720 *Christian Pilgrims.*

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Thomas Kelly.

721 *"Jehovah Jireh."*

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

Joseph Swain.

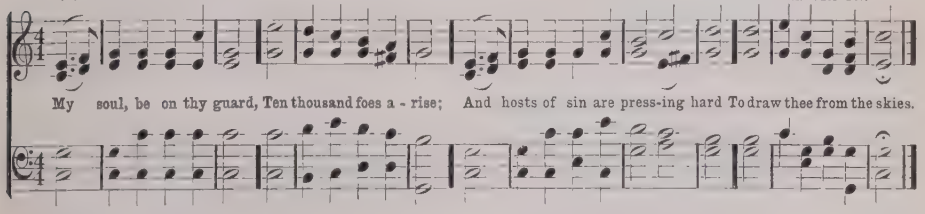
722 *"Goeth forth weeping."*

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



723 *"Watch."*

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

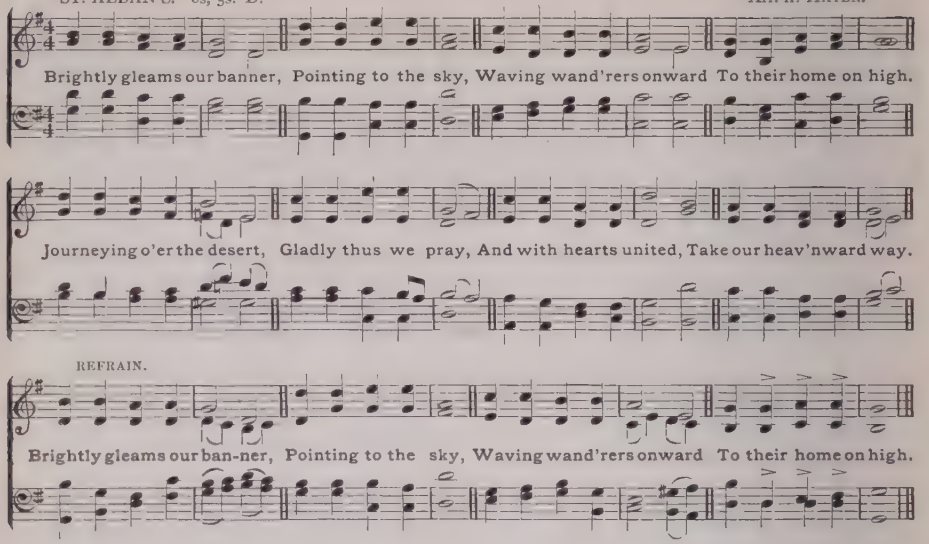
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath

ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way.
REFRAIN.
Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

724 *"Jehovah Nissi."*

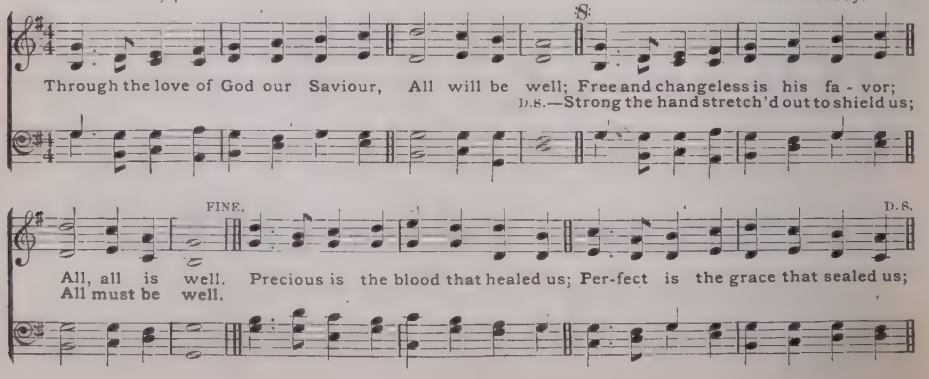
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.—REF.

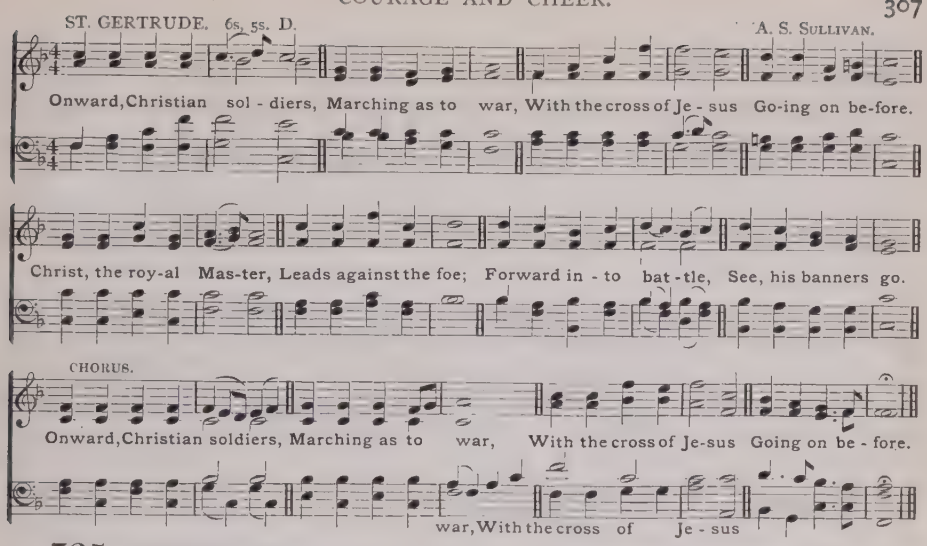
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

Thomas J. Potter.

WALES. 8s, 4s. Welsh Melody.


Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor;
D.S.—Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;
FINE.
D.S.
All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
All must be well.


ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.
A. S. SULLIVAN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.
Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

725 "*Fight the good fight.*"

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. Baring-Gould.

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726 8s, 4s. "*All is well.*"

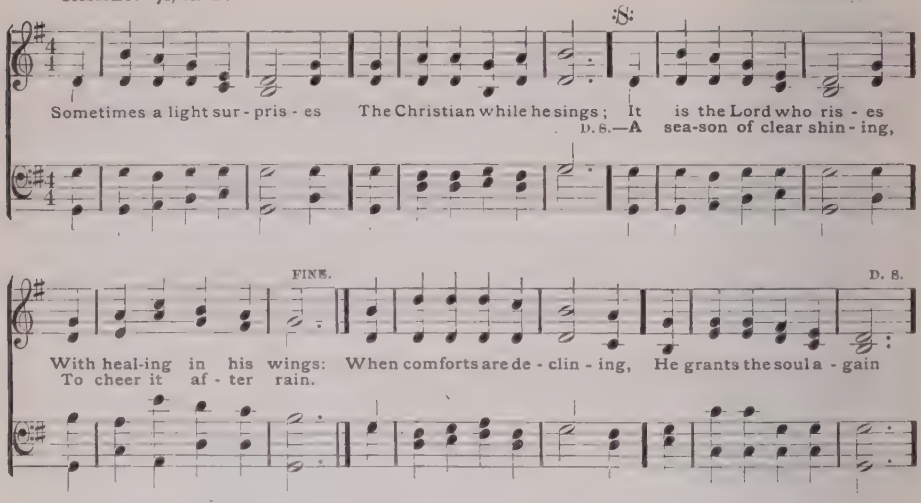
THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D. T. E. PERKINS.


Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris - es
D. S.—A sea-son of clear shin - ing,
FINE.
D. S.
With heal-ing in his wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
To cheer it af - ter rain.

727 *Matthew 6: 25–34.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

728 *Perfect peace.*

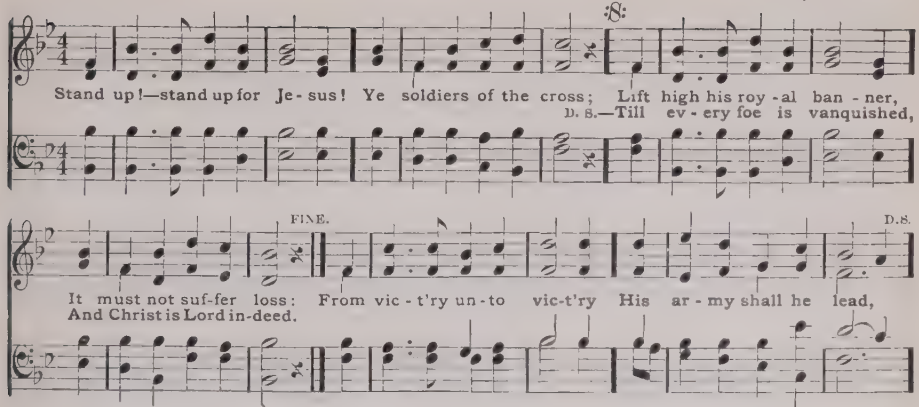
IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D. C. J. WEBB.


Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - ery foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D.S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

729 *"Having done all, stand."*

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

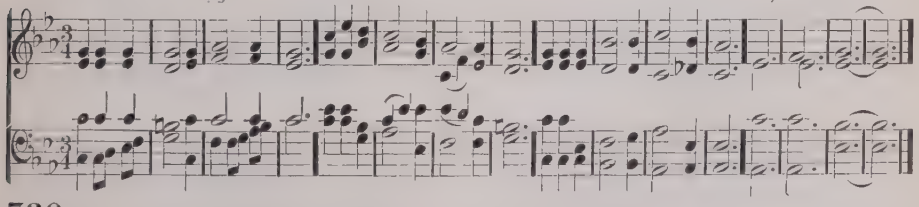
2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield.

ST. AËLRED. 8s, 3. J. B. DYKES.



730 *"Peace, be still."*

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

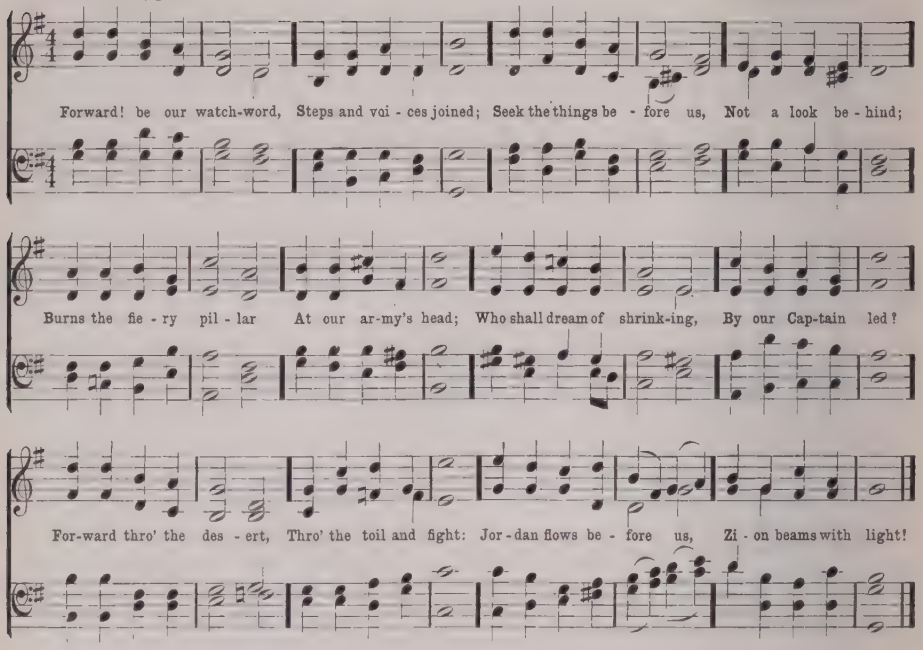
2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

NISSI. 6s, 5s. HENRY SMART.


Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us, Not a look be - hind;
Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led?
For-ward thro' the des - ert, Thro' the toil and fight: Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light!

731 *The glorious city.*

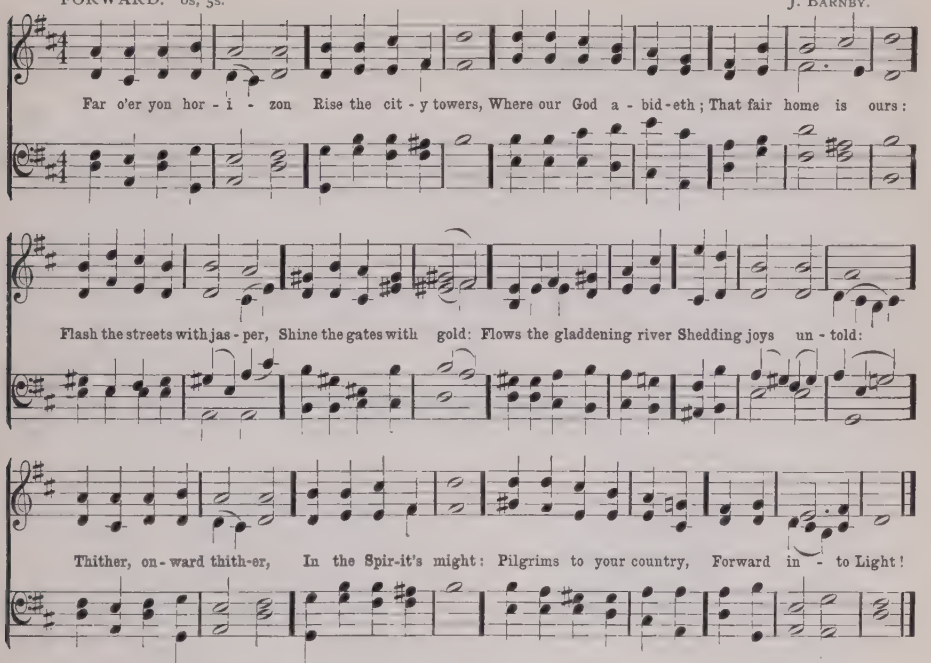
FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Henry Alford.

FORWARD. 6s, 5s. J. BARNBY.

Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a - bid - eth; That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold: Flows the gladdening river Shedding joys un - told:
Thither, on - ward thith-er, In the Spir-it's might: Pilgrims to your country, Forward in - to Light!

732 *"Forward into light!"*

FAR o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

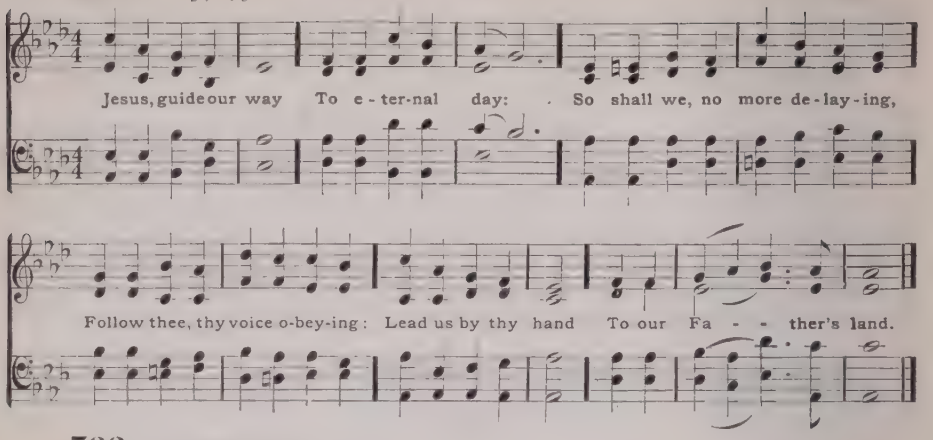
2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into Light!

4 To the eternal Father,
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light.

Henry Alford.

THURINGIA. 5s, 8s, 5s. G. Gee.


Jesus, guide our way To e - ter-nal day: So shall we, no more de-lay-ing,
Follow thee, thy voice o-bey-ing: Lead us by thy hand To our Fa - - ther's land.

733 "*Our Father's Land.*"

Jesus, guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying:
Lead us by thy hand
To our Father's land.

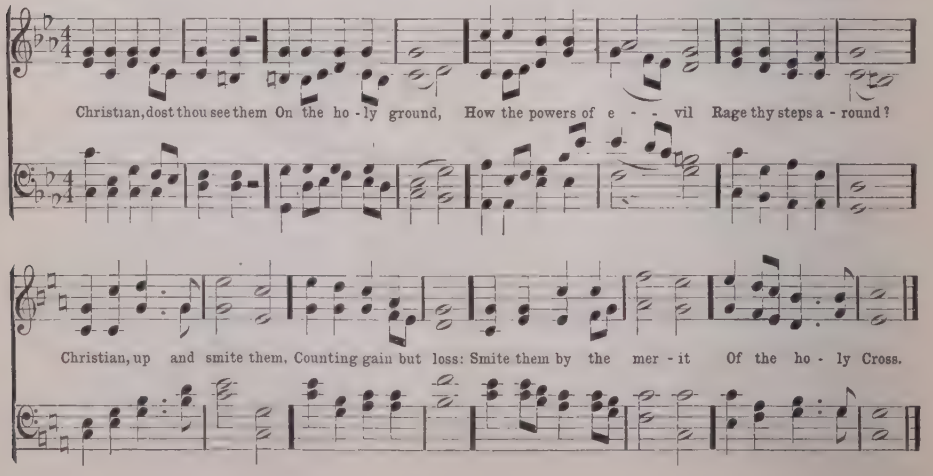
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us:
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 When the heart must know
Pain for others' woe,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase our perfect patience:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

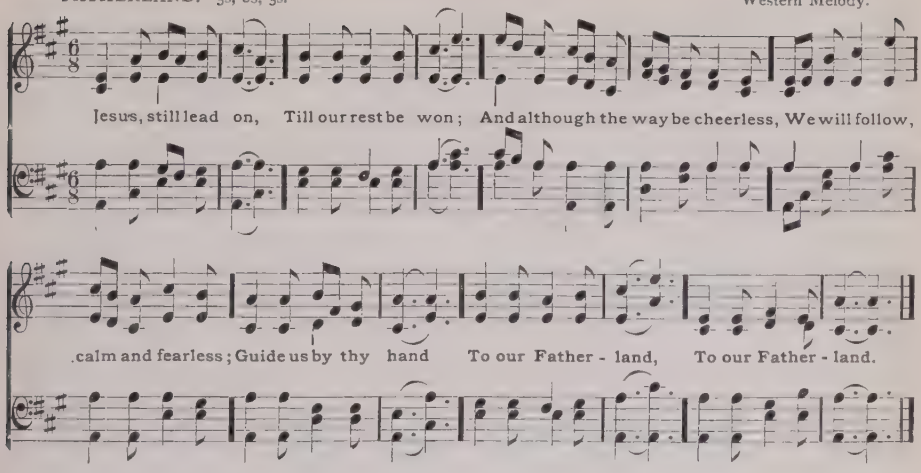
4 Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by thee;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Father's land.

Tr. fr. *Zinzendorf.*

CRETE. 6s, 5s. J. B. Dykes.


Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of e - - vil Rage thy steps a - round?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss: Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross.

FATHERLAND. 5s, 8s, 5s. Western Melody.


Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,
calm and fearless; Guide us by thy hand To our Father - land, To our Father - land.

734 *"Still lead on."*

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring,
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

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735 6s, 5s. *Vigor in attack.*

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

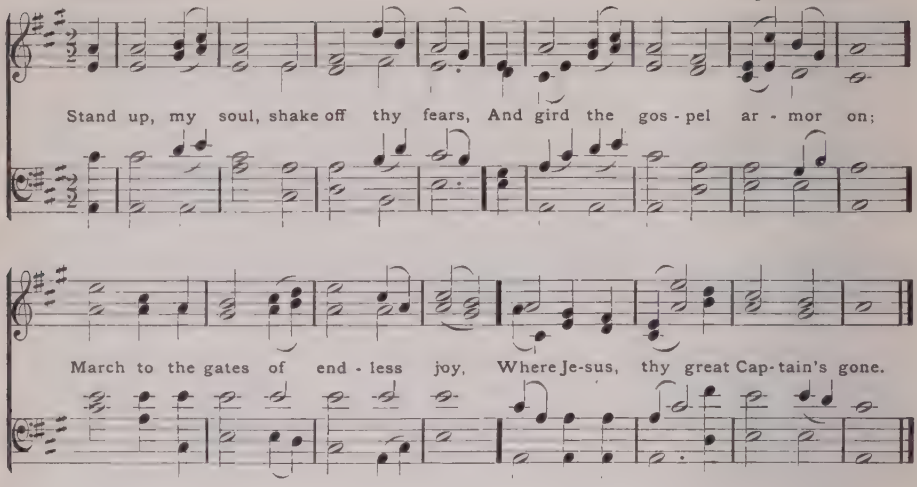
2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never yield to fear:
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

John M. Neale, tr.

WIMBORNE. L. M. J. WHITAKER.


Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Cap-tain's gone.

736 *Ephesians 6: 14.*

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

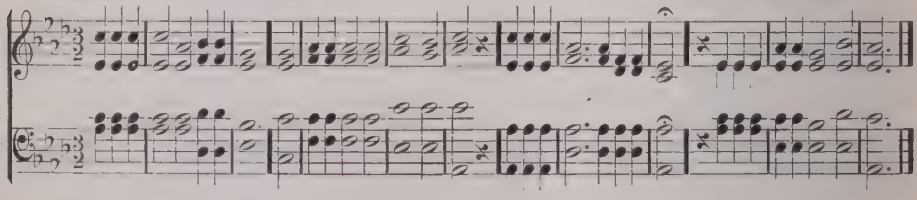
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rôse.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



737 *Isaiah 40: 28–31.*

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

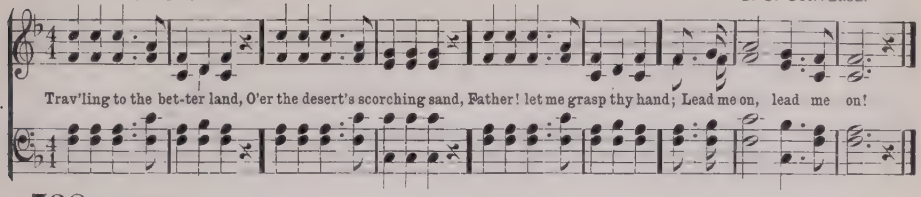
3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

Isaac Watts.

LEAD ME ON. P. M. C. C. CONVERSE.



738 *"Lead me on."*

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

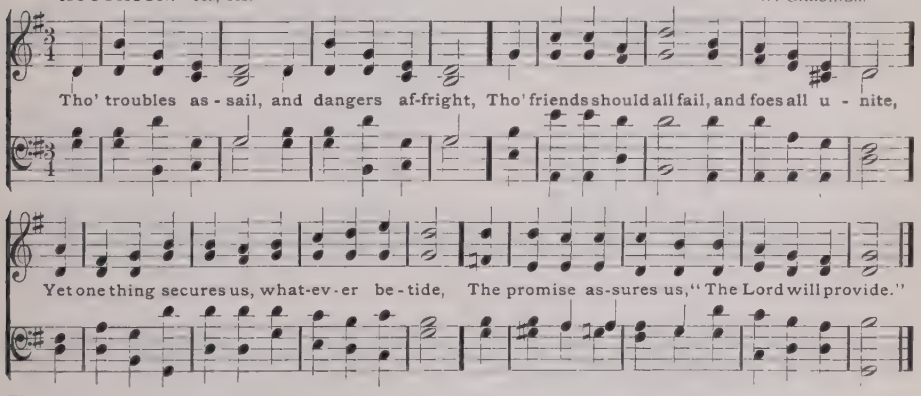
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876.

HOUGHTON. 10s, 11s. W. GARDINER.


Tho' troubles as-sail, and dangers af-fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u-nite,
Yet one thing secures us, what-ev-er be-tide, The promise as-sures us, "The Lord will provide."

739 *The Lord will provide.*

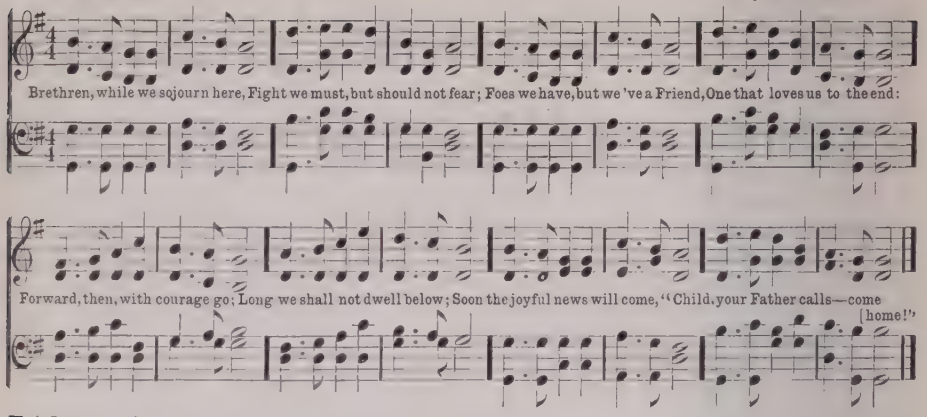
THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

MESSIAH. 7s. D. Arr. by G. KINGSLEY.


Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we 've a Friend, One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

740 *"Come home."*

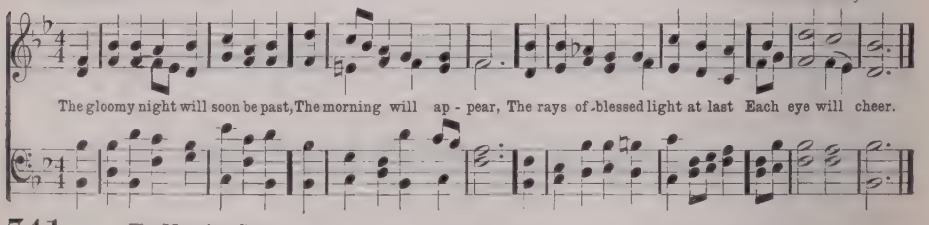
BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

Joseph Swain.

MORNING. P. M. German melody.



741 *The Morning Star.*

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessèd light at last
Each eye will cheer.

2 Thou bright and morning Star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight;
No cloud between.

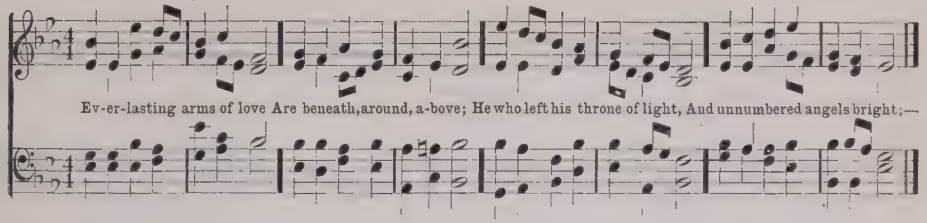
3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of thee
And thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long thy face to see,
And know thy love.

5 Then shine, thou bright and morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

Samuel P. Tregelles.

THEODORA. 7s. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



742 "*The everlasting arms.*"

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

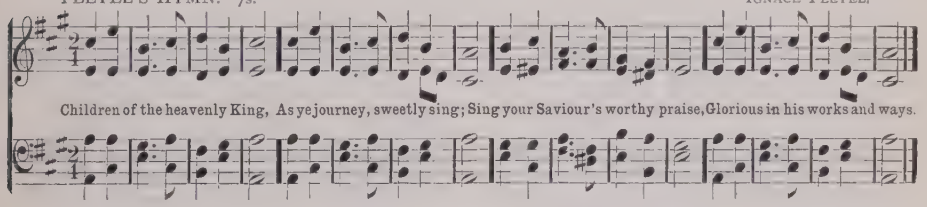
2 He who on the accurséd tree
Gave his precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

John R. Macduff.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.


Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

743 *Isaiah 35: 8–10.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

744 *Redeeming Love.*

NOW BEGIN the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

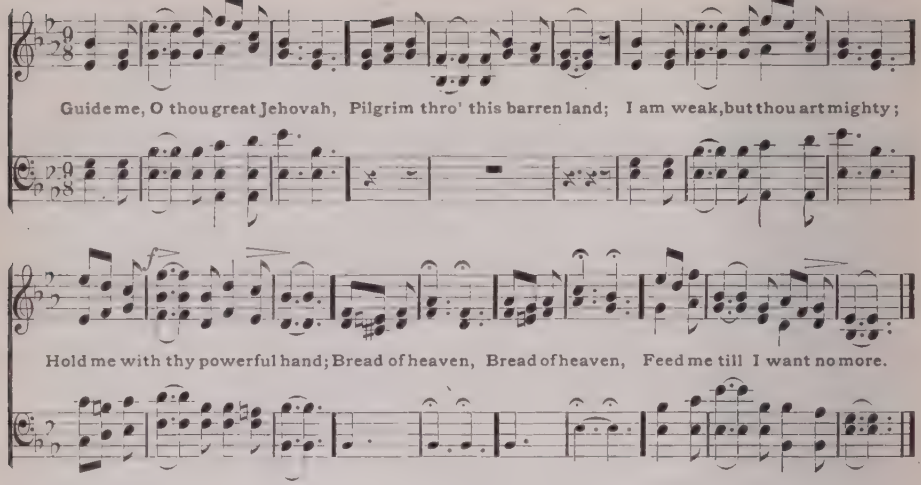
2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

John Langford.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

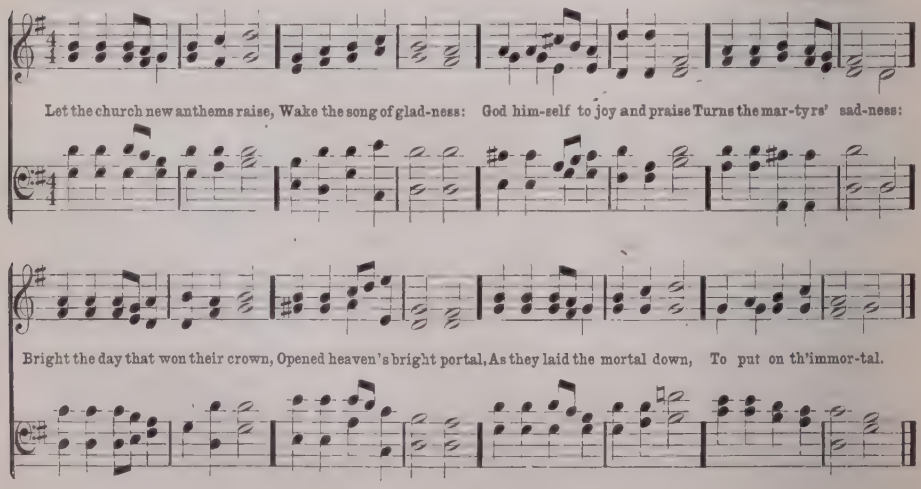
745 *Guidance.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

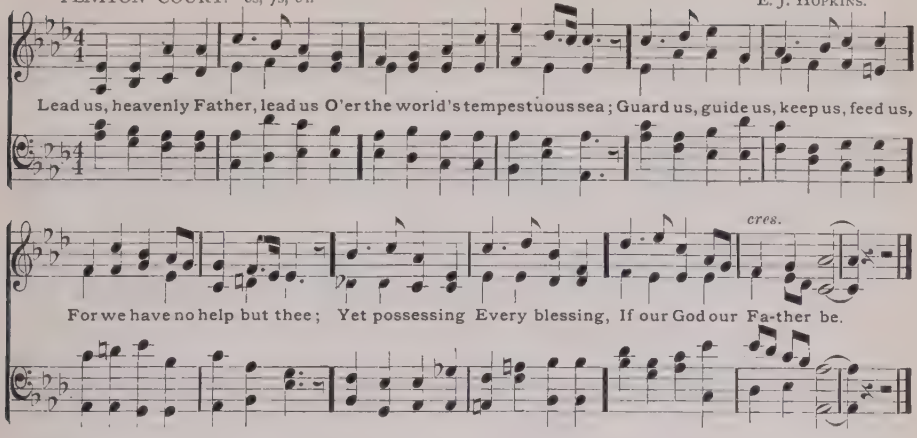
2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. *William Williams.*

KEVIN. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Let the church new anthems raise, Wake the song of glad-ness: God him-self to joy and praise Turns the mar-tyrs' sad-ness:
Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright portal, As they laid the mortal down, To put on th'immor-tal.

FENITON COURT. 8s, 7s, 6l. E. J. HOPKINS.


Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
cres.
For we have no help but thee; Yet possessing Every blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be.

746 *"Lead us."*

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston.

747 *"The Pillar Guide."*

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path the pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

3 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way,
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

Thomas Kelly.

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748 P. M. *"Christian Martyrs."*

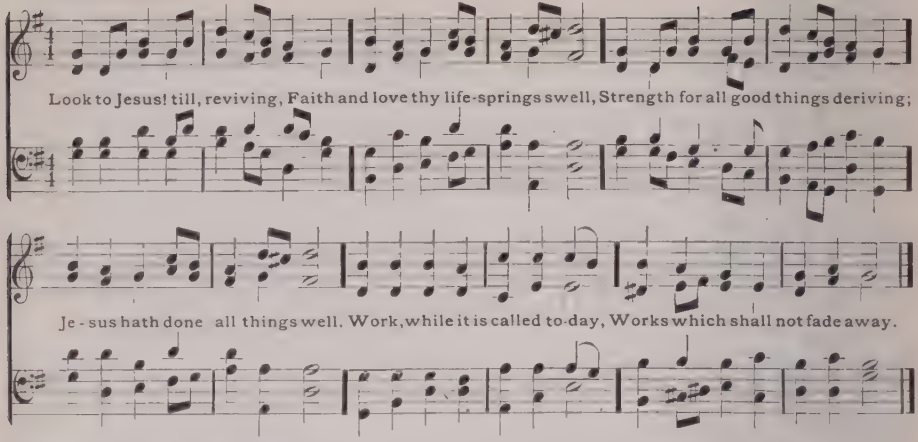
LET the church new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it!

John M. Neale, tr.

CAERSALEM. 8s, 7s, 7. Welsh melody.


Look to Jesus! till, reviving, Faith and love thy life-springs swell, Strength for all good things deriving;
Je - sus hath done all things well. Work, while it is called to-day, Works which shall not fade away.

749 *"Looking unto Jesus."*

Look to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

2 Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from him a band fell cowering;
Calm in tempests, look on him;
Wind and billow, fire and flood,—
Forward! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need, he will yield thee
Peace the world can never give;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

Tr. fr. *Swedish.*

750 *"Tried, Precious, Sure."—Isa. 28: 16.*

Through the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, thou hast been the same;
Through our own life's checkered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name;
Well may we in thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and tried.

2 Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day the same;
In thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim;
Chiefest of ten thousand thou!
Saviour, O most precious, now!

3 Gazing down the far forever
Brighter glows the one sweet name,
Steadfast radiance paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still the same;
Evermore thou shalt endure,
Our own Saviour, strong and pure.

Frances R. Havergal.

751 *"Christ, our Head."*

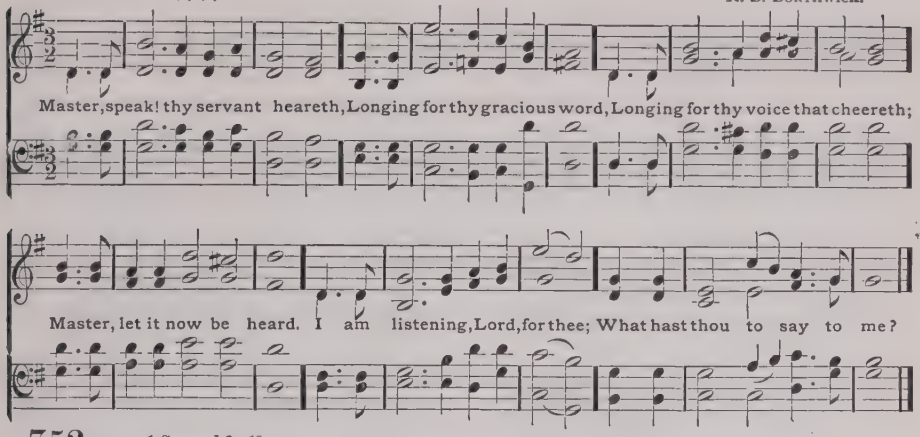
Rise, ye children of salvation,
All who cleave to Christ the Head:
Wake, arise! O mighty nation,
Ere the foe on Zion tread—
He draws nigh, and would defy
All the hosts of God most high.

2 Saints and heroes long before us,
Firmly on this ground have stood:
See their banners waving o'er us—
"Conquerors through the Saviour's blood!"
Ground we hold, whereon of old
Fought the faithful and the bold.

3 When his servants stand before him
Each receiving his reward;
When his saints in light adore him,
Giving glory to the Lord—
Victory! our song shall be,
Like the thunder of the sea!

Tr. fr. *Falckner.*

GRANGE. 8s, 7s, 7. R. B. BORTHWICK.


Master, speak! thy servant heareth, Longing for thy gracious word, Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard. I am listening, Lord, for thee; What hast thou to say to me?

752 *1 Samuel 3 : 10.*

MASTER, speak! thy servant heareth,
Longing for thy gracious word,
Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for thee;
What hast thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this thy shrine.
Let thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Master, speak! I do not doubt thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

Frances R. Havergal.

753 *"Jesus only!"*

"JESUS only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with him:
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.

2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing him in all his beauty,
Satisfied with him alone;
May we join his ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!"—all our song!

Frances R. Havergal.

754 *"He knoweth our frame."*

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

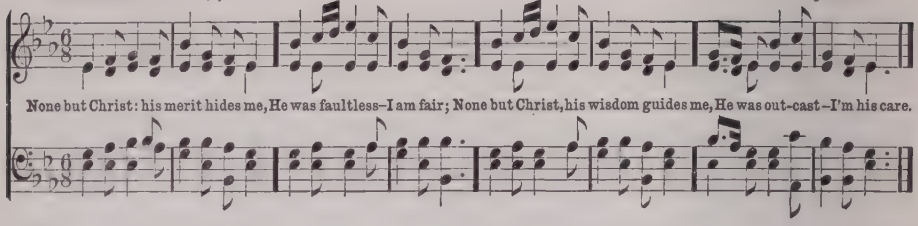
2 Look to him, who once was willing
All his glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where his footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that wondrous story,
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, he calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Frances R. Havergal.

BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s. S. JENKS.


None but Christ: his merit hides me, He was faultless–I am fair; None but Christ, his wisdom guides me, He was out-cast–I'm his care.

755 *None but Jesus.*

NONE but Christ: his merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair:
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I'm his care.

2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

756 *"Jesus only."*

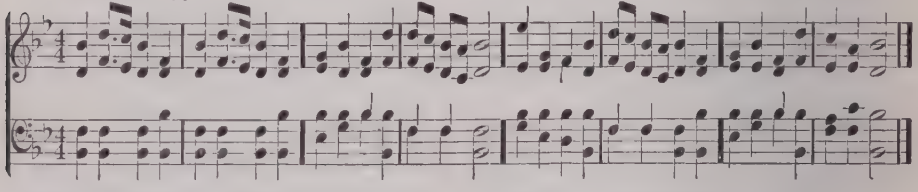
JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Elias Nason.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s. ARR. by L. MASON.



757 *"With you always."*

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin.

758 *A Living Christ.*

NOW I KNOW the great Redeemer,
Know he lives and spreads his fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore him;
Lives—and earth resounds his name.

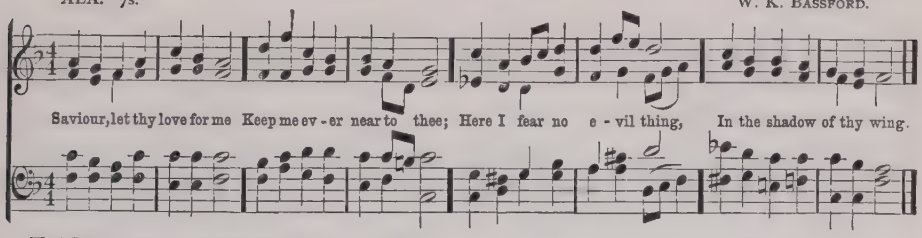
2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I his name shall praise.

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation,—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Richard Burnham.

ALA. 7s. W. K. BASSFORD.



759 *"Under his Shadow."*

SAVIOUR, let thy love for me
Keep me ever near to thee;
Here I fear no evil thing,
In the shadow of thy wing.

2 When the storms of care and doubt,
Toss my weary soul about,
Then I flee for sheltering
To the shadow of thy wing.

3 In the light too great for me,
Blind and faint I come to thee;
Then, dear Lord, how comforting
Is the shadow of thy wing.

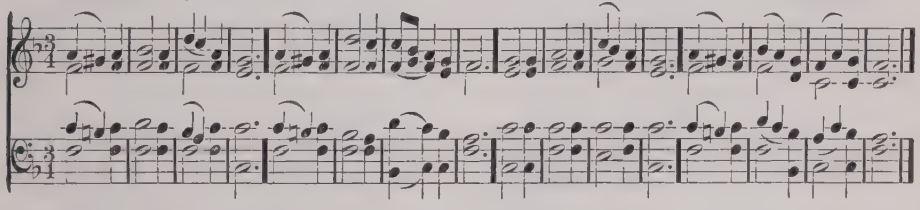
4 When my sorest troubles be,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Even sorrow then can bring
But the shadow of thy wing.

5 Soon the evening time will come,
Soon the darkness bring me home;
Still my happy soul will sing,
'Tis the shadow of thy wing.

6 Safe for ever to abide
Where the quiet waters glide,
Never more I need to cling
To the shadow of thy wing.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

ESHTEMOA. 7s. T. B. MASON.



760 *"I am what I am."*

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blessèd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

Thomas Kelly.

761 *"The name of Jesus."*

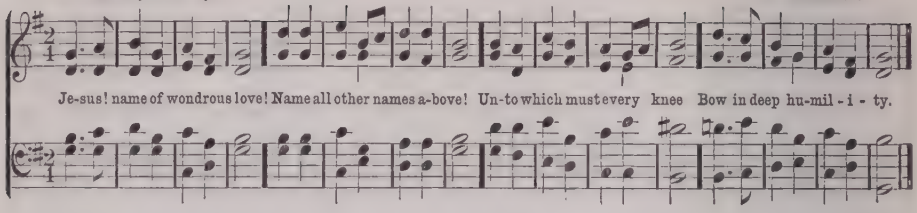
WARRIOR kings their titles gain
From the nations they enchain;
Jesus, thou by worthier deed
From the thousands thou hast freed;—

2 Jesus;—only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Which can dying souls restore,
And give life for evermore.

3 Let not sins insane and base
From our rebel hearts efface
This blest name with blessings fraught,
By thy blood so dearly bought.

Tr. fr. *the Latin.*

NOMEN JESU. 7s. R. REDHEAD.



762 *The name "Jesus."*

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."—

4 Jesus! only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

William W. How.

763 *"Immanuel."*

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

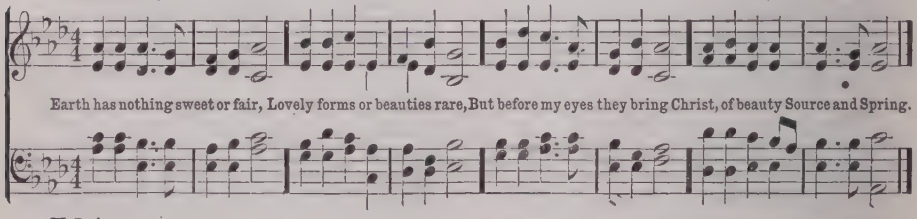
3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

John Newton.

ST. BEES. 7s. J. B. DYKES.


Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Lovely forms or beauties rare, But before my eyes they bring Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

764 *"Altogether lovely."*

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

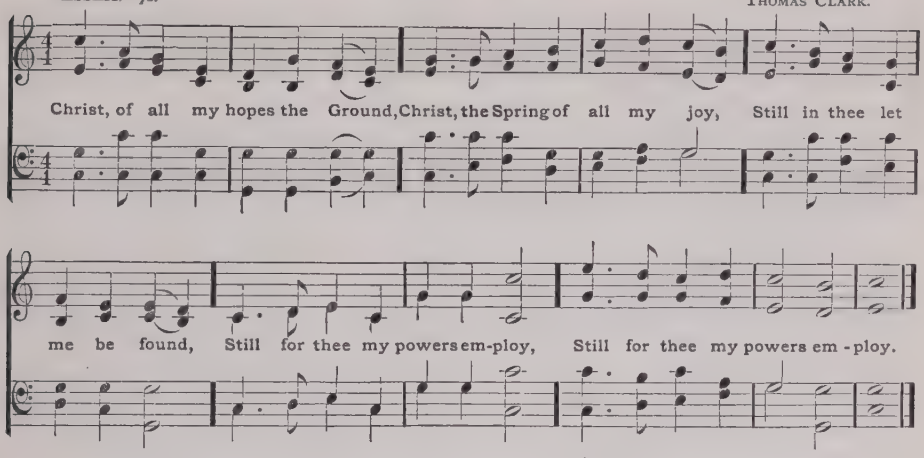
2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

Frances E. Cox, tr.

ESSEX. 7s. THOMAS CLARK.


Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in thee let
me be found, Still for thee my powers em-ploy, Still for thee my powers em-ploy.

765 *"To live is Christ."*

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw.

766 *"He first loved us."*

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

767 *"Christ, the Crucified."*

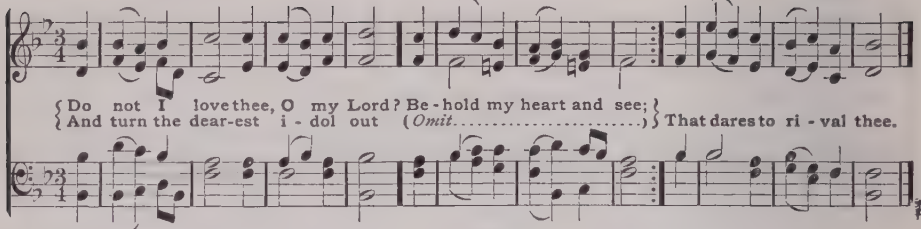
ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Benjamin H. Kennedy.

ARMENIA. C. M. S. B. POND.



768 *Loving and Beloved.*

DO NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge.

769 *"He is precious."*

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

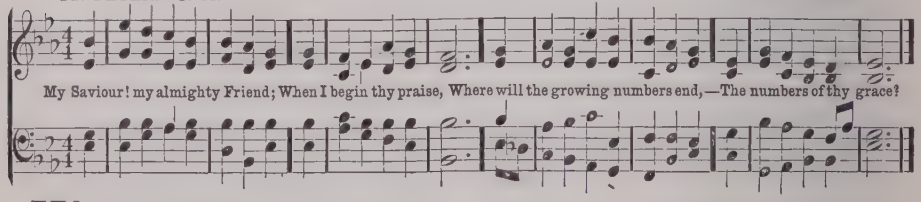
3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham.

ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE.



770 *Psalm 71.*

MY Saviour! my almighty Friend;
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

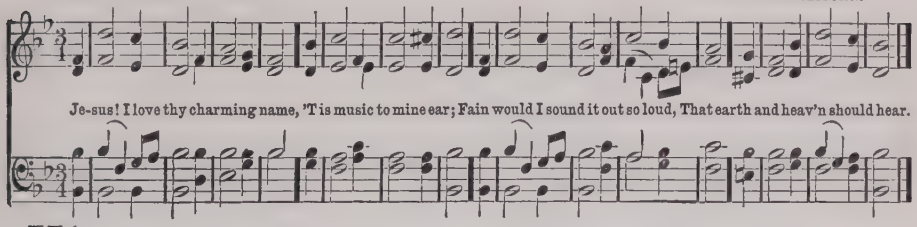
2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts.

HOLY CROSS. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



771 *"His name Jesus."*

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

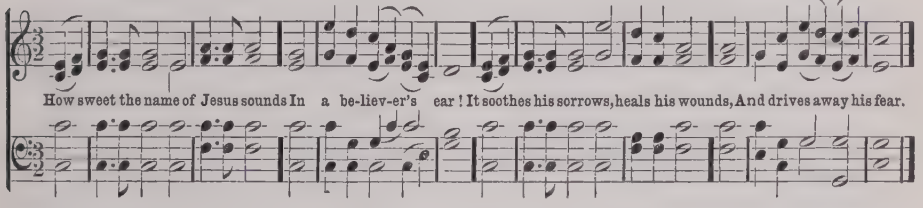
2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Philip Doddridge.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



772 *"He is precious."*

HOW SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

773 *"Jesus only."*

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fill my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

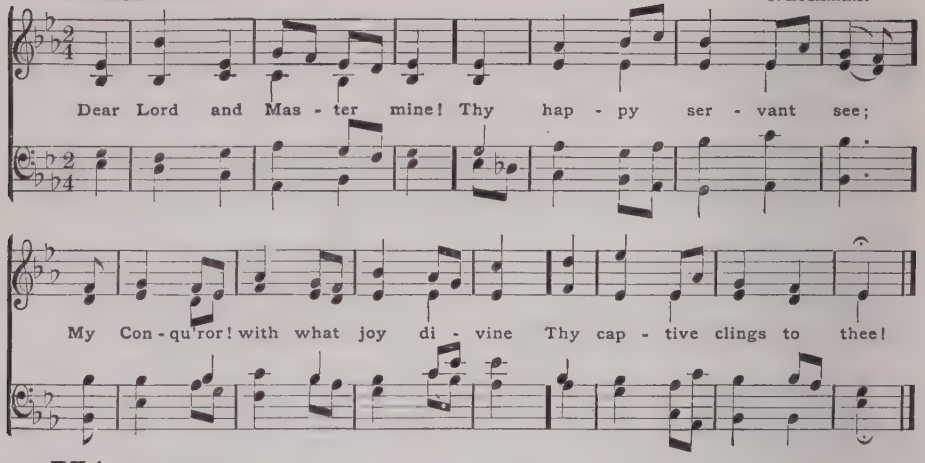
3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Edward Caswall, tr.

CARLISLE. S. M. C. LOCKHART.



774 *"Master mine!"*

DEAR Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

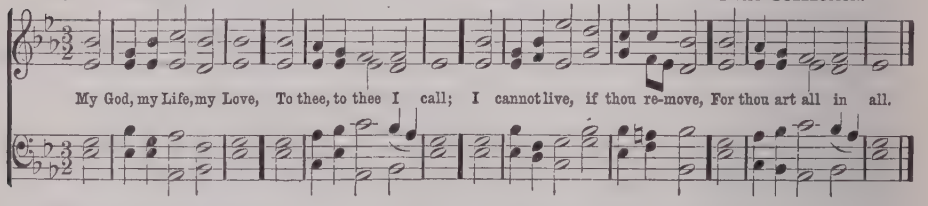
3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

Thos. H. Gill.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M. SWISS COLLECTION.



775 *None but Jesus.*

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

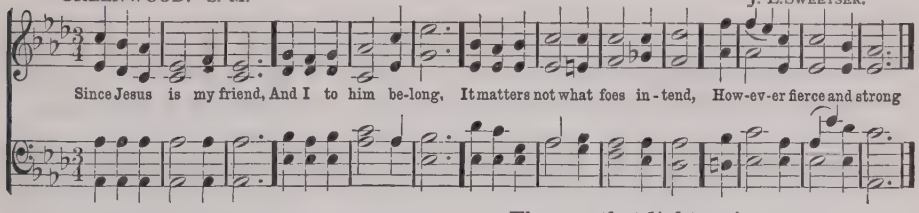
3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



776 *"Jesus is my friend."*

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

C. Winkworth, tr.

777 *Unseen, we love.*

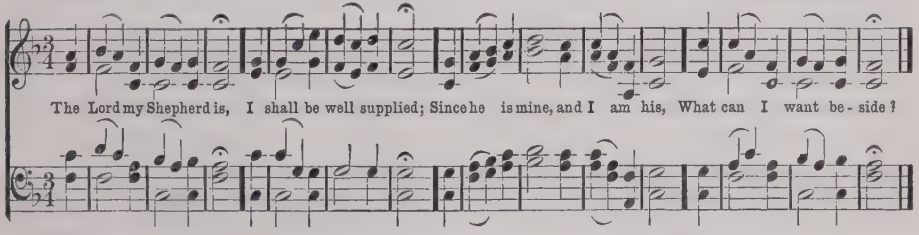
NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name;
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts.

SEIR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



778 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

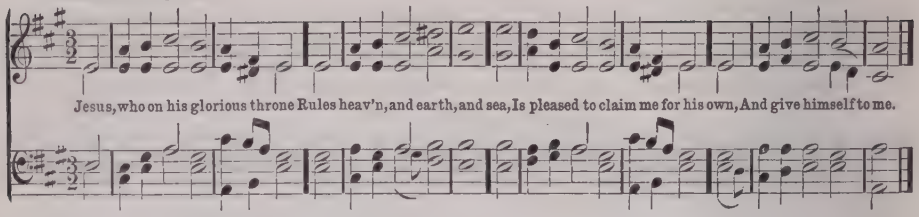
4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

MELODY. C. M. A. CHAPIN.



779 *"To live is Christ."*

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

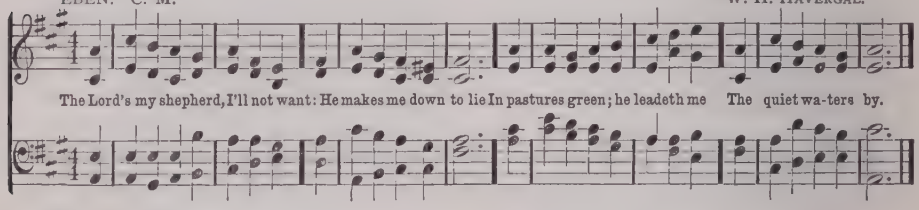
2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

John Newton.

EBEN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



780 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord's my shepherd, I 'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

781 *Christ, our Model.*

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

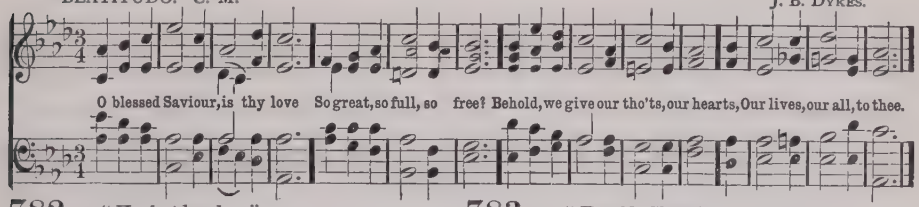
3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

Edward Caswall, tr.

BEATITUDO. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



782 *"He first loved us."*

O BLESSED Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all, to thee.

2 We love thee for the glorious worth
Which in thyself we see;
We love thee for that cross of shame
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for thine enemies wast slain:
What love with thine can vie?

4 Make us like thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold thy face.

Joseph Stennett.

783 *"Humble Thoughts."*

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are thy care,
May live in us and grow.

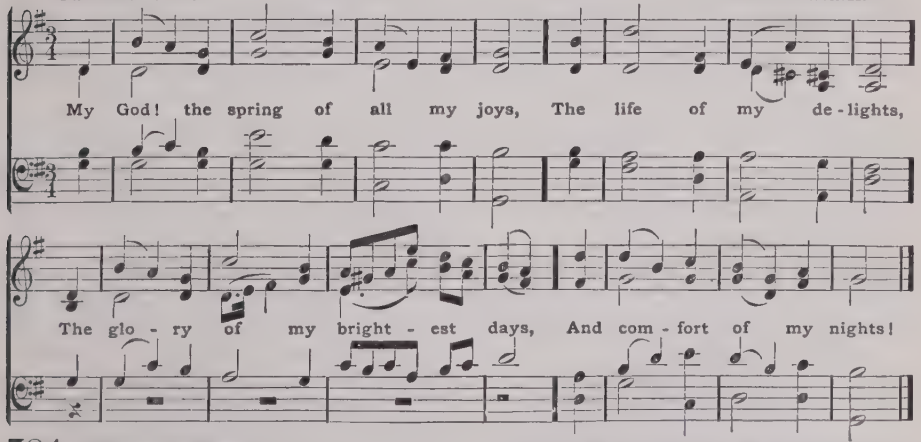
2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in thy sight.

3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours thou art,
Though we are not like thee;
Give us thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

George MacDonald.

PENIEL. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



784 *"Altogether Lovely."*

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comforts of my nights!

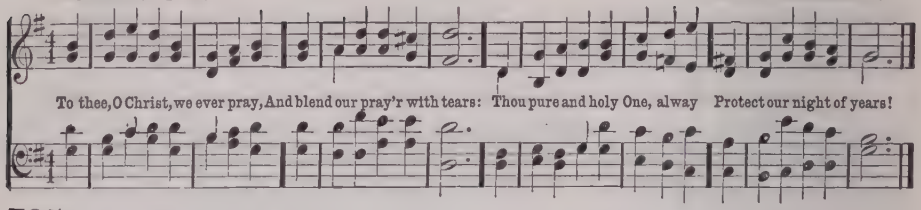
2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord!

Isaac Watts.

BUNYAN. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



785 *Evening Song to Christ.*

To THEE, O Christ, we ever pray,
And blend our prayer with tears:
Thou pure and holy One, alway
Protect our night of years!

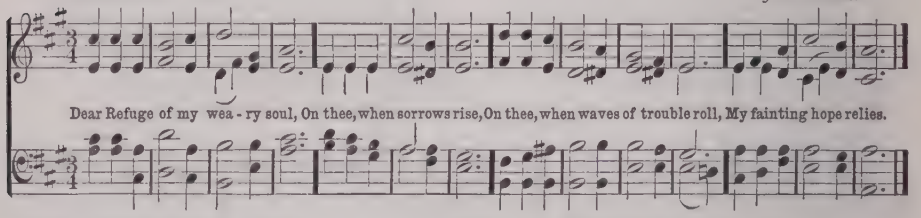
2 Our hearts shall be at rest in thee,
In sleep they dream thy praise;
And to thy glory faithfully
They hail the coming days.

3 Give us a life that cannot fail!
Refresh our spirits then;
Let blackest night before thee pale;
And bring thy light to men.

4 Our vows in song we pay thee still,
And, at this evening hour,
May all that we have purposed ill
Be right through perfect power.

S. W. Duffield, tr.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



786 *Strength, Fortress, Refuge.*

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

787 *"Whom unseen, we love."*

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

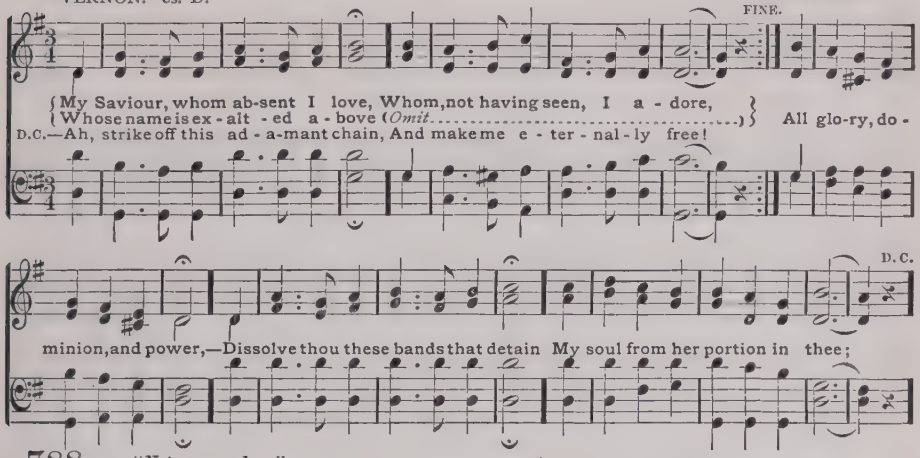
3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

Ray Palmer.

VERNON. 8s. D. From the German.


FINE.
My Saviour, whom ab-sent I love, Whom, not having seen, I a - dore,
Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove (Omit.....)
All glo-ry, do -
D.C.—Ah, strike off this ad - a-mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free!
D.C.
minion, and power,—Dissolve thou these bands that detain My soul from her portion in thee;

788 *"Not seen, ye love."*

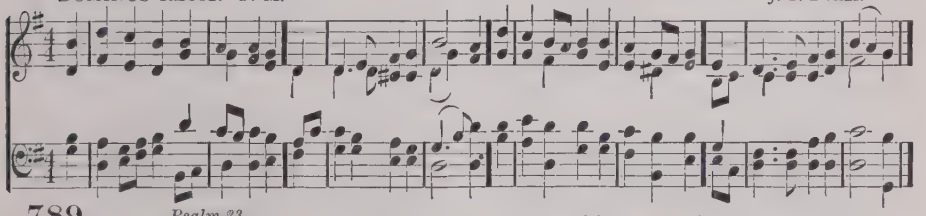
My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

William Cowper.

DOMINUS REGIT. P. M. J. B. DYKES.



789 *Psalm 23.*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

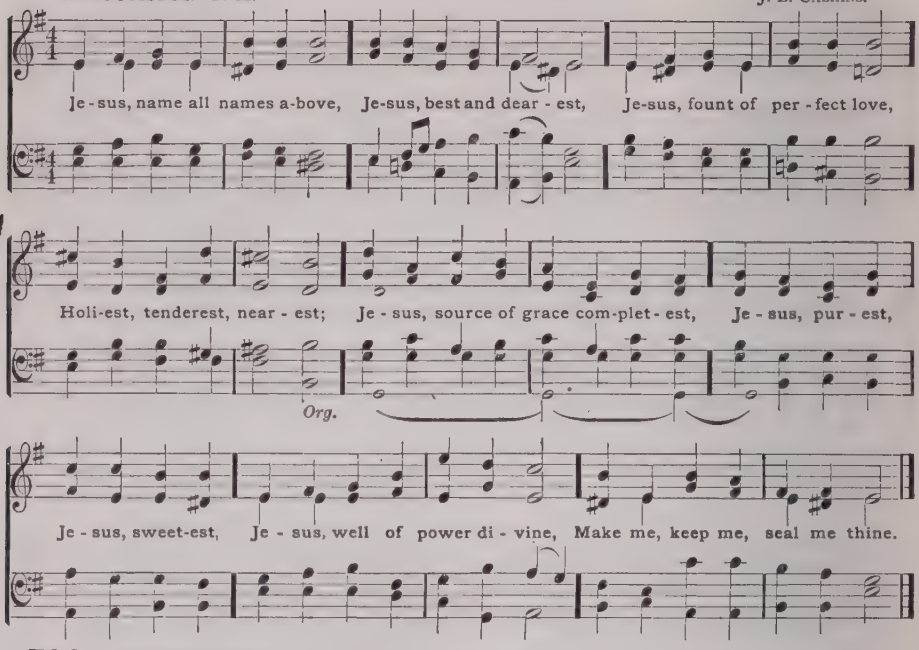
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never,
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker.

THEOCTISTUS. P. M. J. B. CALKINS.


Je - sus, name all names a-bove, Je-sus, best and dear - est, Je-sus, fount of per - fect love,
Holi-est, tenderest, near - est; Je - sus, source of grace com-plet - est, Je - sus, pur - est,
Org.
Je - sus, sweet-est, Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

790 *An ancient Hymn.*

JESUS, name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus, purest, Jesus, sweetest,
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me thine

2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Thou didst call the prodigal:
Thou didst pardon Mary:
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary;
Lord, to heal my lost condition,
Give—for thou canst give—contrition;
Thou canst pardon all my ill
If thou wilt;—oh, say, "I will!"

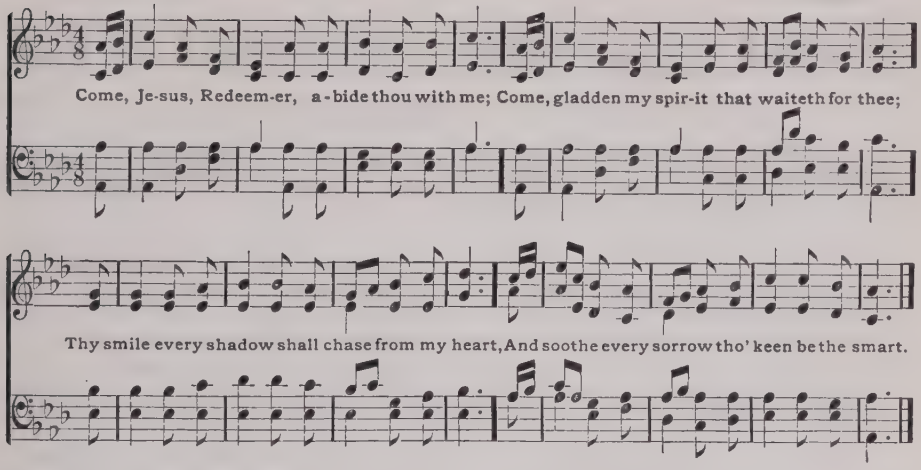
4 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have faintly tried
For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in home supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal:
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the passion of the Son.

5 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, in agony
That thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

6 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me, "Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day."

John M. Neale, tr.

MAGILL. 11s. T. E. PERKINS.


Come, Je-sus, Redeem-er, a-bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir-it that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow tho' keen be the smart.

791 *"I will come to you."*

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessèd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

Ray Palmer.

792 *"Distresses for Christ's sake."*

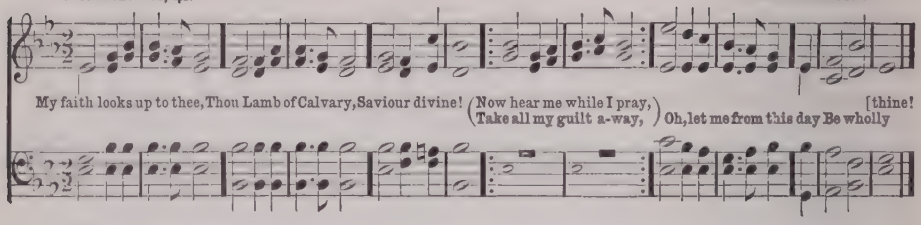
FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

Mrs. C. Fry Wilson.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a-way,
Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!

793 *"Look unto Me."*

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

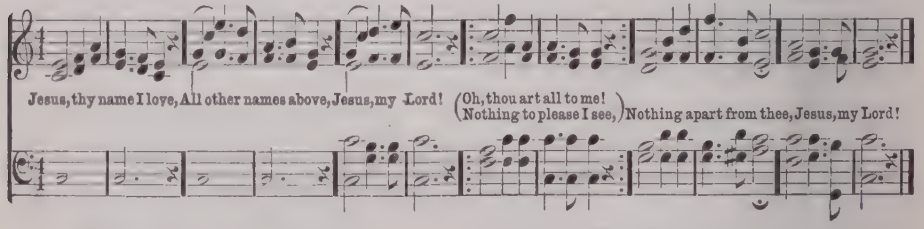
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

LYTE. 6s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Jesus, thy name I love, All other names above, Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

794 *"Jesus, my Lord!"*

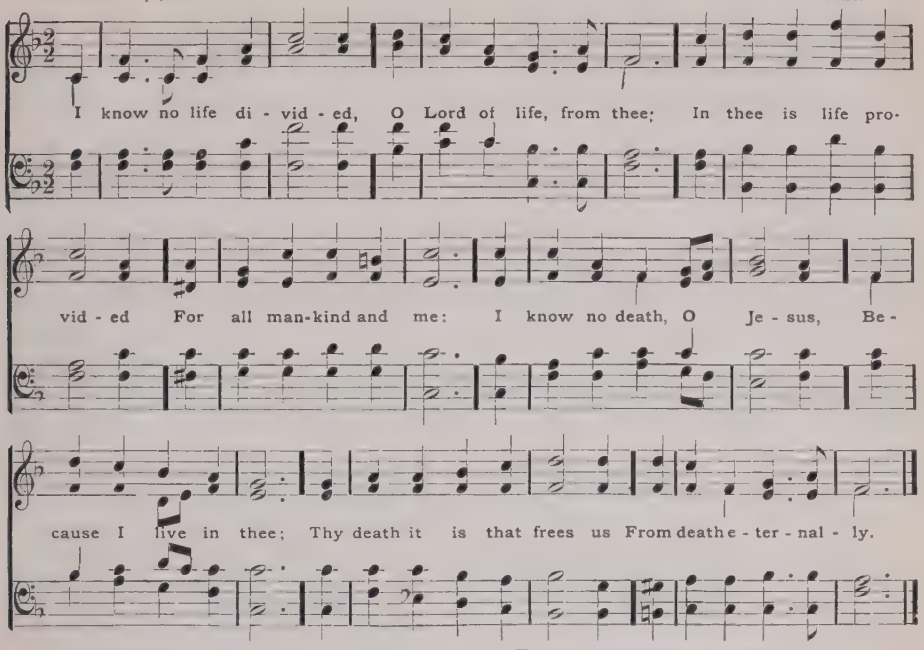
JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James G. Deck.

SPITTA. 7s, 6s. D. H. P. DANKS.

I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro-
vid - ed For all man-kind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be-
cause I live in thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

795 *Never separated.*

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is that frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is right and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessèd thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Richard Massie, tr.

796 *"The world's true Light."*

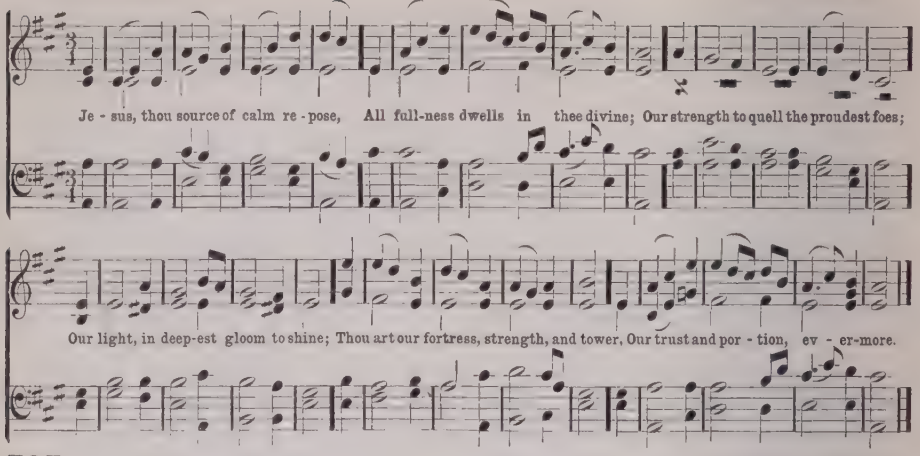
O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of his glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before thee,
The world's true Light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness!

William W. How.

BROWNELL. L. M. 61. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


Je - sus, thou source of calm re - pose, All full-ness dwells in thee divine; Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deep-est gloom to shine; Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower, Our trust and por - tion, ev - er-more.

797 *"All fullness."*

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort when in grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

798 *Jesus' human life.*

AS OFT with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been;
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

John Edmeston.

799 *"My Strength, my Tower."*

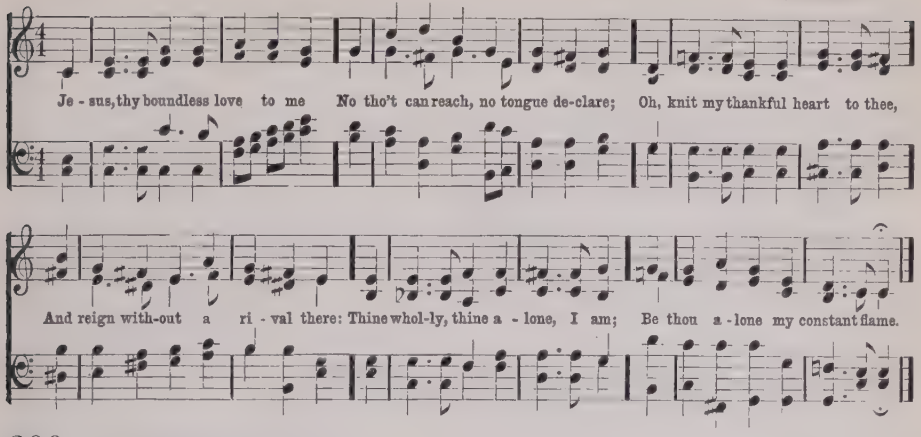
THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

3 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

John Wesley, tr.

MELITA. L. M. 61. J. BARNBY.


Je - sus, thy boundless love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de-clare; Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign with-out a ri - val there: Thine whol-ly, thine a - lone, I am; Be thou a - lone my constant flame.

800 *"Thy boundless love."*

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
Oh, may thy love possess me whole,—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

John Wesley, tr.

801 *The good Shepherd.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

802 *"Jesus, my Lord."*

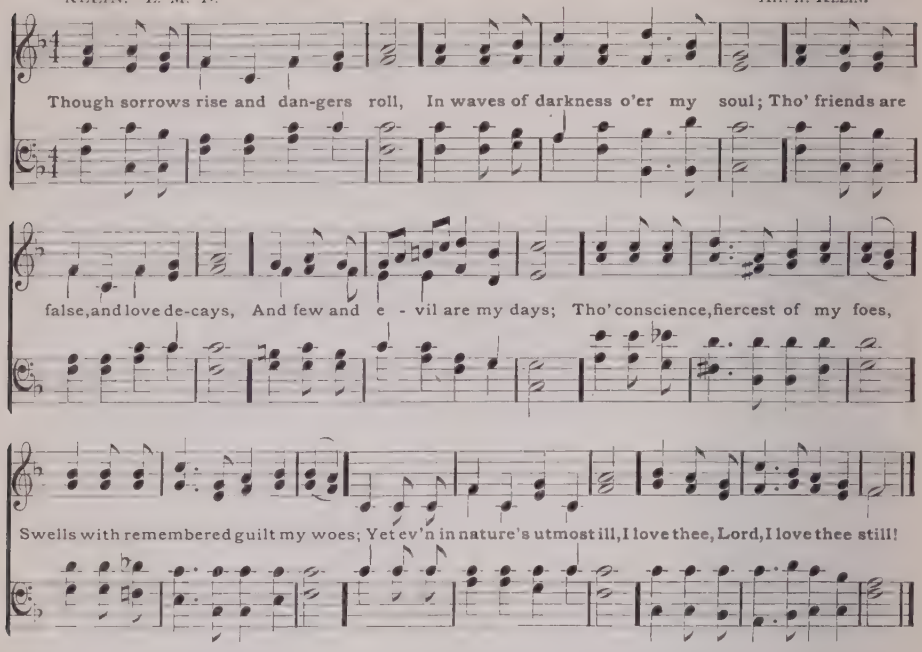
JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;
Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

3 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is thine,
And thou, my Saviour, thou art mine!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

Henry Collins.

KLEIN. L. M. D. Arr. fr. KLEIN.


Though sorrows rise and dan-gers roll, In waves of darkness o'er my soul; Tho' friends are
false, and love de-cays, And few and e - vil are my days; Tho' conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes; Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill, I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

803 *"I love thee, Lord!"*

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still!

Reginald Heber.

804 *The name "Jesus."*

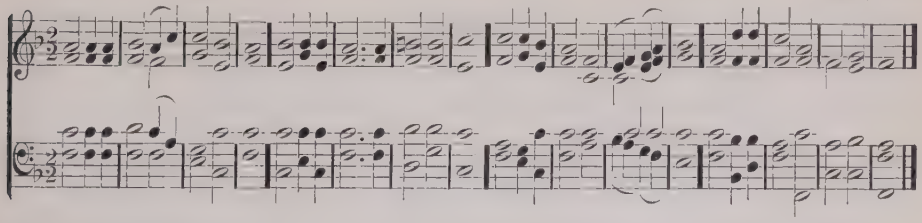
JESUS!—the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than sweet honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.
No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh, how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?
Jesus, thou sweetness, pure, and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write, its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.
We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

John M. Neale, tr.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



805 *"Ashamed of me."*

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

806 *Jesus all in all.*

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Ray Palmer, tr.

807 *"Not your own."*

OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

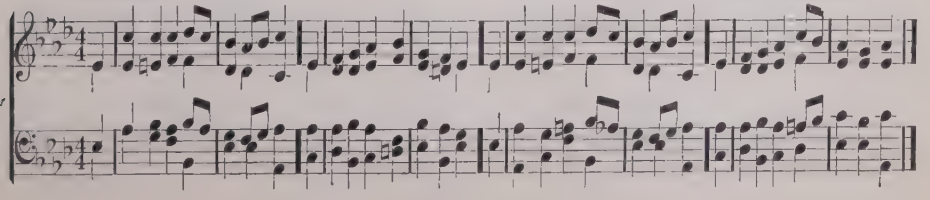
2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessèd Lord, to thee.

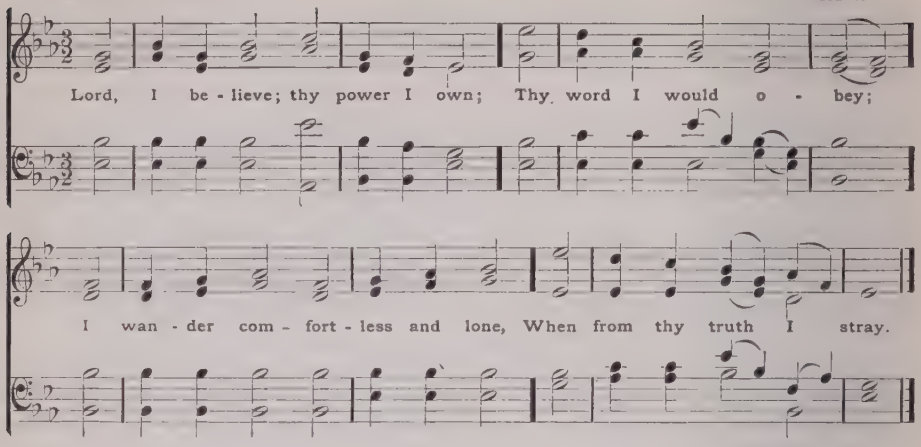
4 Oh, not my own; I 'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

Samuel F. Smith.

CANONBURY. L. M. ARR. FR. SCHUMANN.



MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



808 *Faith.*

LORD. I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

John R. Wreford.

809 *Meekness.*

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

810 *Calmness.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

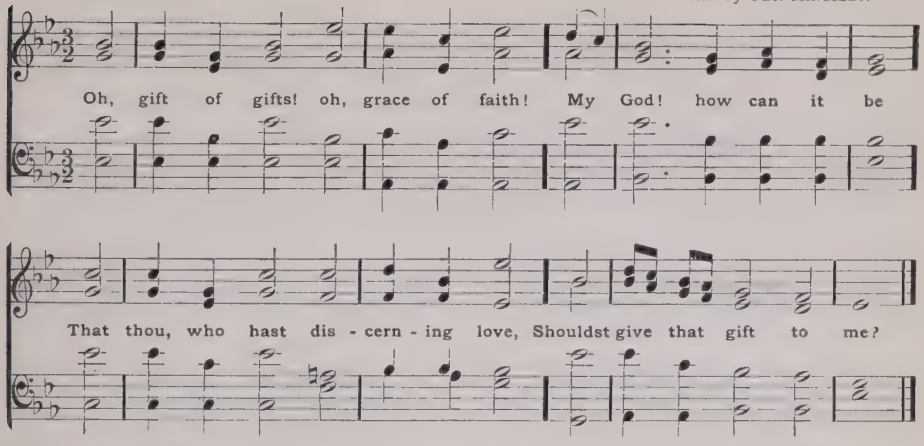
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar.

VALENTIA. C. M. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

811 *Faith.*

OH, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Frederick W. Faber.

812 *Godly sincerity.*

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

813 *Faith.*

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer;
And make the dying live.

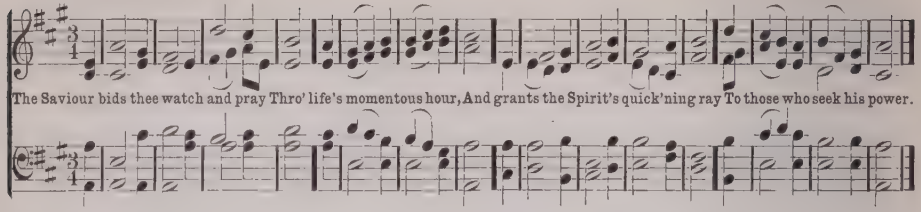
3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Daniel Turner.

EVANGELIST. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


The Saviour bids thee watch and pray Thro' life's momentous hour, And grants the Spirit's quick'ning ray To those who seek his power.

814 *"Watch and pray."*

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

Thomas Hastings.

815 *"The Head, even Christ."*

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

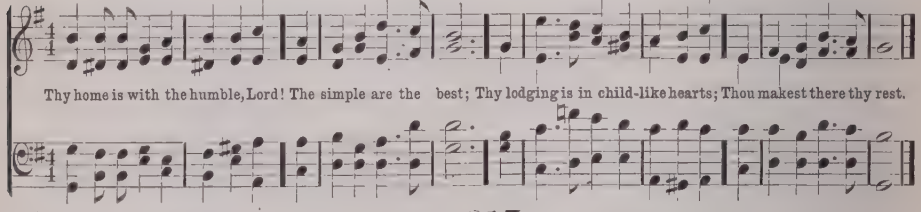
2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

Charles Wesley.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C. M. J. B. CALKIN.



816 *Humility.*

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

Frederick W. Faber.

817 *Docility.—Ps. 131.*

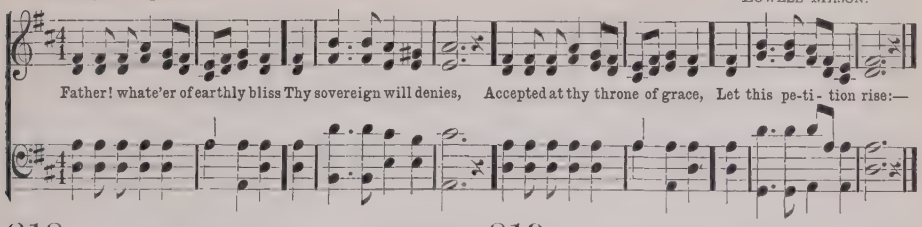
IS THERE ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

Charles Wesley.

NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



818 *Humble Devotion.*

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele.

819 *Growth in grace.*

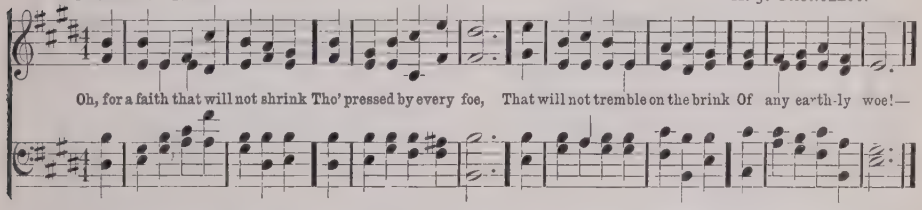
COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Asahel Nettleton.

FULBERT. C. M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



820 *Faith and the Future.*

OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

William H. Bathurst.

821 *Trust.—Psalm 34.*

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

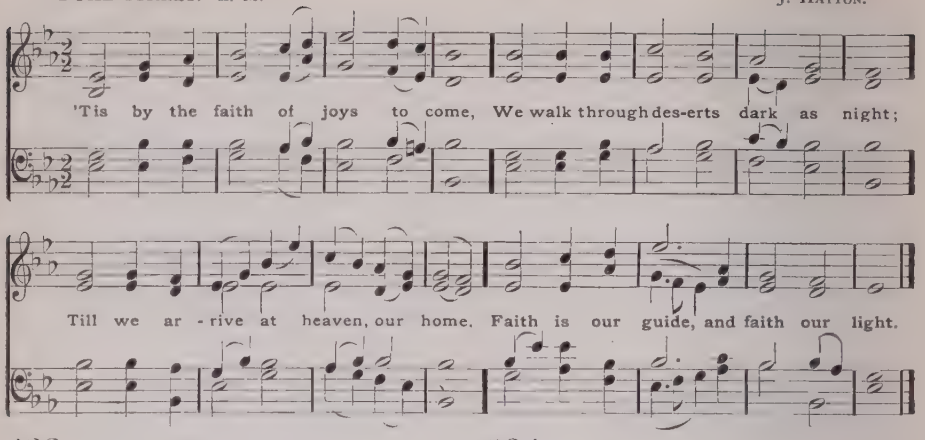
2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Tate and Brady.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.


'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk through des-erts dark as night;
Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

822 *Faith.*

'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Isaac Watts.

823 *Faith.*

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares.
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

John Newton.

824 *Contentment.*

O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

William Cowper, tr.

825 *Consistency.*

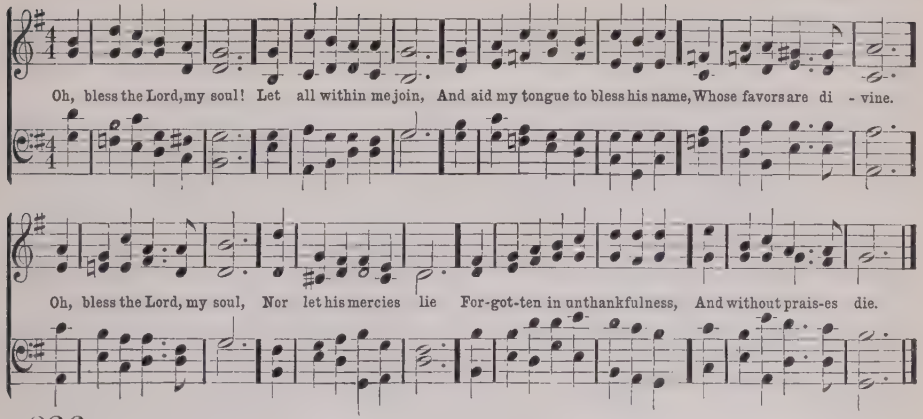
So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

HOLLIS. S. M. D. Arr. fr. GOUNOD.


Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are di - vine.
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let his mercies lie For-got-ten in unthankfulness, And without prais-es die.

826 *Gratitude.—Ps. 103.*

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

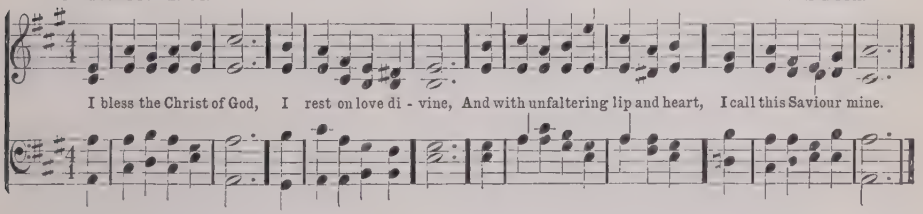
2 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

3 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts.

ONTARIO. S. M. LONDON TUNE BOOK.



827 *Grateful Confidence.*

I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;

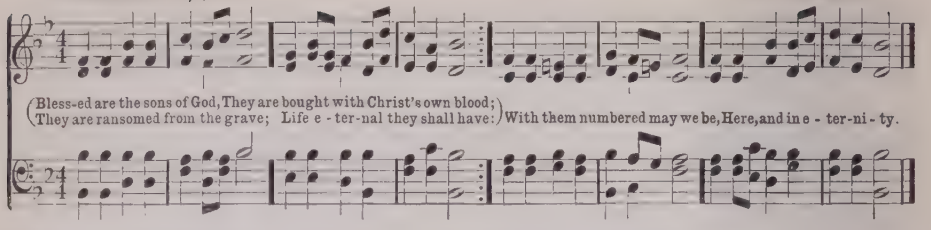
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'T is he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar.

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6l. C. MALAN.


(Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter-nal they shall have:) With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter-ni - ty.

828 *Brotherly Love.*

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys.

829 *Psalm 23.*

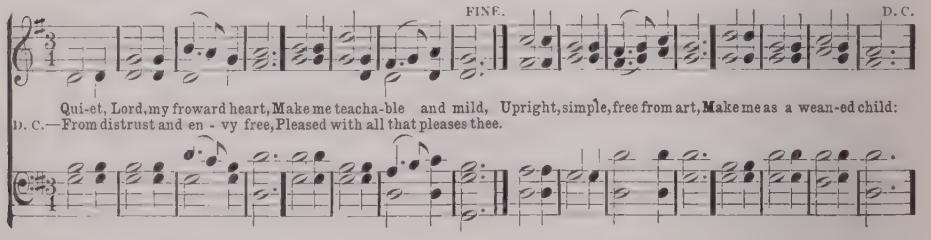
SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death;
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

Anon., 1805.

GUIDE. 7s, 6l. M. M. WELLS.


FINE. D. C.
Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teacha-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art, Make me as a wean-ed child:
D. C.—From distrust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleases thee.

830 *Psalm 131.*

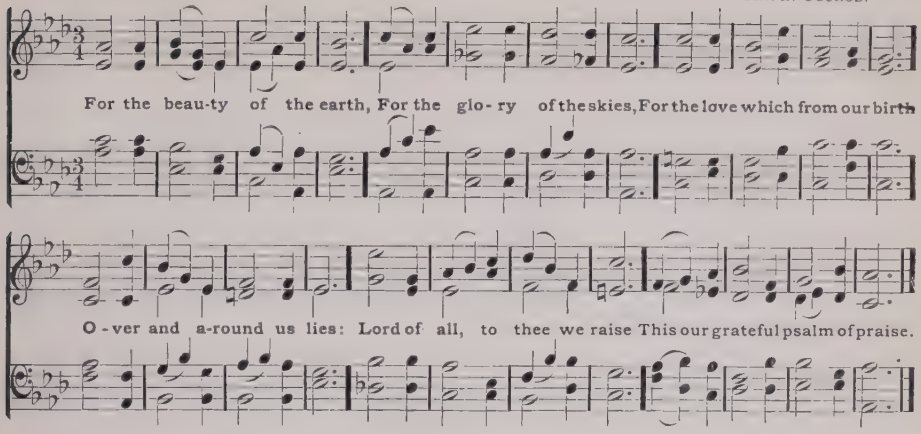
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton.

HOSMER. 7s, 6l. Arr. fr. GOUNOD.


For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth
O-ver and a-round us lies: Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful psalm of praise.

831 *Gratitude.*

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child;
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For thy church that evermore
Lifts her holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint.

832 *Charity.*

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues,
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

833 *Trust.*

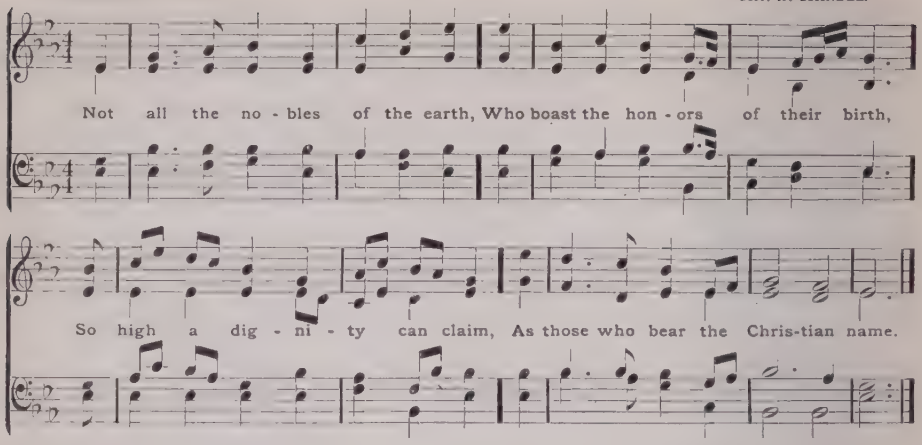
SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

Edwin H. Nevin.

SAMSON. L. M. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.


Not all the no - bles of the earth, Who boast the hon - ors of their birth,
So high a dig - ni - ty can claim, As those who bear the Chris-tian name.

834 *Adoption.*

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

Samuel Stennett.

835 *Psalm 85.*

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
All heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

Isaac Watts.

836 *Psalm 91.*

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;—
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

Isaac Watts.

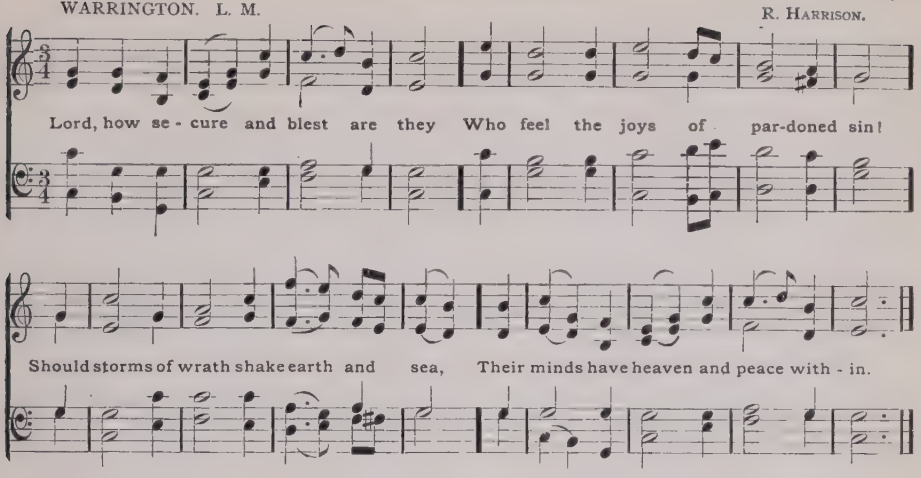
837 *Completeness.*

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

WARRINGTON. L. M.
R. HARRISON.
Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of par-doned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace with - in.

838 *Security and rest.*

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades.
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

839 *Remembrance.*

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

3 As in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

John Bowring.

840 *Perseverance.*

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

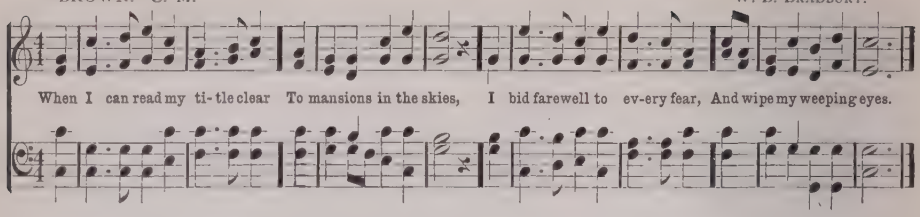
2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

Isaac Watts.

BROWN. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

841 *Assurance.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

842 *"Saints' Inventory"*

IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

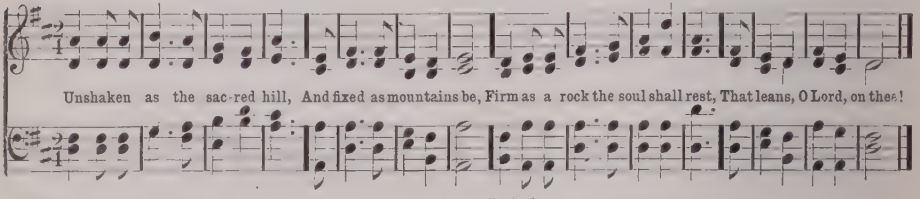
2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome.

PALESTRINA. C. M. G. P. A. PALESTRINA.



843 *Psalm 125.*

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts.

844 *Perseverance.*

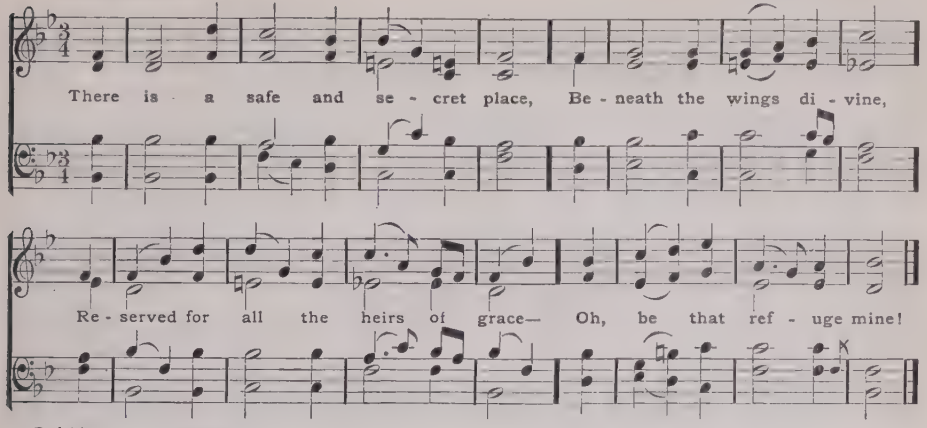
FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts.

HUNTINGTON. C. M. C. W. HUNTINGTON.



845 *Security.*

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,—
Oh, be that refuge mine!

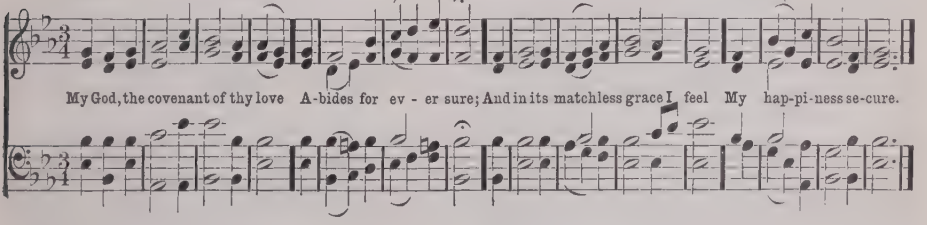
2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte.

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



846 *The Covenant.*

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Philip Doddridge.

847 *Adoption.*

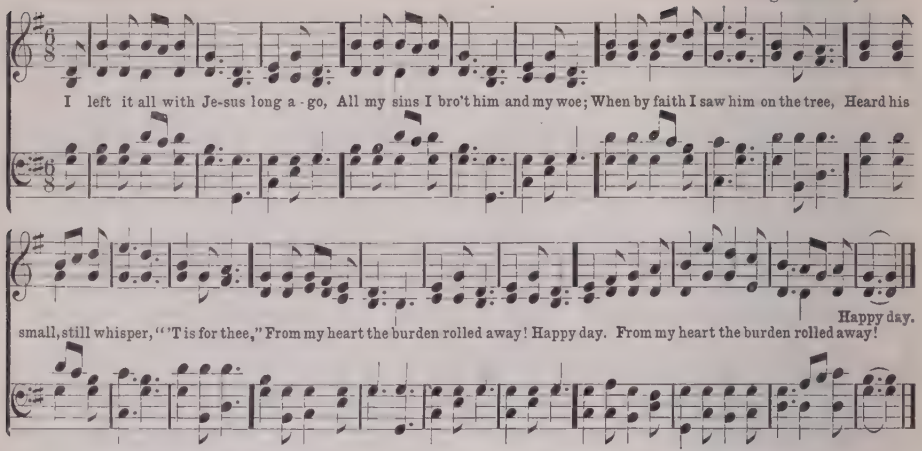
MY Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

SECURITY. P. M. English melody.


I left it all with Je-sus long a - go, All my sins I bro't him and my woe; When by faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his
Happy day.
small, still whisper, "'T is for thee," From my heart the burden rolled away! Happy day. From my heart the burden rolled away!

848 *"The burden rolled away."*

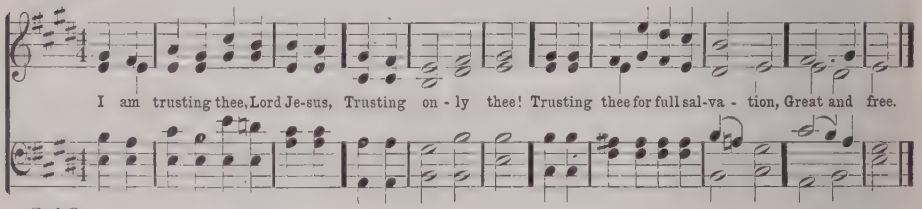
I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought him and my woe;
When by faith I saw him on the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'T is for thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with his smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth on his might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At his side.

Ellen H. Willis.

TRUST. P. M. R. P. STEWART.



849 *"Full Salvation."*

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting thee for pardon,
At thy feet I bow;
For thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

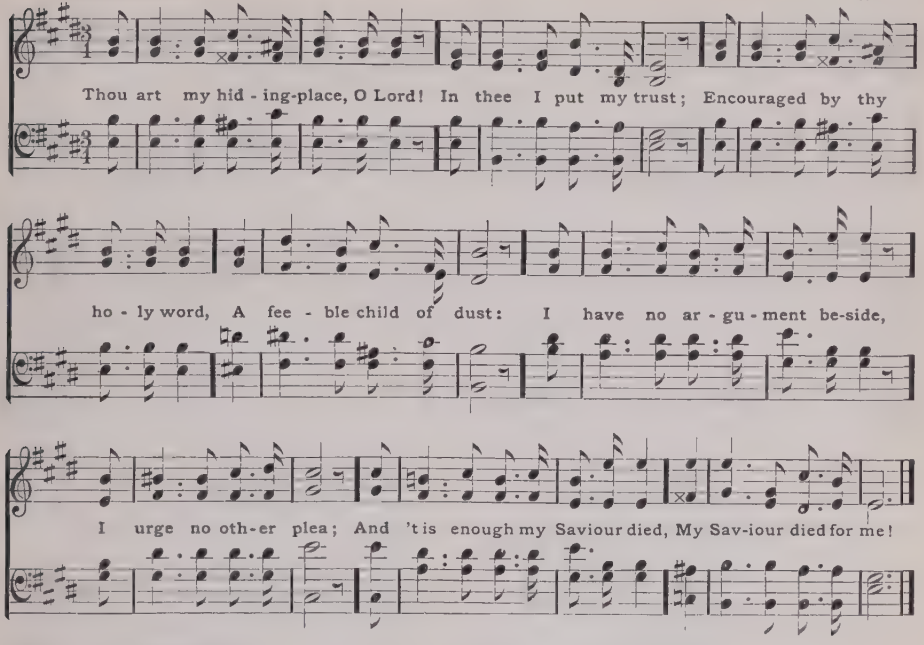
4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal.

GREENPORT. C. M. D. Arr. fr. THALBERG.


Thou art my hid - ing-place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust; Encouraged by thy
ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust: I have no ar - gu - ment be-side,
I urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Sav-iour died for me!

850 *Hiding-place.*

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles.

851 *Union to Christ.*

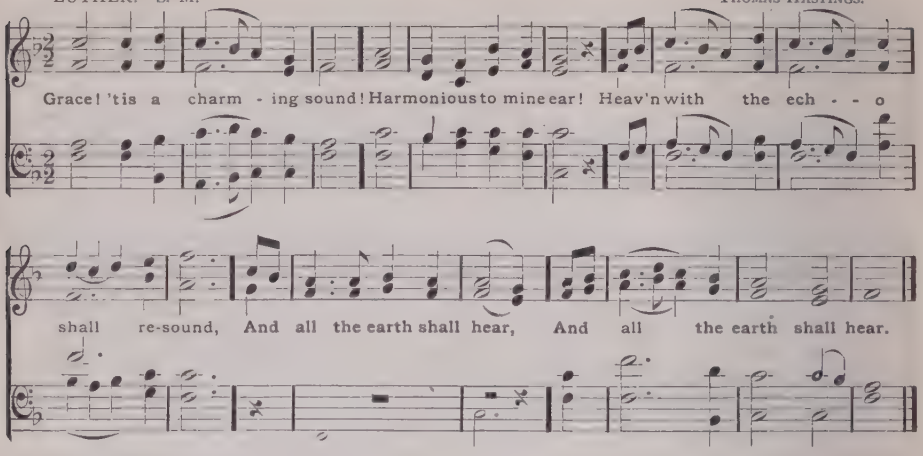
LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.
Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee!
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That thou with us art one.

James G. Deck.

LUTHER. S. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.


Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Harmonious to mine ear! Heav'n with the ech - - o
shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

852 *Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to mine ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

853 *God our Father.*

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns,
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

C. Winkworth, tr.

854 *"It is well."*

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'T is with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

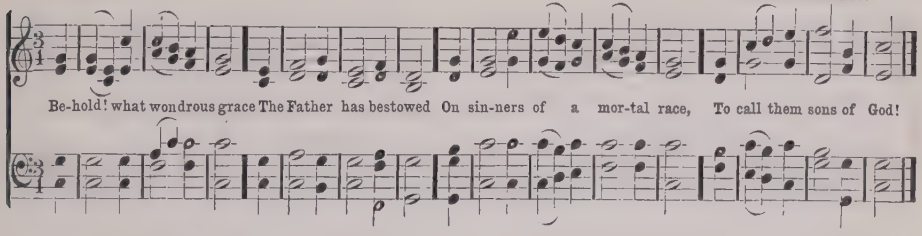
3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent.

FERGUSON. S M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



855 *Adoption.*

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts.

856 *Peace.*

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

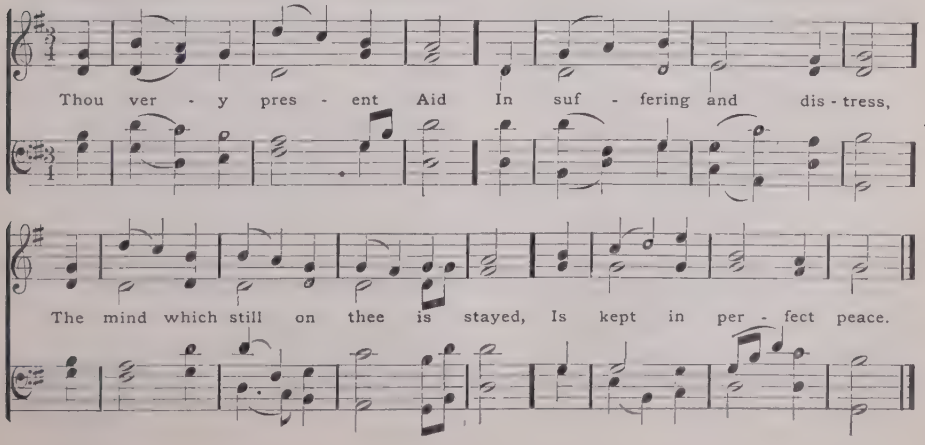
4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

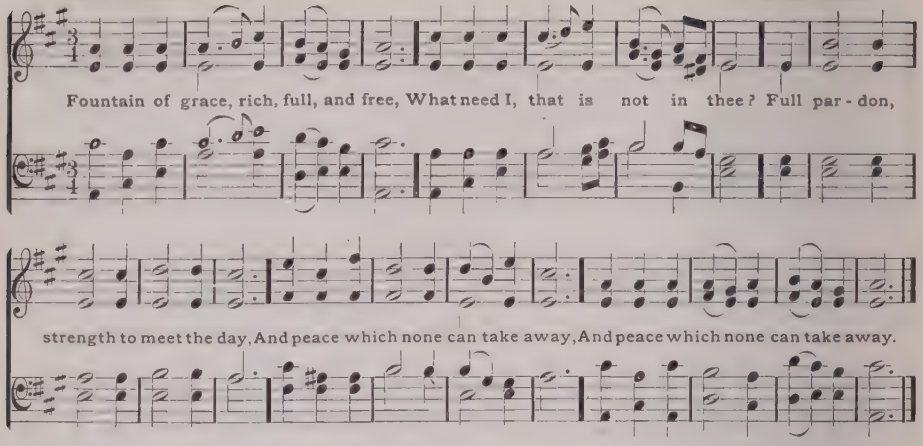
Charles Wesley.

THATCHER. S. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



PARK STREET. L. M. F. M. A. VENUA.


Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in thee? Full par - don,
strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take away, And peace which none can take away.

857 *"My springs in thee."*

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

James Edmeston.

858 *Jesus is forever mine.*

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele.

859 *"Complete in Him."*

MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.

860 *2 Cor. 12: 9.*

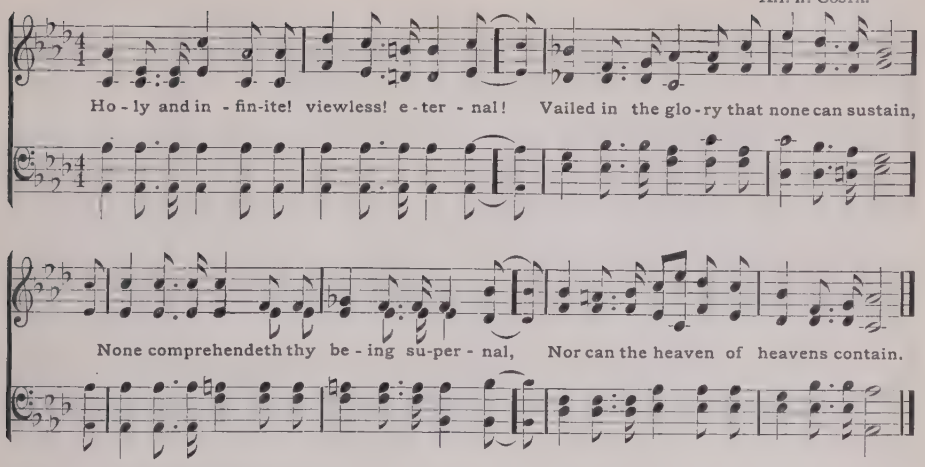
LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts.

LEILA. 10s. Arr. fr. COSTA.


Ho - ly and in - fin-ite! viewless! e - ter - nal! Vailed in the glo - ry that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth thy be - ing su-per - nal, Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

861 *The infinite God, our Father.*

HOLY and infinite! viewless! eternal!
Vailed in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

2 Holy and infinite! limitless, boundless,
All thy perfections, and powers, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

3 King of eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for thy marvelous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

4 Therefore archangels and angels adore thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;
Therefore we praise thee, rejoicing before thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

5 Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear thee, and who shall not laud?
Anthems of glory thy universe raises,
Holy and infinite! Father and God!

Frances R. Havergal.

862 *"All things are ours."*

ALL things are ours; how abundant the treasure,
All riches which heaven or earth can afford!
Oh, may our thanks, like his grace, without measure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord!

2 All things are ours; be it sickness or healing,
'T is ordered alike for our infinite good;
Determined by grace, and for ever revealing
This truth, that we love and are loved of our God.

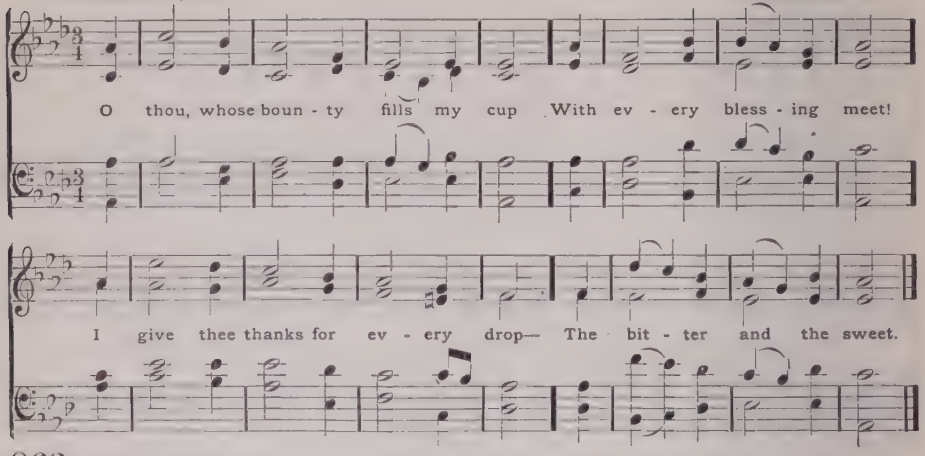
3 All things are ours; though the body may perish,
We faint not to feel it fast wasting away;
The soul its bright visions of glory will cherish,
And strengthen in holiness day after day.

4 All things are ours; yea, the present affliction,
Though now through the gloom of mortality viewed;
For soon shall we join in the blissful conviction,
That thus it was good to be tried and subdued.

5 All things are ours; thro' the Saviour's great merit,
The shame of his cross, which must needs be our own,
Will brighten the glory that circles the spirit,
And sparkles like gems in our heavenly crown.

James Holme.

ROMBERG. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



863 *Thanks for all.*

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

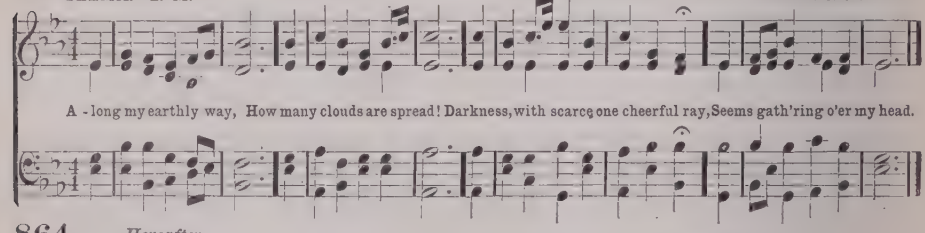
3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

SELMA. S. M. R. A. SMITH.



864 *Hereafter.*

ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through.

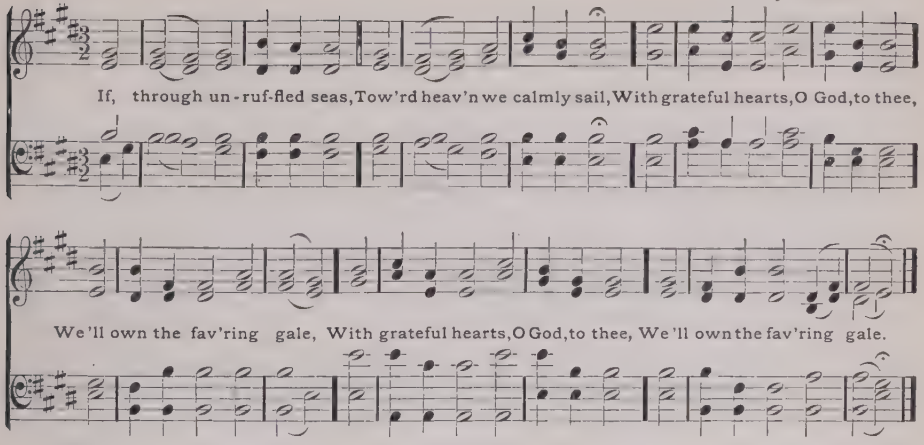
3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston.

SELVIN. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.


If, through un-ruf-fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.

865 *"We walk by faith."*

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady.

866 *Kindness even in affliction.*

HOW TENDER is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

867 *Psalm 103.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

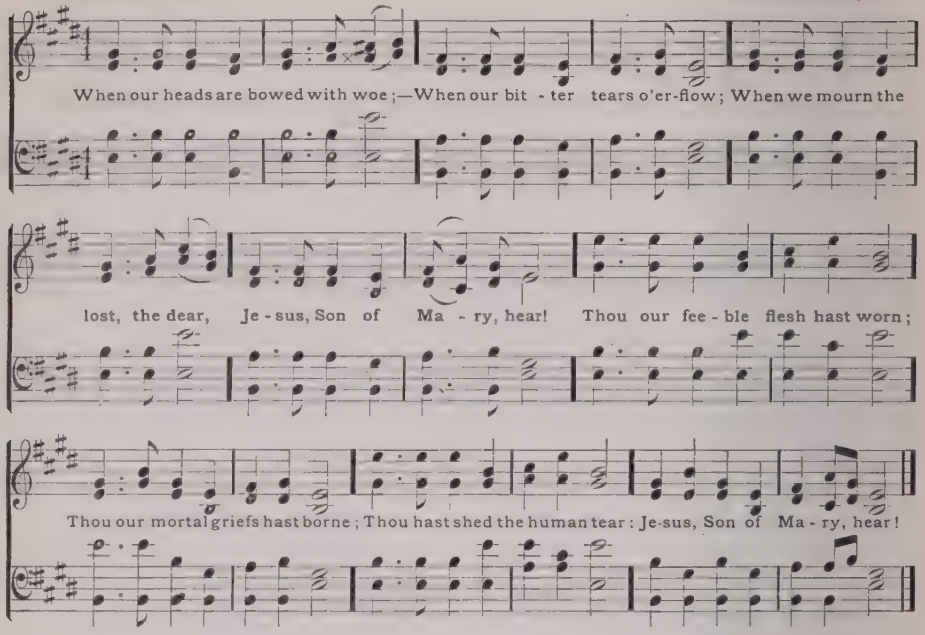
3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

COMFORT. 7s. D. English melody.


When our heads are bowed with woe;—When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow; When we mourn the
lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the human tear: Je-sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

868 *"Son of Mary."*

When our heads are bowed with woe;—
When our bitter tears o'erflow;—
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Henry H. Milman.

869 *Looking to Jesus.*

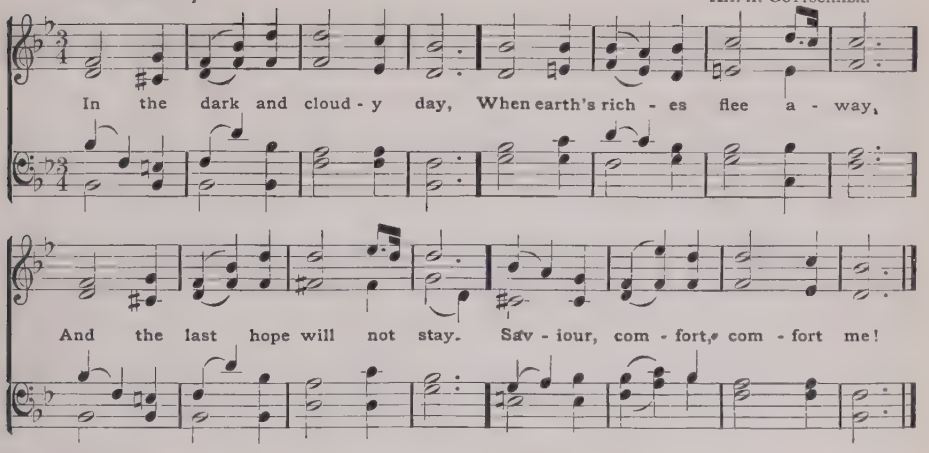
When along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near;
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear;
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

James G. Deck.

LAST HOPE. 7s. Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.



870 *Comfort.*

IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol 's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'T is my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson.

871 *"For he careth."*

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

William Hammond.

872 *Love seen in trials.*

'T IS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

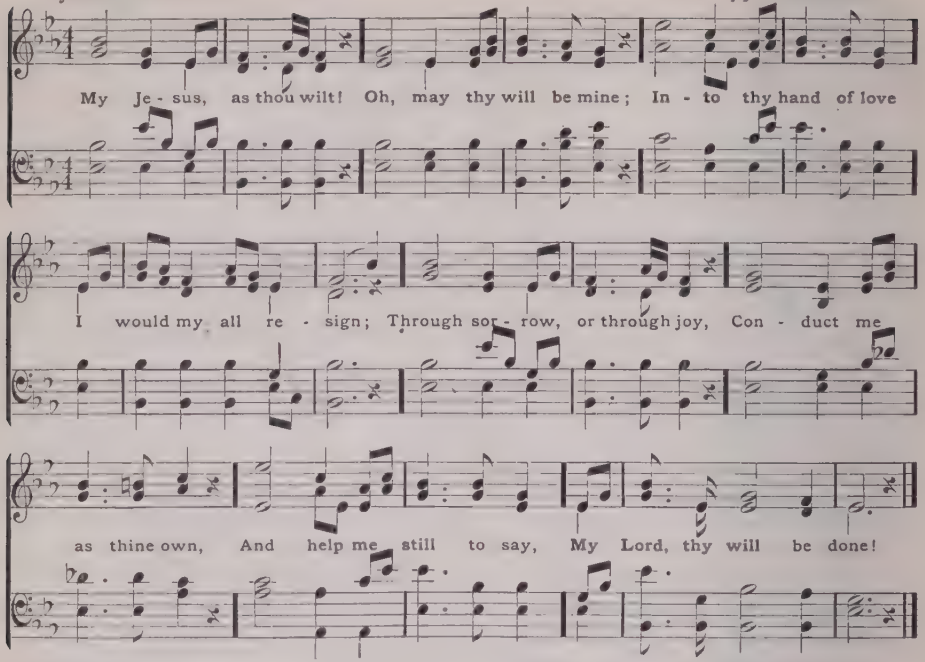
3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

5 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper.

JEWETT. 6s. D. Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.


My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

873 *"Not my will, but thine."*

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Jane Borthwick, tr.

874 *"He knoweth the way."*

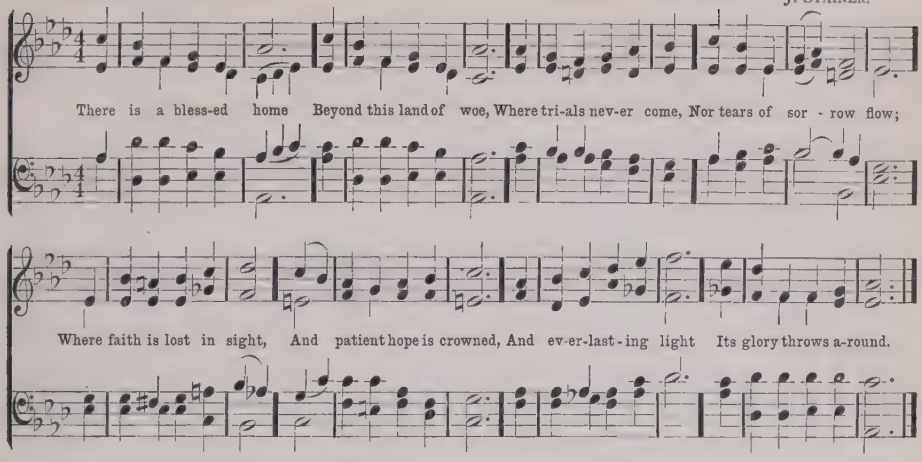
Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar.

BLESSED HOME. 6s. D. J. STAINER.


There is a bless-ed home Beyond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glory throws a-round.

875 *The Homeland.*

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker.

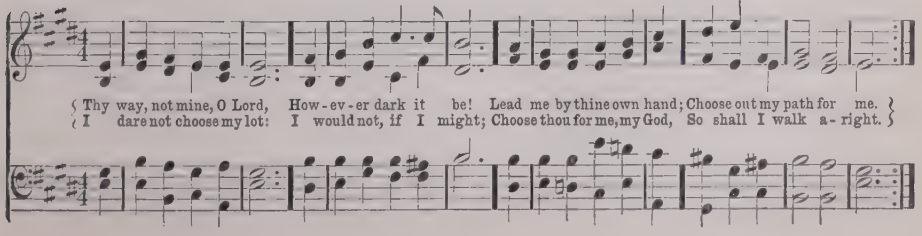
876 *A Father's hand.*

BE tranquil, O my soul!
Be quiet every fear!
Thy Father hath control,
And he is ever near.
Ne'er of thy lot complain,
Whatever may befall;
Sickness, or care, or pain,
'Tis well-appointed all.

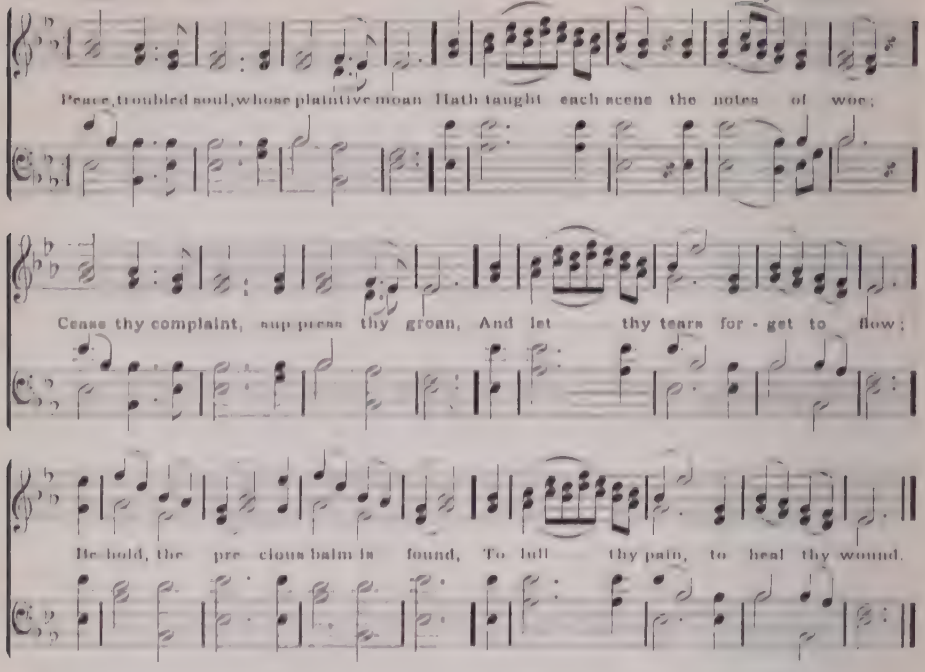
2 A Father's chastening hand
Is leading thee along;
Nor distant is the land
Where swells the immortal song.
Oh, then, my soul, be still!
Await heaven's high decree;
Seek but thy Father's will,
It shall be well with thee.

Thomas Hastings.

VIA PACIS. 6s. J. BARNBY.


{ Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out my path for me. }
{ I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right. }

PALESTINE. L. M. 61. J. MAZZINGHI.


Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, sup-press thy groan, And let thy tears for-get to flow;
Be hold, the pre cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

877 *"Balm in Gilead."*

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe,
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus, cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

Walter Shirley.

878 *"Eben-ezer."*

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power:
Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?

3 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton.

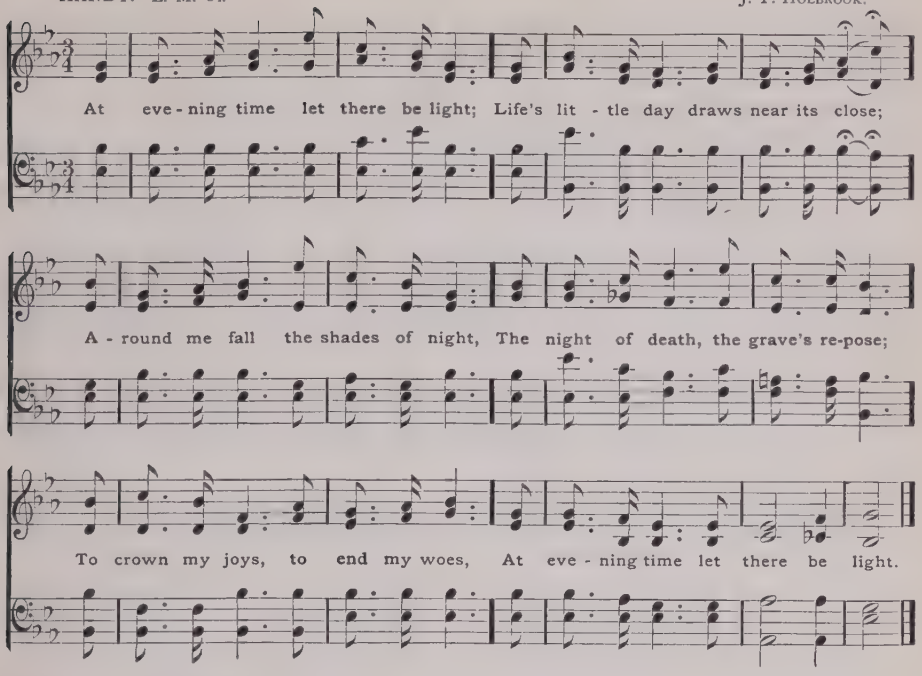
879 *"As thy days."*

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

HANDY. L. M. 61. J. P. HOLBROOK.


At eve - ning time let there be light; Life's lit - tle day draws near its close;
A - round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re-pose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve - ning time let there be light.

880 *"At evening time."*

AT evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day—
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;—
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his savation see;
'T is evening time, and there is light!

Anon., 1838.

881 *"Jesus wept."*

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

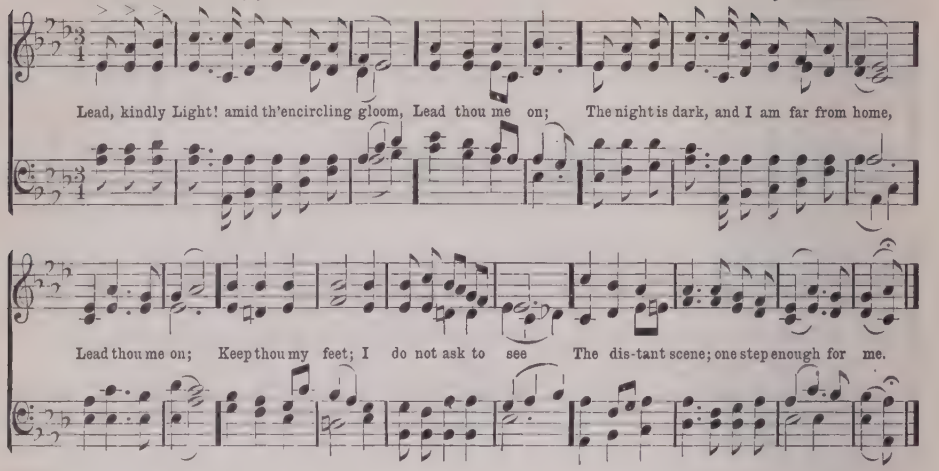
2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

Robert Grant.

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s. J. B. DYKES.


Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.

882 *"Lead thou me on!"*

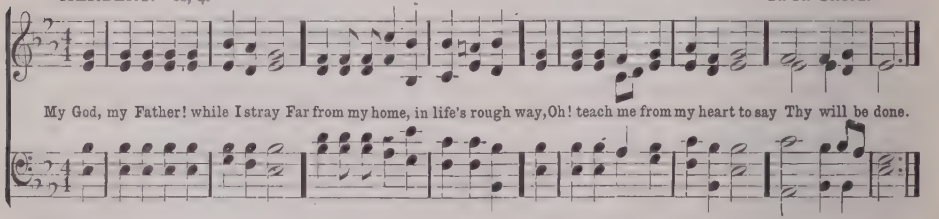
LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling
Lead thou me on; [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John H. Newman.

HERBERT. 8s, 4. R. R. CHOPE.



883 *"Thy will be done."*

My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

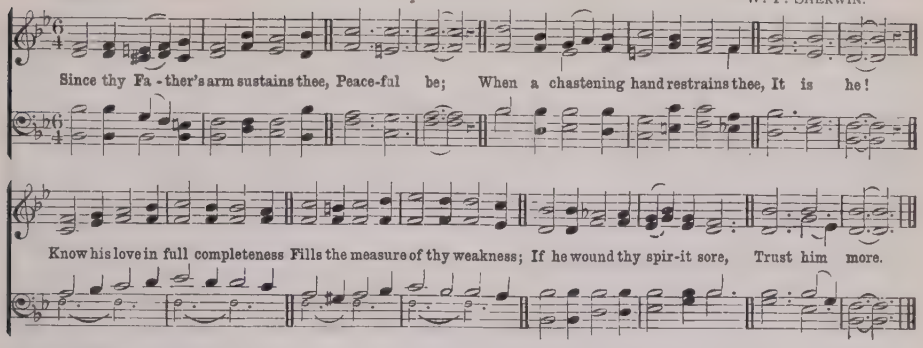
2 If thou couldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;—
Thy will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done. *Charlotte Elliott.*

HARVEY. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Since thy Fa - ther's arm sustains thee, Peace-ful be; When a chastening hand restrains thee, It is he!
Know his love in full completeness Fills the measure of thy weakness; If he wound thy spir-it sore, Trust him more.

884 *Resting in God.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

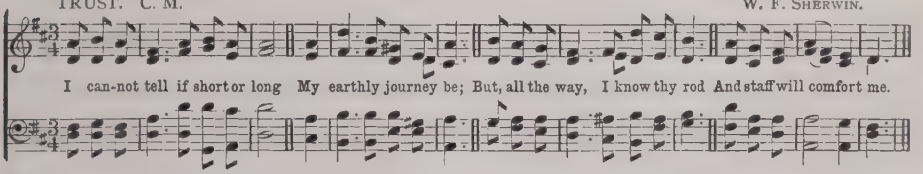
2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand:
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears.

4 To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask him not, then—when or how—
Only bow.

Tr. fr. *K. R. Hagenbach.*

TRUST. C. M. W. F. SHERWIN.



885 *A Hymn of Trust.*

I CANNOT tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;
But, all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

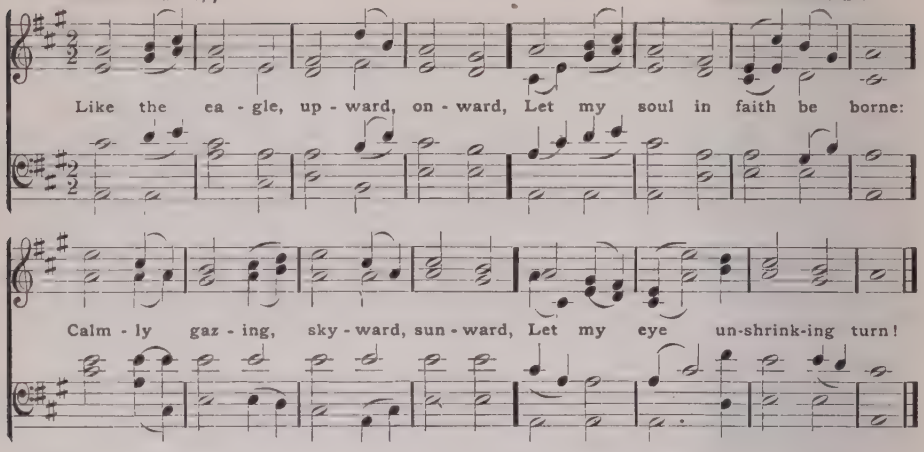
2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;
Who follows thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

WIMBORNE. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. WHITAKER.

886 *Progress.*

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way!

Horatius Bonar.

887 *"Leaving us an example."*

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

Samuel Johnson.

888 *Psalm 127.*

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber.

889 *Courage and Faith.*

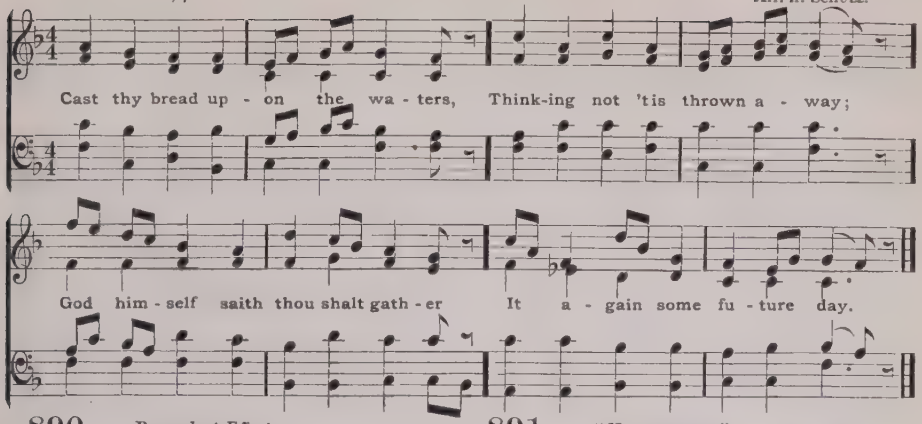
FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strengh that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Anon., 1864.

SOLNEY. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. SCHULZ.



890 *Benevolent Efforts.*

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

891 *"Not your own."*

LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice.

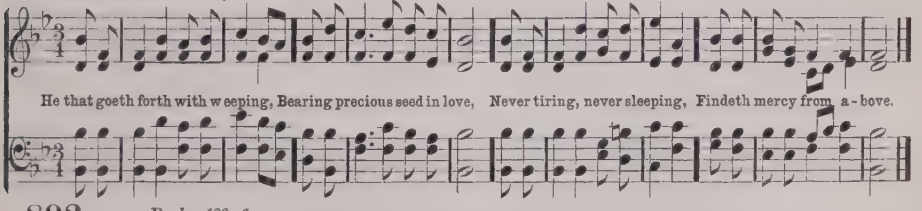
2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,—
"Ye have done it unto me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee:
But, oh,—best of all thy graces—
Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. Aldersen.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. D. E. JONES.



892 *Psalm 126 : 6.*

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

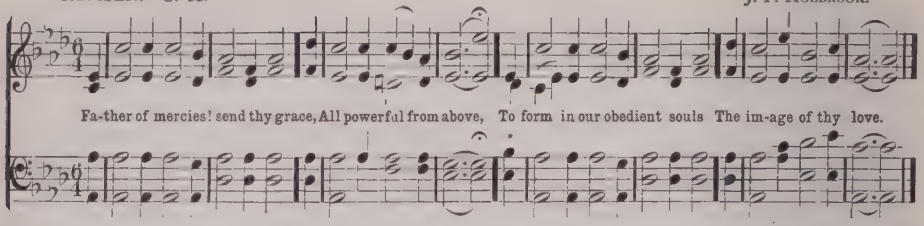
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

REMSEN. C. M. J. P. HOLBROOK.



893 *"So Jesus looked."*

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge.

894 *God's hidden ones.*

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell.

895 *Minute fidelity.*

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845.

896 *Psalm 41.*

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

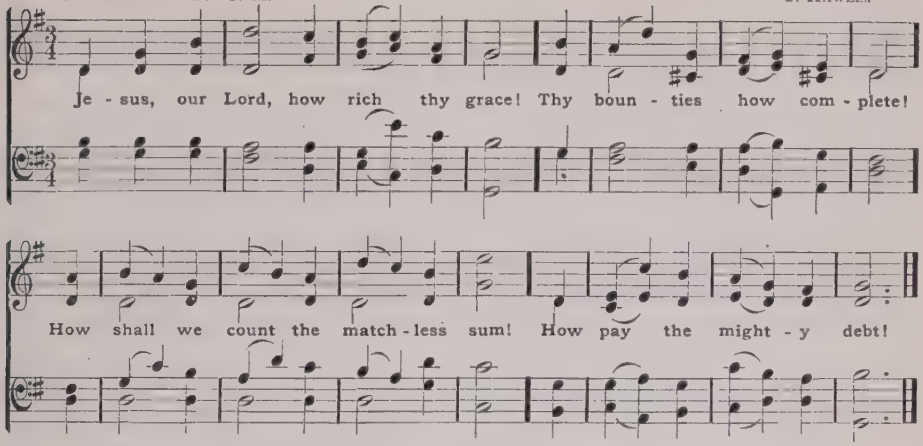
3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. T. HAWEIS.



897 *Beneficence.*

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine!

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

898 *More laborers.*

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

899 *Charitableness.*

THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one:
As God has dealt with thee.

Miss ——. Fletcher.

900 *The Martyr-spirit.*

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

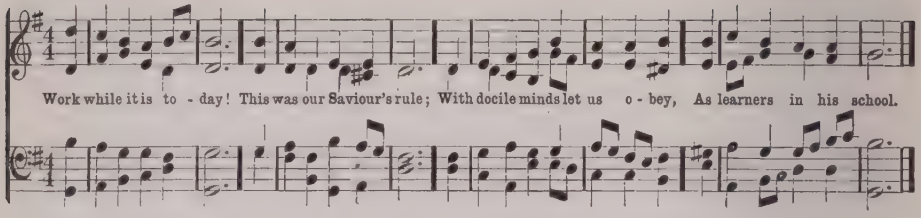
2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below—
He follows in his train.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

4 They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

ENERGY. S. M. W. H. MONK.



901 *Expedition.*

WORK while it is to-day!
This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in his school.

2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfill.

3 At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place:—

4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

5 For thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

James Montgomery.

902 *Contribution.*

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

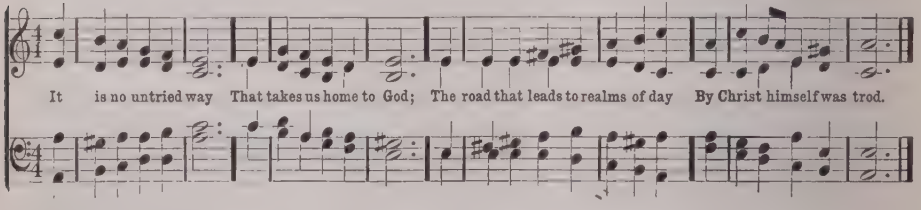
2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless—
Is angel's work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William W. How.

ABER. S. M. W. H. MONK.

903 *Christ's Burden.*

IT is no untried way
That takes us home to God;
The road that leads to realms of day
By Christ himself was trod.

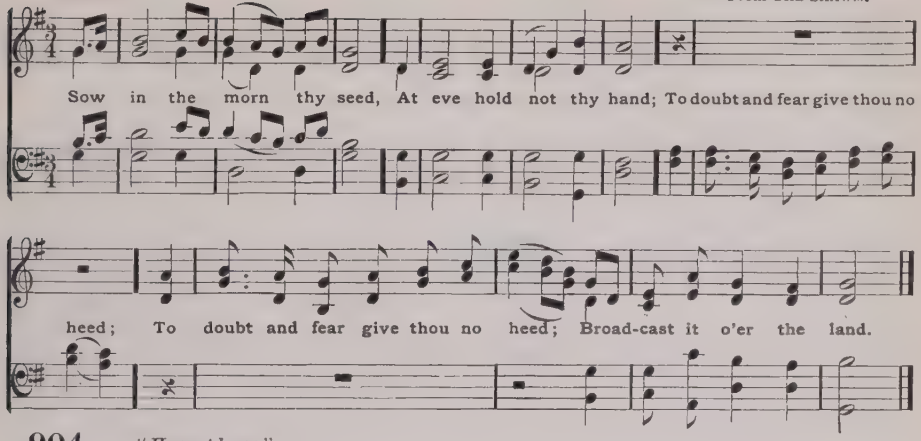
2 The Lord of Love has borne
The burdens of this life,
The Man of Sorrows oft was worn,
With earth's incessant strife.

3 See from his throne of light
He now in grace looks down,
He holds within faith's piercing sight,
And bids us win—the crown.

4 Our hearts can never faint
With such a goal in view;
But doubts dismissed, hushed each com-
We will the way pursue. [plaint,

Robert M. Offord.

BEDAN. S. M. From THE SHAWM.


Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no
heed; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.

904 *"Harvest home."*

Sow IN the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

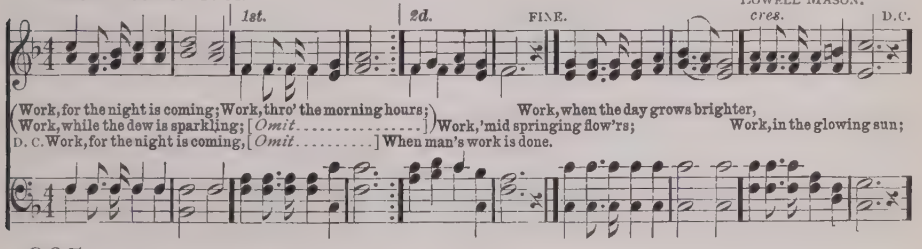
2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

WORK SONG. P. M. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
cres.
D.C.
(Work, for the night is coming; Work, thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling; [Omit.....]
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit.....]
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
When man's work is done.
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;

905 *"The night cometh."*

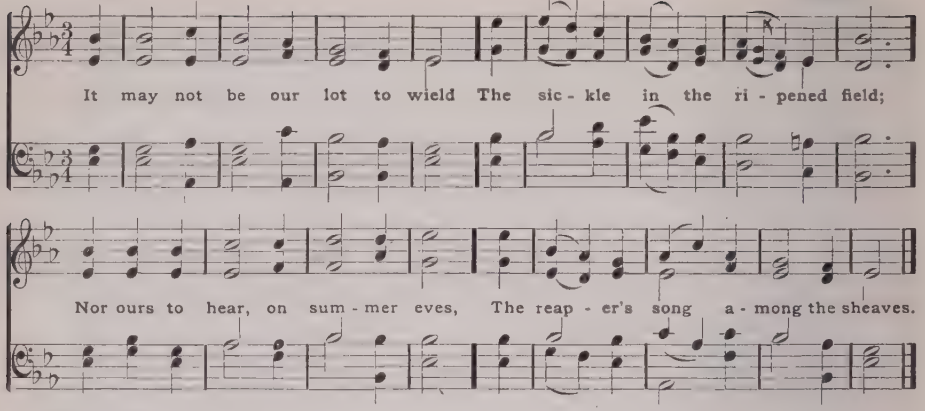
WORK, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

LUTON. L. M. G. BURDER.


It may not be our lot to wield The sic - kle in the ri - pened field;
Nor ours to hear, on sum - mer eves, The reap - er's song a - mong the sheaves.

906 *Encouragement.*

IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

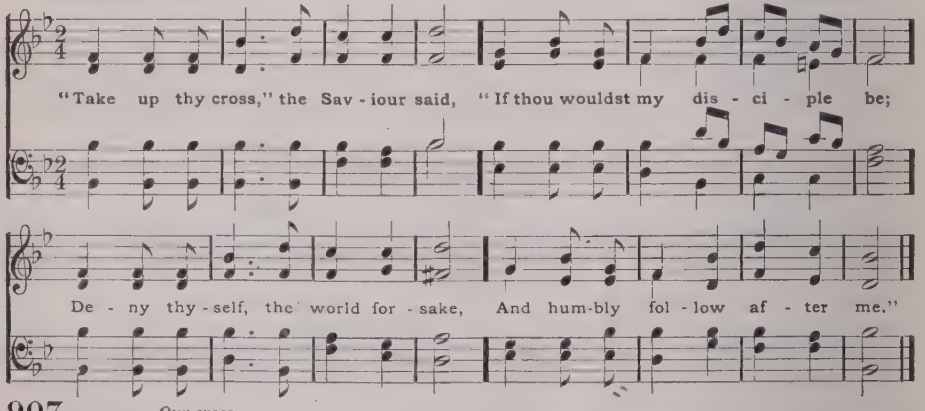
2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

John G. Whittier.

WELTON. L. M. C. H. A. MALAN.


"Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum-bly fol - low af - ter me."

907 *Our cross.*

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

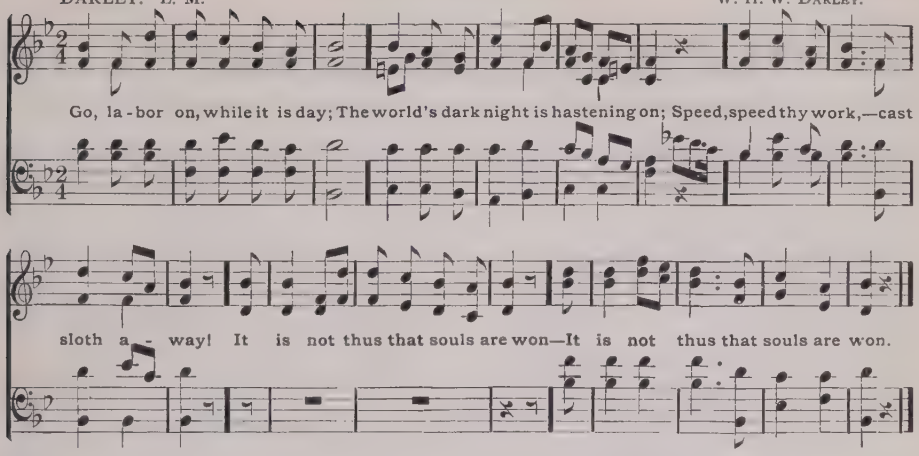
2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest.

DARLEY. L. M. W. H. W. DARLEY.


Go, la - bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on; Speed, speed thy work,—cast
sloth a - way! It is not thus that souls are won—It is not thus that souls are won.

908 *Zeal.*

Go, LABOR on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Horatius Bonar.

909 *Forbearance.*

OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like the sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

Thomas Gibbons.

910 *Faith and Works.*

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But, where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

William H. Drummond.

911 *Liberality.*

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed. let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons.

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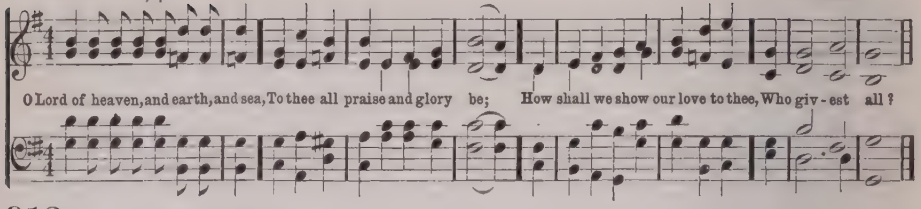


912 *God giveth all things.*

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

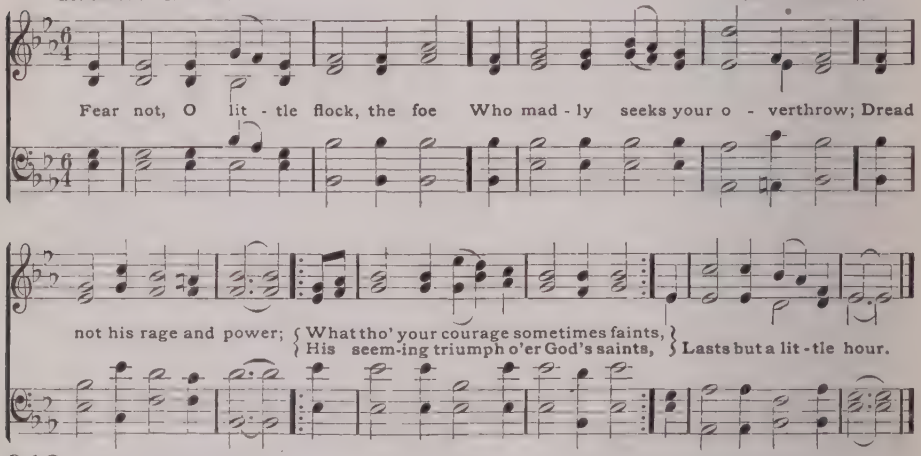
3 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth.

BREMEN. C. P. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.


Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - verthrow; Dread
not his rage and power; What tho' your courage sometimes faints, His seem-ing triumph o'er God's saints, Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

913 *"Fear not, little flock."*

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

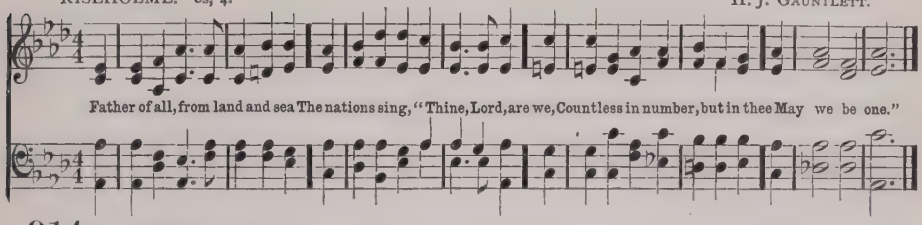
2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise,
To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

C. Winkworth, tr.

RISEHOLME. 8s, 4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



914 *Unity in Diversity.*

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in thee
May we be one."

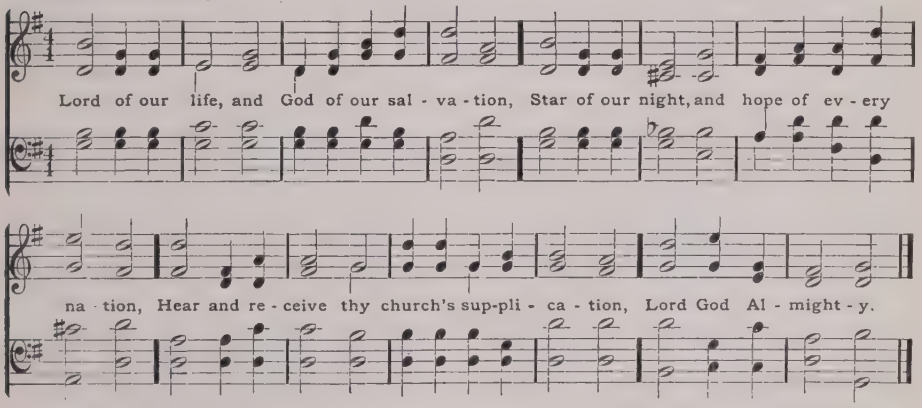
2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee man to be,
United to our God in thee,
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one." *C. Wordsworth.*

ECCLESIA. 11s, 5. G. M. GARRETT.


Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and hope of ev - ery
na - tion, Hear and re - ceive thy church's sup-pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.

915 *The Church menaced.*

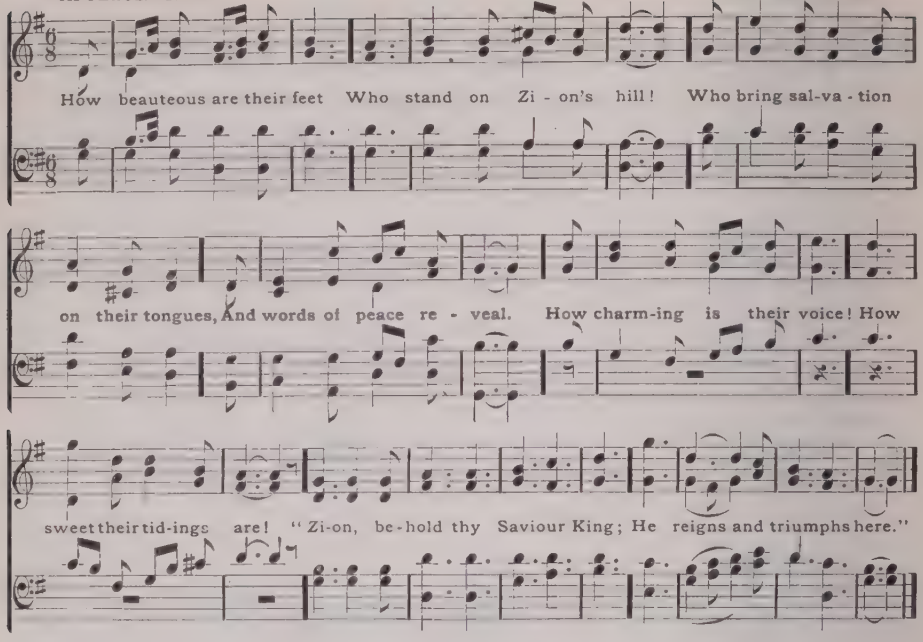
LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord:—

3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes raging.

4 Grant us thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven. *Philip Pusey.*

APOLLOS. S. M. D. LOWELL MASON.


How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal-va - tion
on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal. How charm-ing is their voice! How
sweet their tid-ings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here."

916 *The Ministry.*

How BEAUTEOUS are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

Isaac Watts.

917 *More Laborers.*

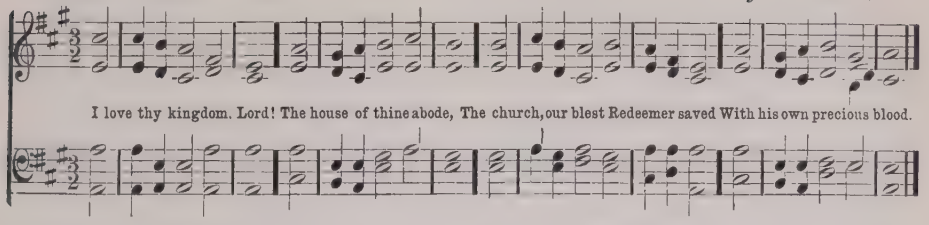
LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

Charles Wesley.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



918 *Psalm 137.*

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blessed Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

919 *Psalm 48*

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts.

920 *The Ministry.*

YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

Mrs. Voke.

921 *Psalm 48.*

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

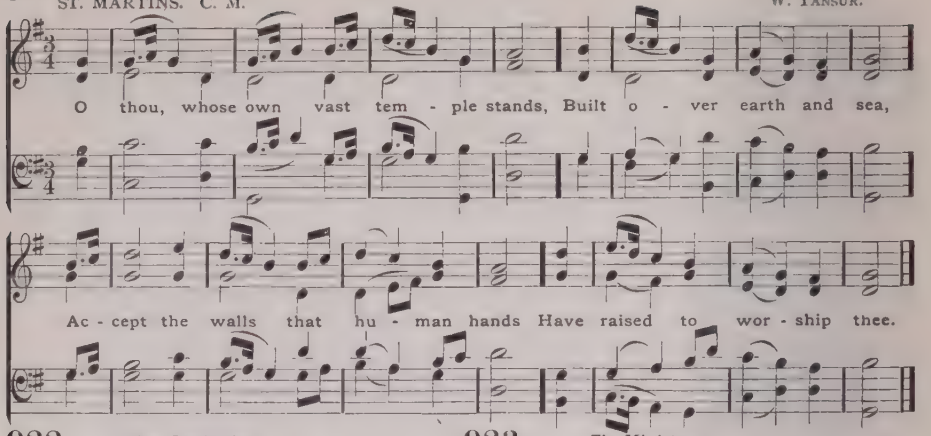
4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. W. TANSUR.


O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

922 *For Dedication.*

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

923 *The Ministry.*

'T IS NOT a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

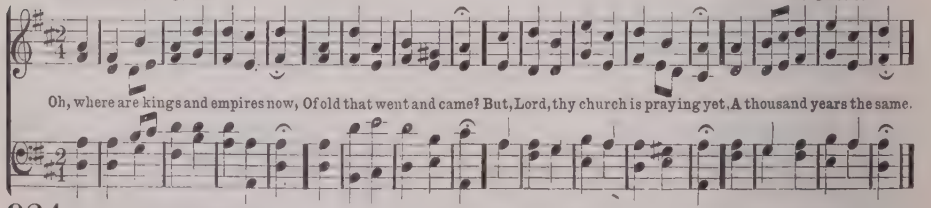
2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. W. CROFT.



924 *A growing kingdom.*

OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

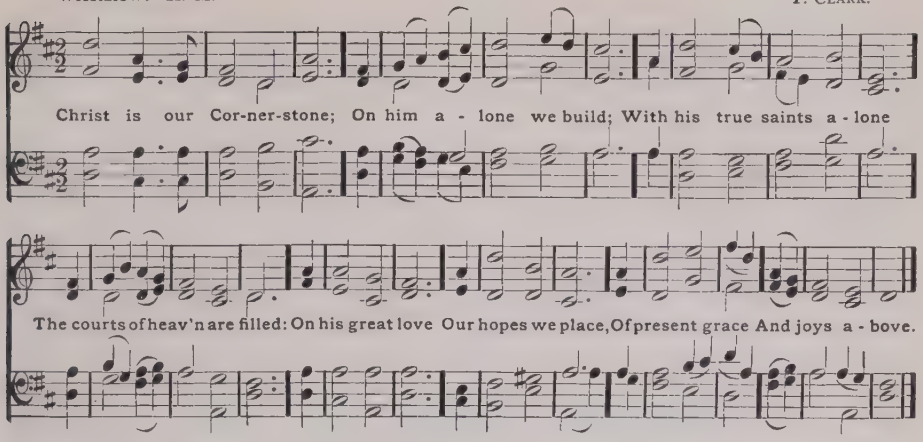
2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur C. Coxe.

WARSAW. H. M. F. CLARK.


Christ is our Cor-ner-stone; On him a - lone we build; With his true saints a - lone
The courts of heav'n are filled: On his great love Our hopes we place, Of present grace And joys a - bove.

925 *Corner-stone.*

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song | That glorious Name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

John Chandler, tr.

926 *The Spirit and the Bride.*

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,—
We—children of thy grace,—
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

John Burton.

927 *The Church one.*

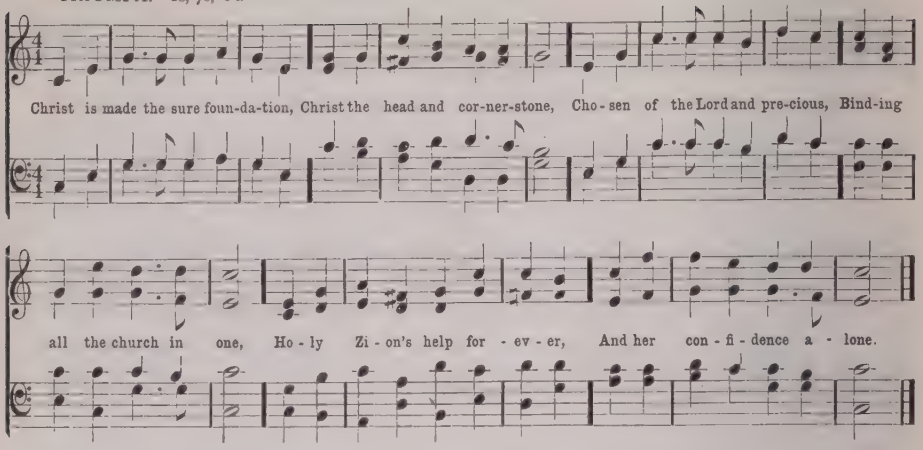
ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson.

TRIUMPH. 8s, 7s, 6l. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone, Cho-sen of the Lord and pre-cious, Bind-ing
all the church in one, Ho-ly Zi-on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

928 *Christ the Foundation.*

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants as they pray,
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

5 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

John M. Neale, tr.

929 *Zion above.*

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim descried;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

2 Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks;
Shines the golden-pavéd street.

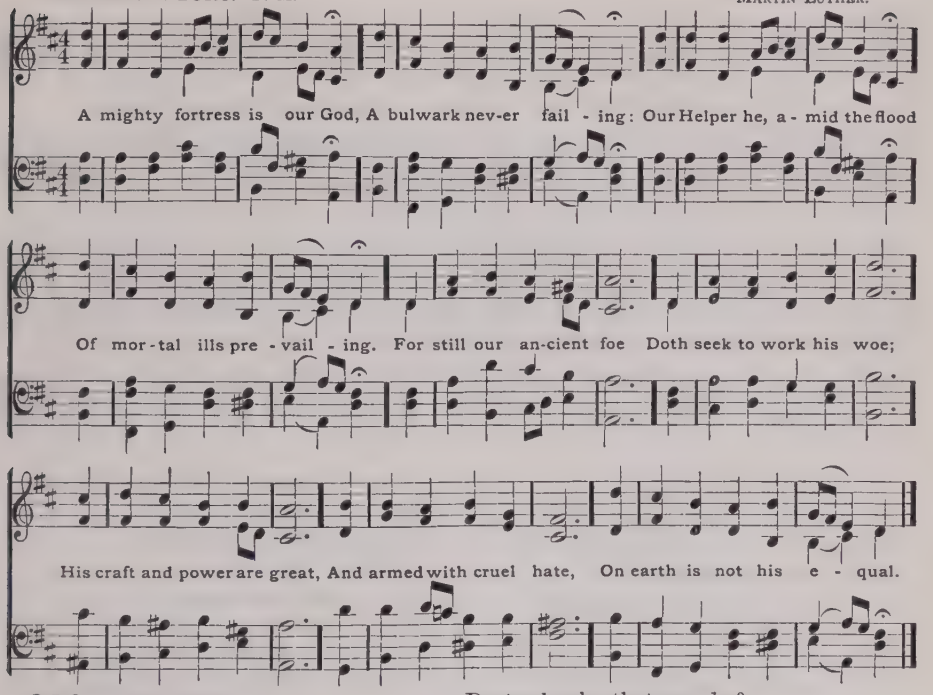
3 Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

4 All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in persons Three.

5 Visit, Lord, this earthly temple
Where thy presence we implore,
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that thee adore,
Sprinkle here thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

E. W. Benson, tr.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M. MARTIN LUTHER.


A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing: Our Helper he, a - mid the flood
Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

930 *"A Mighty Fortress."*

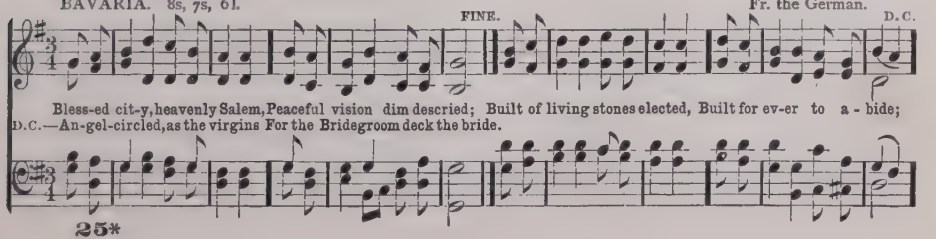
A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

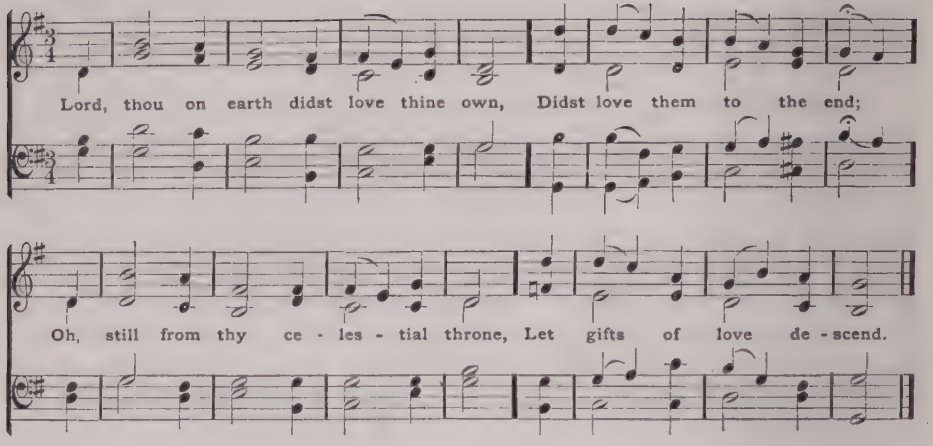
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Frederick H. Hedge.

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s, 6l. Fr. the German.


FINE.
D.C.
Bless-ed cit-y, heavenly Salem, Peaceful vision dim descried; Built of living stones elected, Built for ev-er to a - bide;
D.C.—An-gel-circled, as the virgins For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

BELMONT. C. M. S. WEBBE.


Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own, Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy ce - les - tial throne, Let gifts of love de - scend.

931 *"One as we are one."*

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then, robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

Ray Palmer.

932 *"Little Flock."*

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

4 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar.

933 *1 John 4: 21.*

How SWEET, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

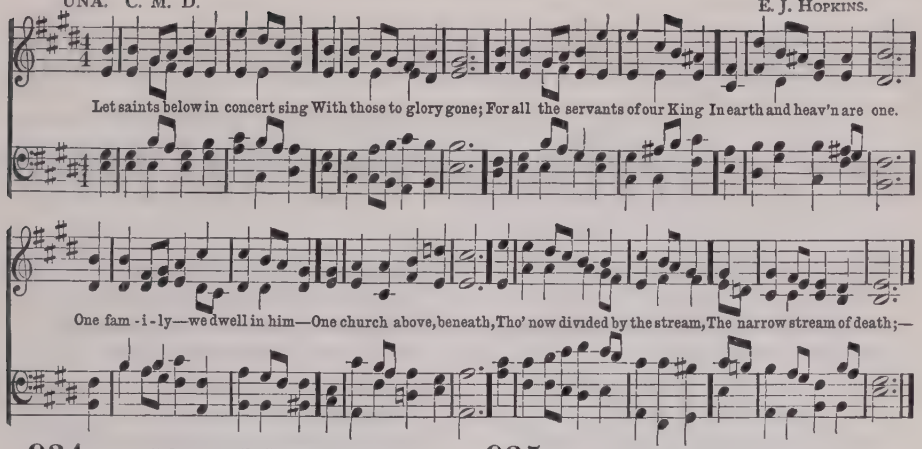
3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

UNA. C. M. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


Let saints below in concert sing With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King In earth and heav'n are one.
One fam - i - ly—we dwell in him—One church above, beneath, Tho' now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death;—

934 *"One Family."*

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now by faith, we join our hands,
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessèd bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

935 *Hebrews 12: 18-24.*

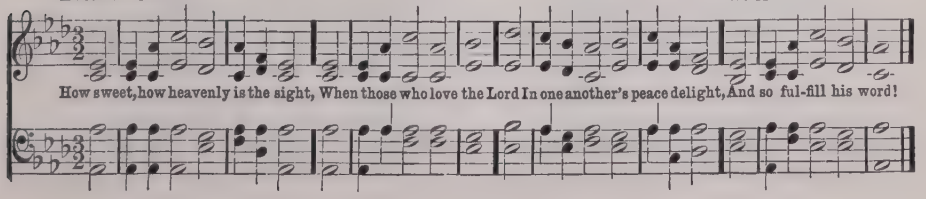
NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

2 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

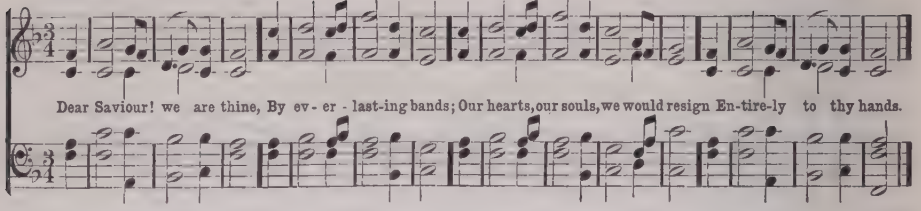
3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

Isaac Watts.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



GOLDEN HILL. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



936 *"We are thine."*

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

Philip Doddridge.

937 *"Our common faith."*

JESUS, our faith increase;
Fast knit, O Lord, to thee,
Around us bind the bond of peace,
The Spirit's unity.

2 One God and Father ours,
One Christ his gift of love,
One Spirit shed in living showers,
One home prepared above.

3 To one glad hope we cling,
Through Jesus' life and death;
One theme of saving grace we sing,
And ours one common faith.

4 Then grant us, Lord, one mind,
One will in all our ways,
One heart to thine own truth inclined,
One mouth to speak thy praise.

Anon.

938 *Blest communion.*

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

939 *Meeting, after absence.*

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

Charles Wesley.

940 *"Hold us, that we may not fall."*

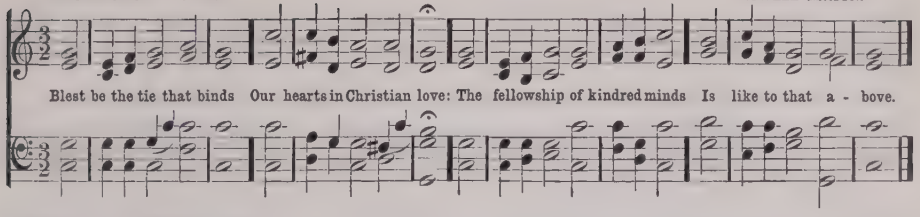
O CHRIST, the eternal Light
Of every sun and sphere!
Illumine thou our mortal night,
And keep our spirits clear.

2 Let nothing evil smite
Nor enemy invade,
And let us stainless be, and white,
By nothing base betrayed.

3 Guard thou the hearts of all,
But chiefly of thine own;
And hold us that we may not fall,
Through thy great might alone!

4 That so our souls may sing,
When favoring light they see,
And every vow a tribute bring
To God in Trinity!

S. W. Duffield, tr.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

941 *"Christian Love."*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

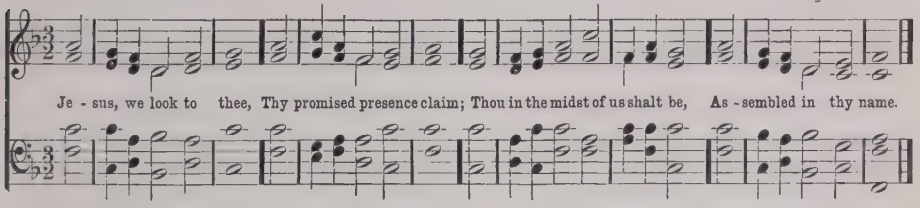
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

WOOD. S. M. D. E. JONES.



942 *Christ's Presence.*

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

943 *Christian Union.*

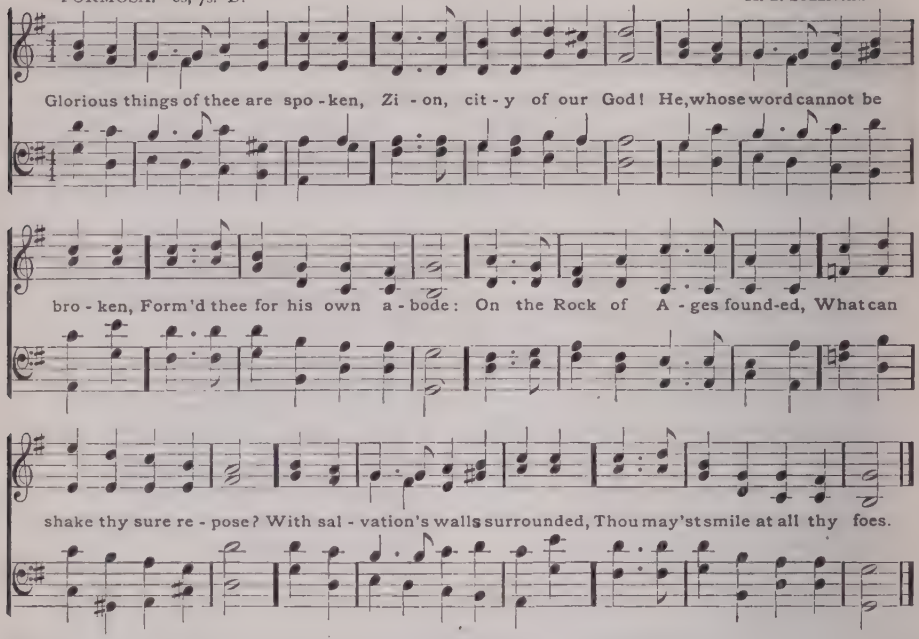
LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome.

FORMOSA. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word cannot be
bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can
shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - vation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

944 *"Glorious things."*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton.

945 *The covenant.*

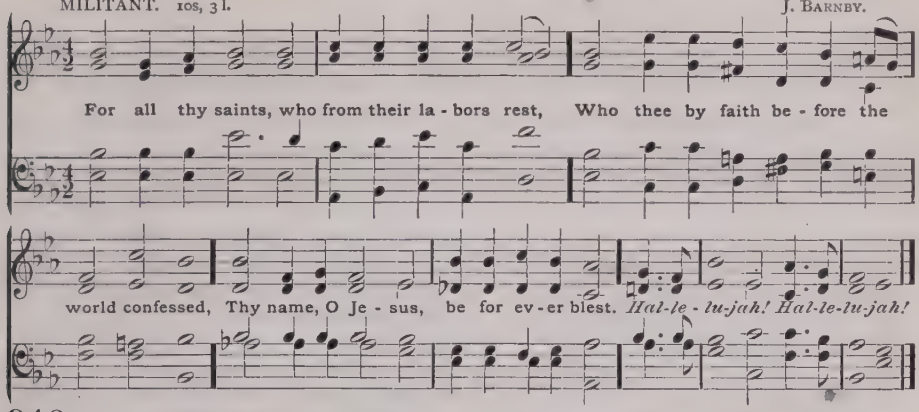
HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper.

MILITANT. 10s, 3 l. J. BARNBY.


For all thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by faith be - fore the
world confessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

946 *The army of God.*

FOR all thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight; [light.
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of

3 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

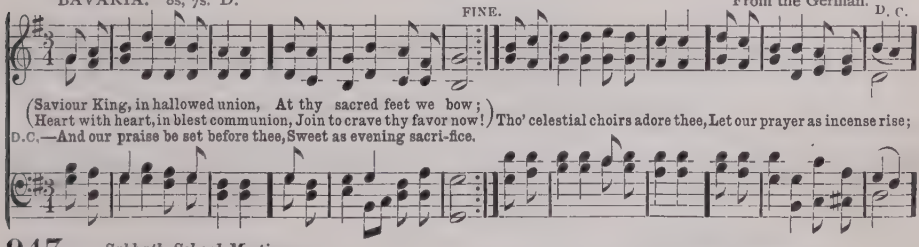
4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

5 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William W. How.

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D. From the German.


FINE.
D. C.
(Saviour King, in hallowed union, At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion, Join to crave thy favor now!)
Tho' celestial choirs adore thee, Let our prayer as incense rise;
D.C.—And our praise be set before thee, Sweet as evening sacri-fice.

947 *Sabbath School Meeting.*

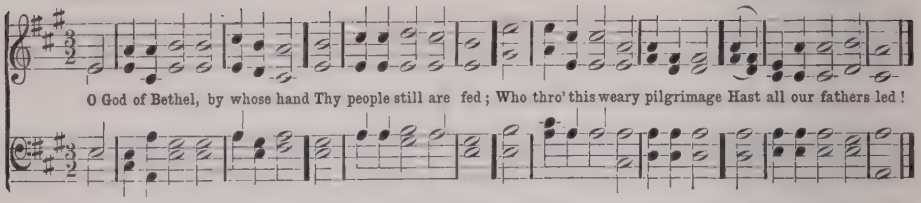
SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day:
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays; and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

Anon., 1865.

AZMON. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



948 *Genesis 28: 19–22.*

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

949 *Christ receiving children.*

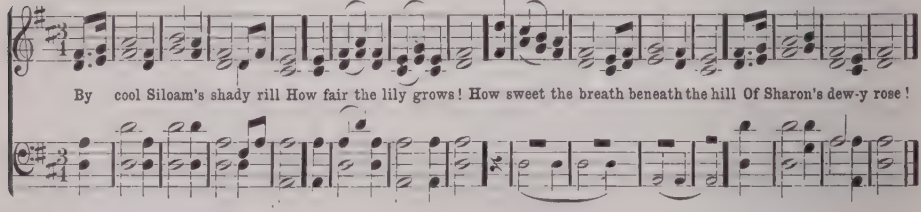
SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

SILOÁM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



950 *A Christian Child.*

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

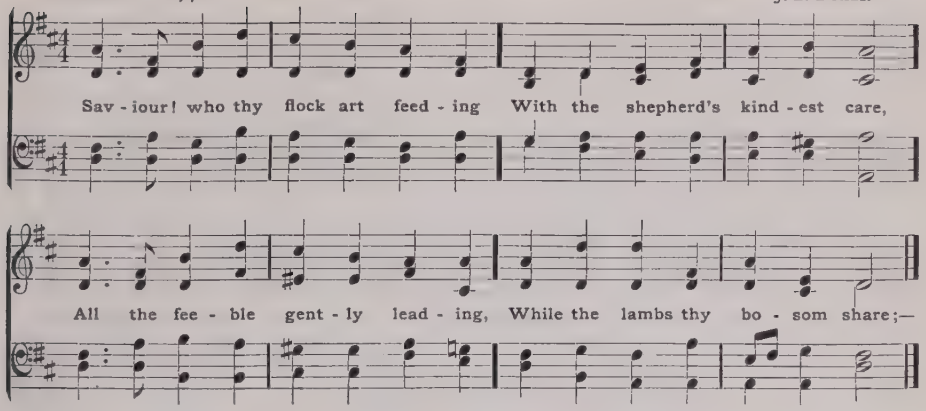
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death.
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

OSWALD. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.


Sav - iour! who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;—

951 *"These little ones."*

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;—

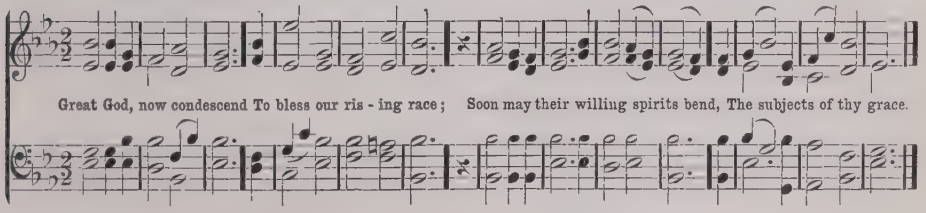
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

INVERNESS. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



952 *Our Children.*

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
The word of truth divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

John Fellows.

953 *"Suffer them to come."*

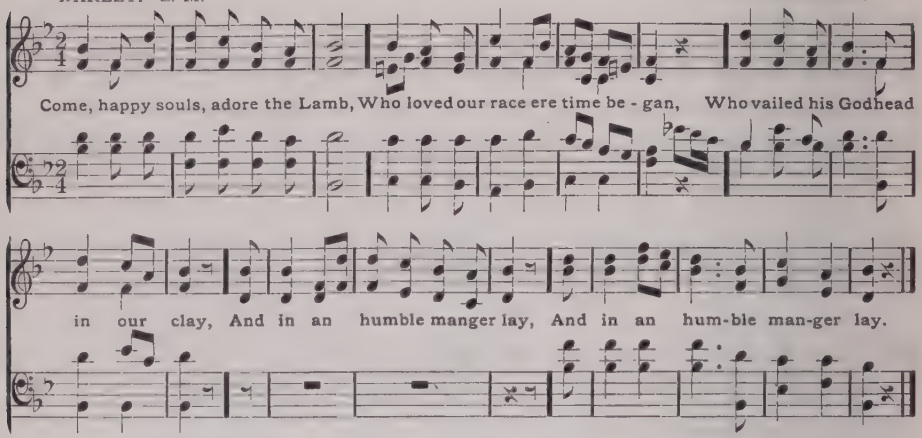
THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Henry U. Onderdonk.

DARLEY. L. M. W. H. W. DARLEY.


Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb, Who loved our race ere time be - gan, Who vailed his Godhead
in our clay, And in an humble manger lay, And in an hum-ble man-ger lay.

954 *Imitation of Christ.*

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay

Thomas Baldwin.

955 *"Buried with him."*

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

3 He by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean;
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

Moravian.

*

956 *The pleasant path.*

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

Adoniram Judson.

957 *Invocation.*

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

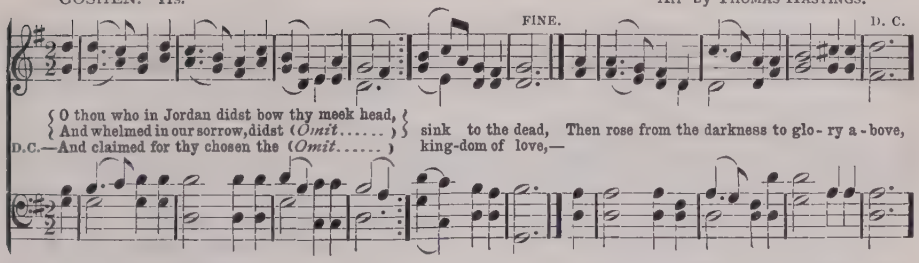
2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

Adoniram Judson.

GOSHEN. 11s. Arr by THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE.
D. C.
{ O thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head, { And whelmed in our sorrow, didst (*Omit*.....) } sink to the dead, Then rose from the darkness to glo - ry a - bove,
D.C.—And claimed for thy chosen the (*Omit*.....) king-dom of love,—

958 *Following Jesus.*

O THOU who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head,
And whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of love,—

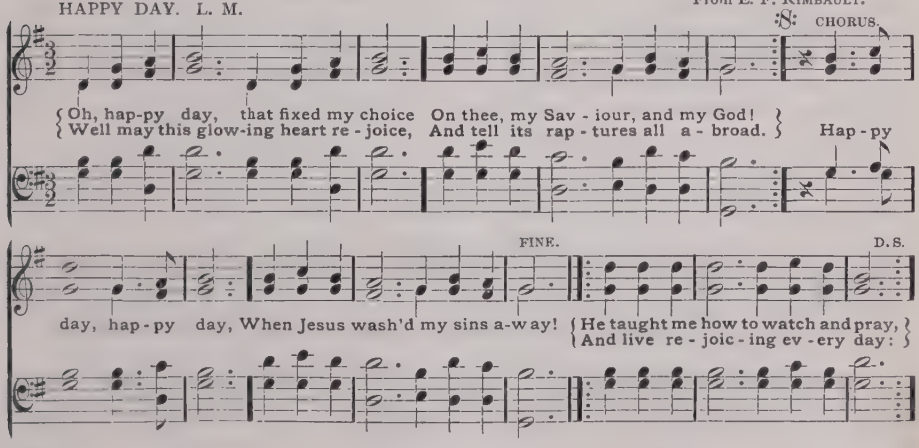
2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou hast died,
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin.

4 Till crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

George W. Bethune.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. From E. F. RIMBAULT.


CHORUS.
{ Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour, and my God! }
{ Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
Hap - py
FINE.
D.S.
day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way!
{ He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day: }

959 *"Happy Day."*

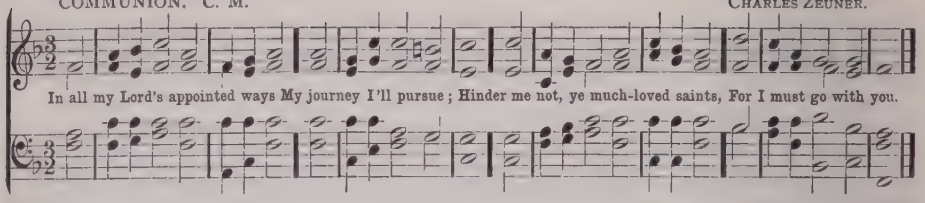
OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.—CHO.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO.

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

Philip Doddridge.

COMMUNION. C. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



960 *Gen. 24 : 56.*

In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not! for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee!

John Ryland.

961 *"This is my Son."*

'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear;
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear,

Maria Grace Saffery.

962 *Glad Obedience.*

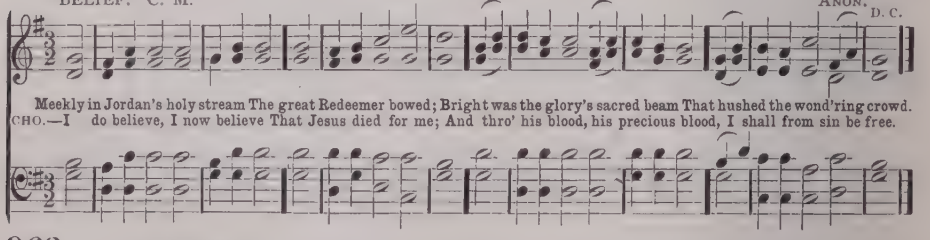
While in the sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

Samuel F. Smith.

BELIEF. C. M. ANON. D. C.


Meekly in Jordan's holy stream The great Redeemer bowed; Bright was the glory's sacred beam That hushed the wond'ring crowd.
CHO.—I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

963 *Jesus' Baptism.*

Meekly in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.—Cho.

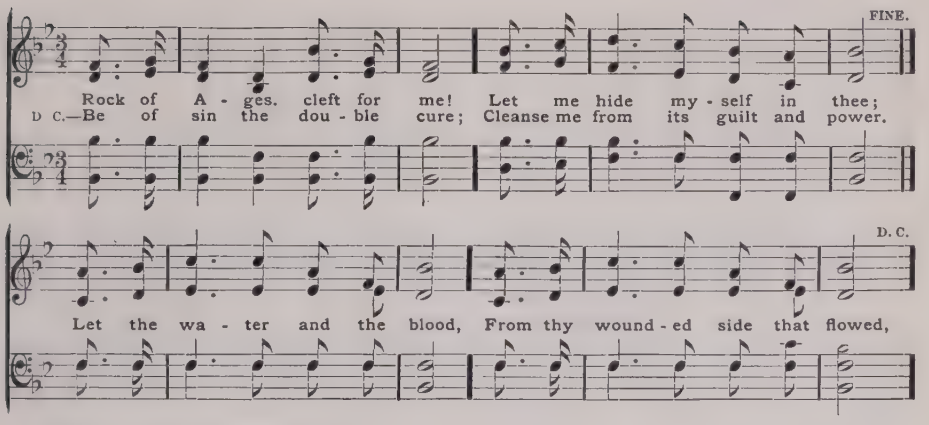
2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.—Cho.

3 So, blessèd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.—Cho.

Samuel F. Smith.

*

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6l. THOS. HASTINGS.


FINE.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

964 *"Wash me, Saviour."*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

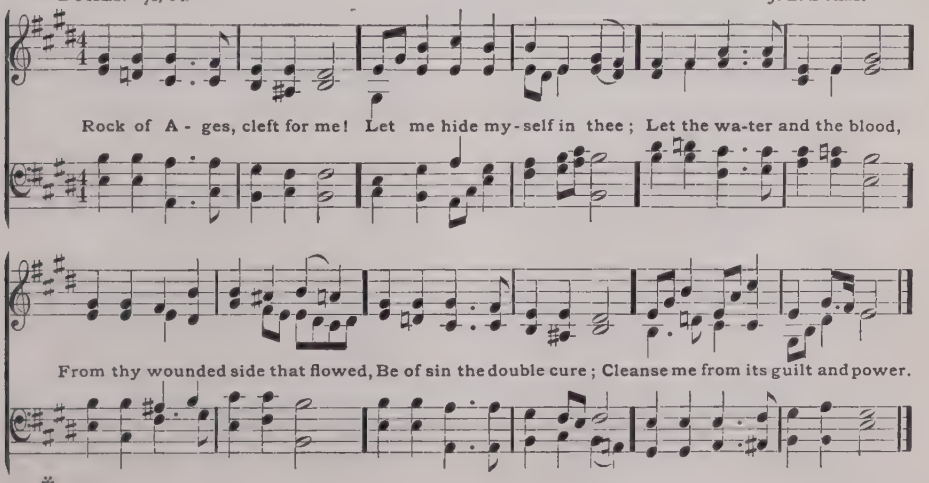
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

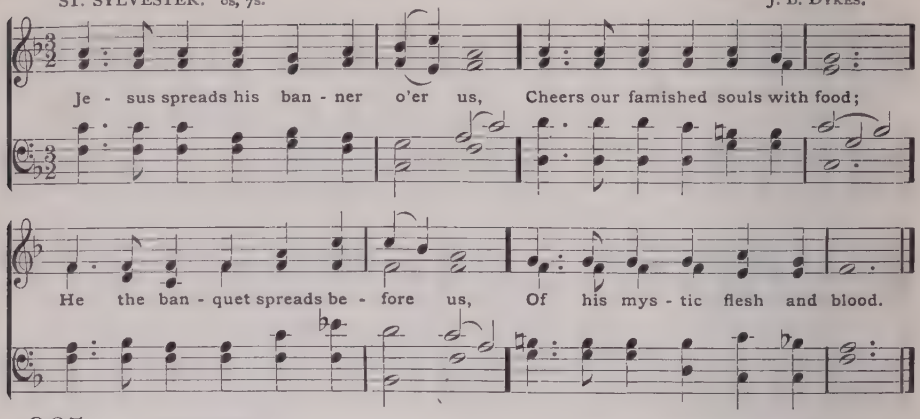
A. M. Toplady.

DYKES. 7s, 6l. J. B. DYKES.


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

*

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.


Je - sus spreads his ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the ban - quet spreads be - fore us, Of his mys - tic flesh and blood.

965 *"His Banner."*

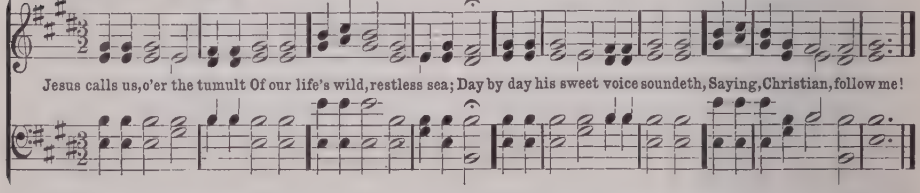
JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee!

Roswell Park.

DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s. I. B. WOODBURY.


Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!

966 *"Follow me."*

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

967 *"Take my heart."*

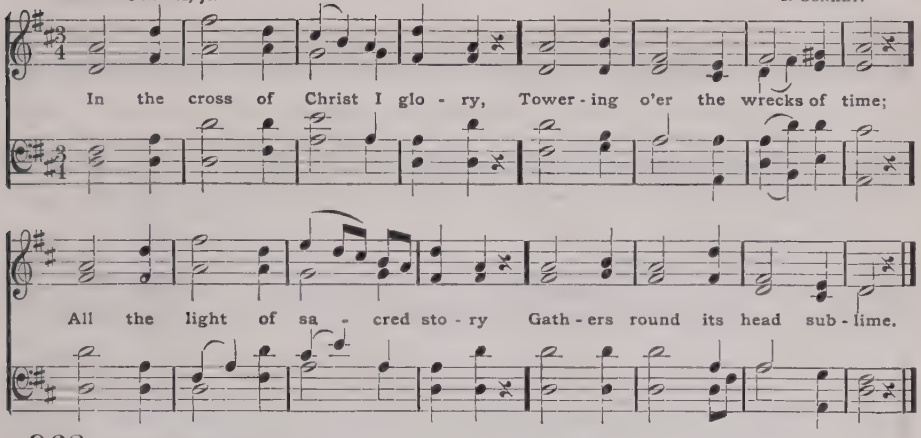
TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

5 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon., 1849.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. I. CONKEY.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

968 *Glorying in the Cross.*

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

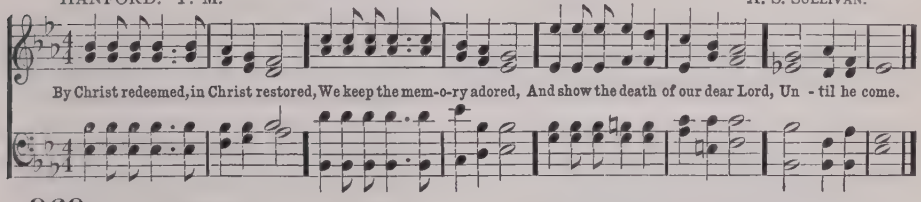
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime,

John Bowring.

HANFORD. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.



969 *"Till he come."*

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

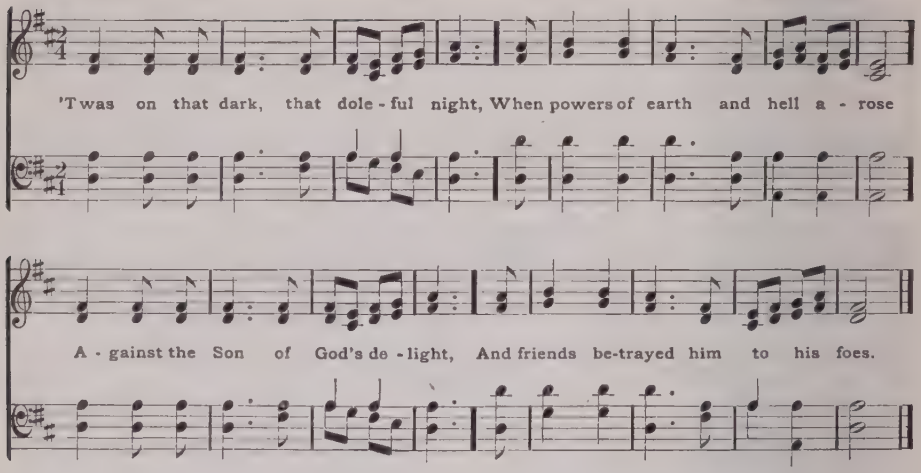
4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

George Rawson.

MALVERN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night, When powers of earth and hell a - rose
A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends be-trayed him to his foes.

970 *The Last Supper.*

'T was on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant, in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

971 *The Institution.*

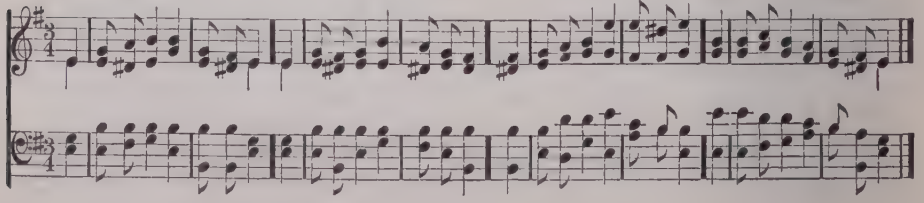
At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

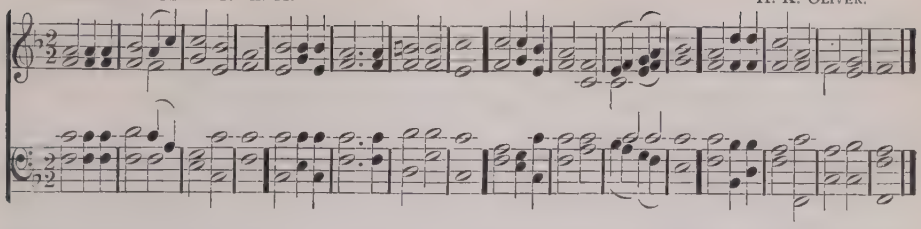
2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Isaac Watts.

WINDHAM. L. M. D. READ.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



972 *Crucifying the Lord afresh.*

O JESUS! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

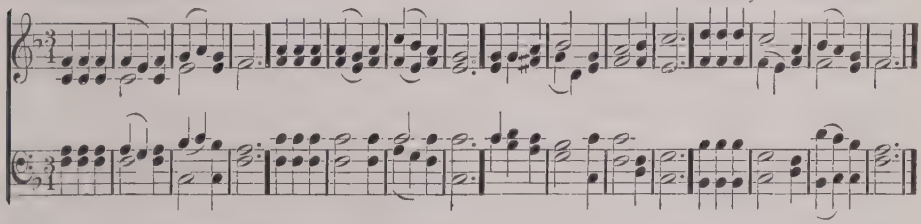
973 *Feeding on Christ.*

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

James Montgomery

HURSLEY. L. M. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

974 *Immanuel.*

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

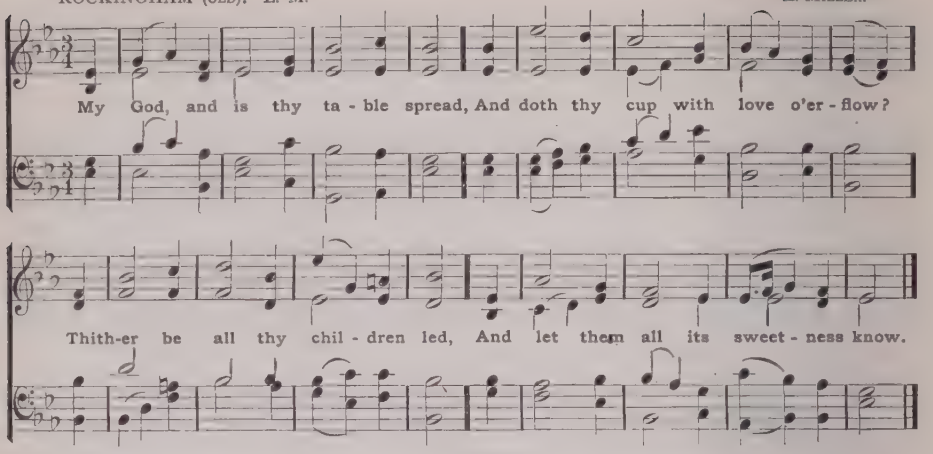
3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

Ray Palmer.

ROCKINGHAM (OLD). L. M. E. MILLER.


My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And doth thy cup with love o'er - flow?
Thith-er be all thy chil - dren led, And let them all its sweet - ness know.

975 *"Thou preparest a table."*

My God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore!

Philip Doddridge.

976 *"Our exalted Lord."*

To JESUS, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

Anne Steele.

977 *At the Cross.*

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts there were,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

Edward Denny.

978 *The day of Espousals.*

JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

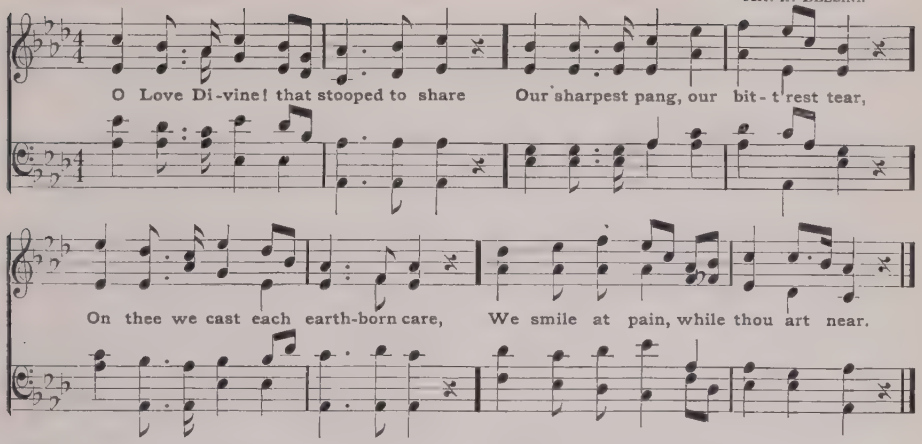
2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

DWIGHT. L. M. Arr. fr. BELLINI.


O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while thou art near.

979 *"Thou art near."*

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.

980 *"The living bread."*

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

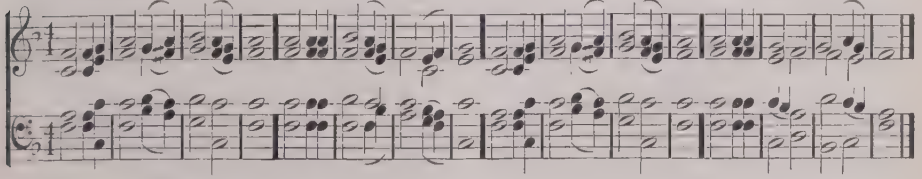
2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I 'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



981 *Parting Song.*

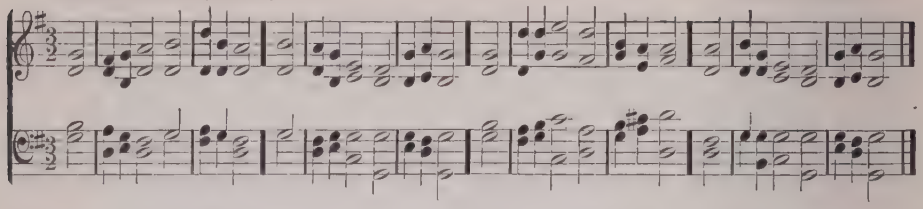
OH, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

3 O Lord, the Lord of lords, to thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Isaac Watts.

ROCKINGHAM (MASON'S). L. M. LOWELL MASON.



982 *Living to Christ.*

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge.

983 *"Bought with a price."*

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

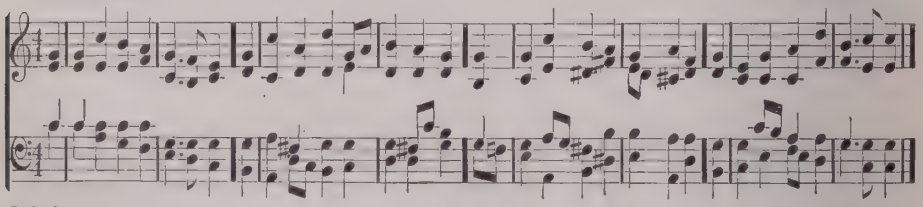
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

MARSHMAN. L. M. B. TOURS.

984 *"Forget him not."*

O THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

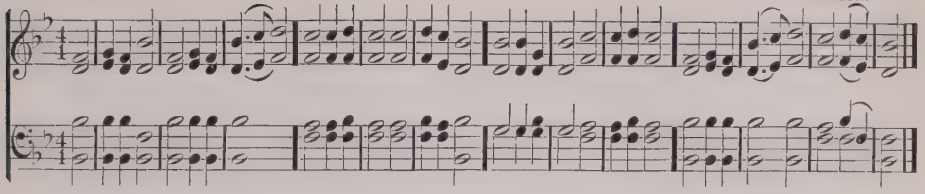
2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Joshua Marshman, tr.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



985 *The Memorial of our Lord.*

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought;
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Isaac Watts.

986 *"Eat, O friends!*

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

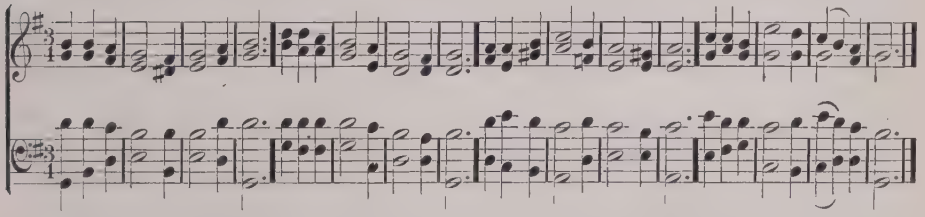
2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessèd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. I. PLEYEL.



987 *Robe of Righteousness.*

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

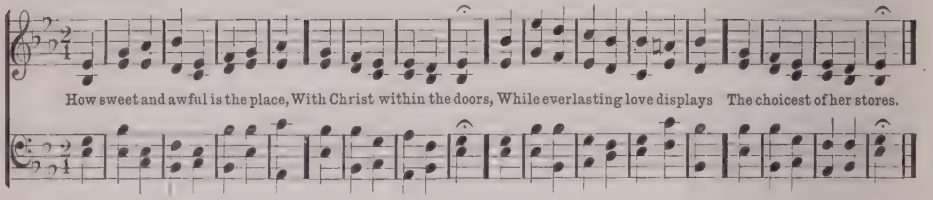
3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

John Wesley, tr.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC.


How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores.

988 *Persistent Love.*

How SWEET and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 When all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

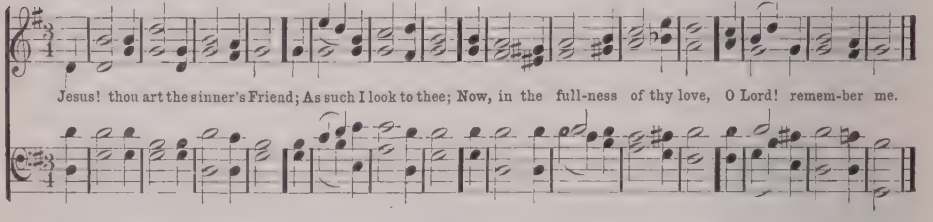
3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts.

CHERITH. C. M. ARR. FR. SPOHR.



989 *"Friend of Sinners."*

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham.

990 *"Prepare us, Lord."*

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

Thomas Cotterill.

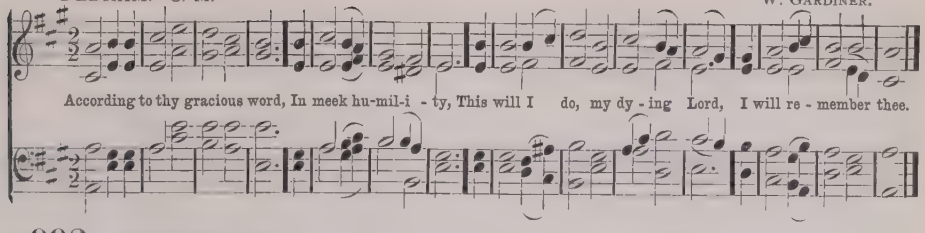
991 *Feeding on Christ.*

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessèd self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

John Cennick.

DEDHAM. C. M. W. GARDINER.



992 *"I will remember thee."*

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

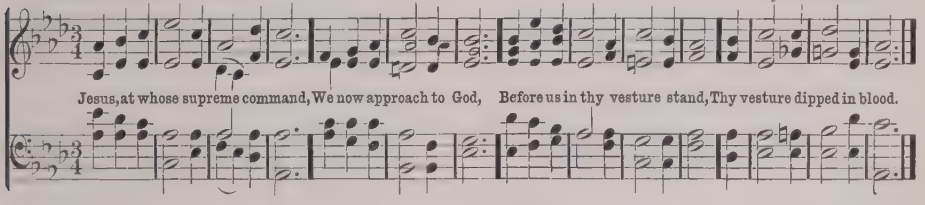
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery.

BEATITUDO. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



993 *"The cup of blessing."*

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessèd Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

Charles Wesley.

994 *"Greater love hath no man."*

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

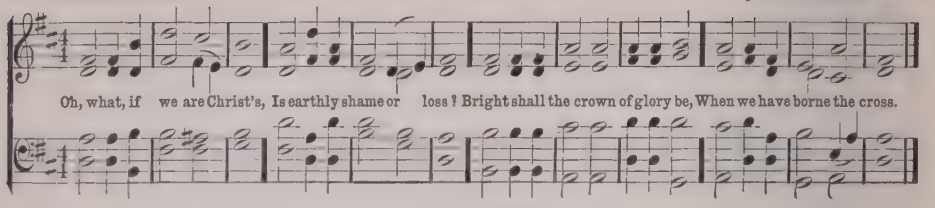
2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel.

OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



995 *"Via crucis, via lucis."*

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

Henry W. Baker.

996 *"I have peace."*

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'T is everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'T is stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

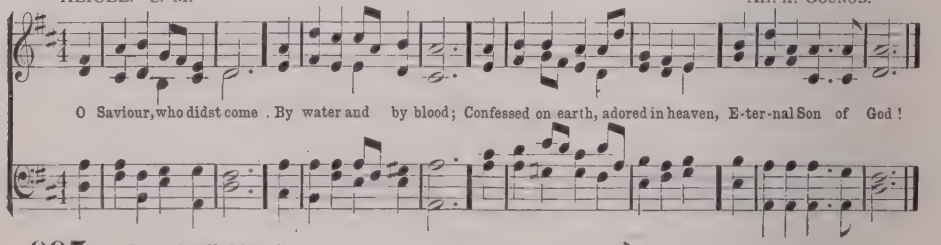
3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

Horatius Bonar.

ALICEL. S. M. Arr. fr. GOUNOD.



997 *"I can do all things."*

O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

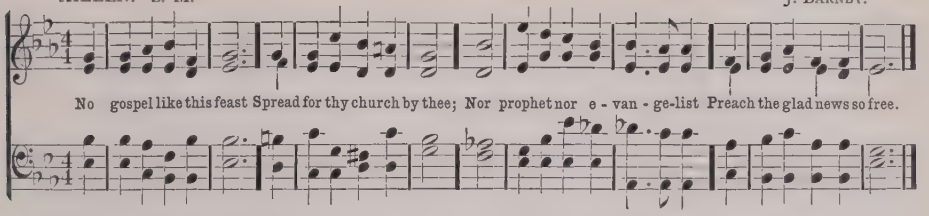
2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy precious promises;
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

Edward Osler.

AILEEN. S. M. J. BARNBY.



998 *"Still at the Cross."*

No GOSPEL like this feast
Spread for thy church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

3 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

4 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us has trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God:—

5 Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

999 *The invitation.*

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around the board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

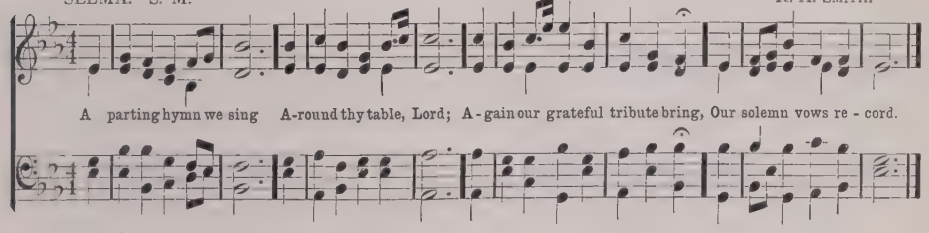
3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

Isaac Watts.

SELMA. S. M. R. A. SMITH.



1000 *At closing.*

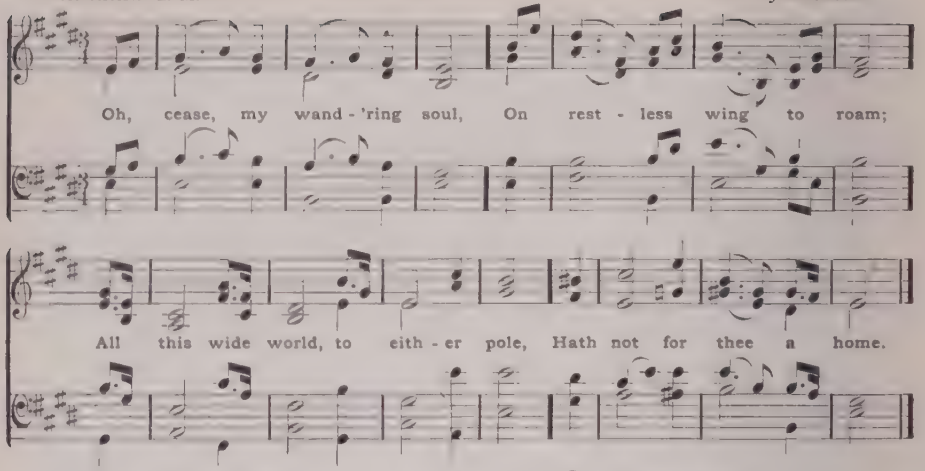
A PARTING hymn we sing
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

ADRIAN. S. M. J. E. Gould.

1001 *"The ark of God."*

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

1002 *"This is my blood."*

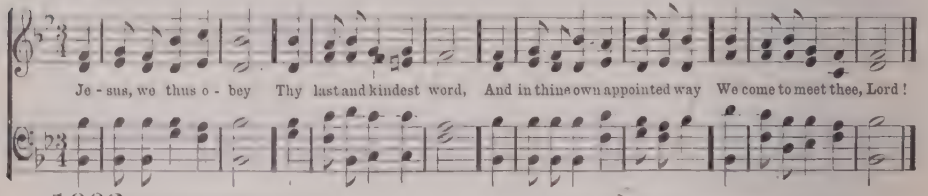
Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

Edward Denny.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



1003 *"The banqueting house."*

Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!

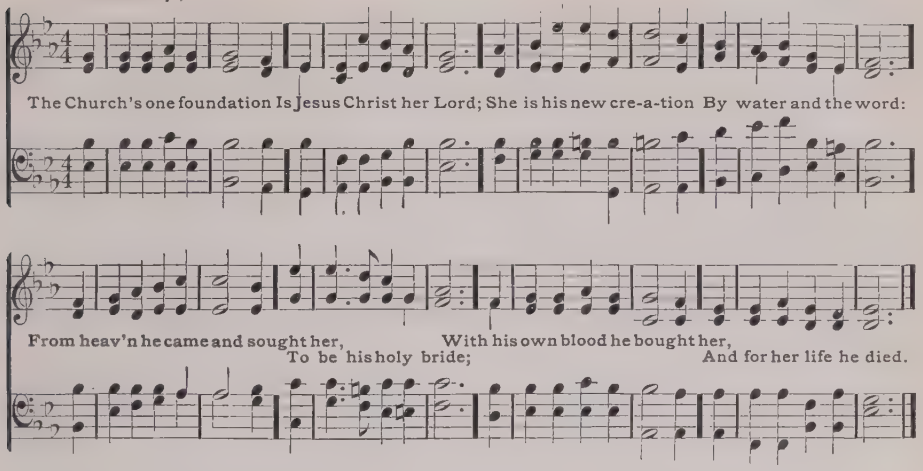
2 Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

4 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D. S. S. WESLEY.


The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre-a-tion By water and the word:
From heav'n he came and sought her, To be his holy bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

1004 *The Church is Christ's.*

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Samuel J. Stone.

1005 "*The Living Bread.*"

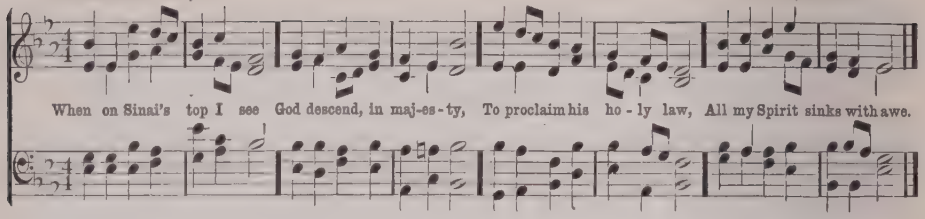
O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art;
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Ray Palmer, tr.

THEODORA. 7s. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



1006 *Three Mountains.*

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

James Montgomery.

1007 *"Lovest thou me?"*

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

William Cowper.

1008 *"Thy people shall be my people."*

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

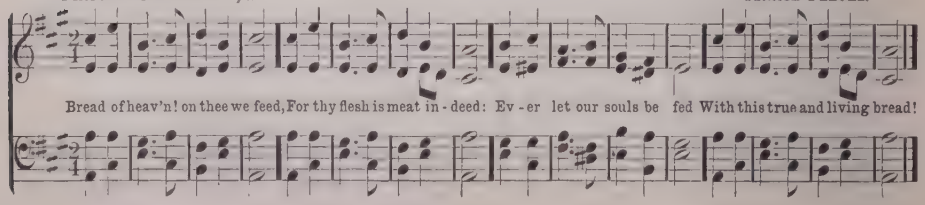
2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—

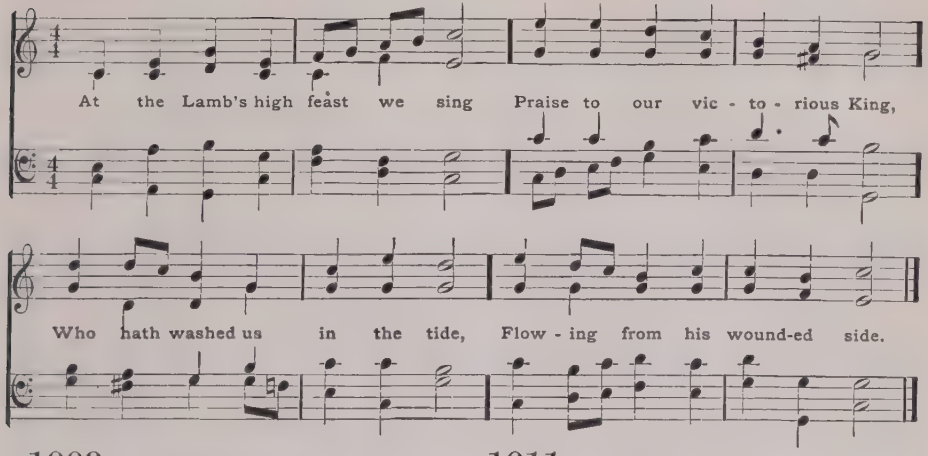
4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.



MONKLAND. 7s. J. P. WILKES.



1009 *"Christ, our Passover."*

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

Robert Campbell, tr.

1010 *"This is my Body."*

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder.

1011 *Wounded for us.*

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

Anon., 1842.

1012 *"Thine for ever."*

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity!

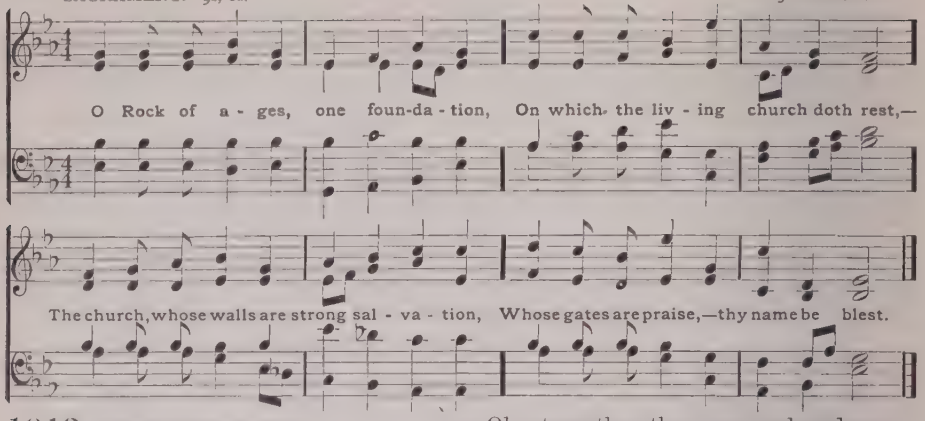
2 Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

Mrs. Mary F. Maude.

SACRAMENT. 9s, 8s. E. J. HOPKINS.


O Rock of a - ges, one foun-da - tion, On which the liv - ing church doth rest,—
The church, whose walls are strong sal - va - tion, Whose gates are praise,—thy name be blest.

1013 *"Christ the Foundation."*

O ROCK of ages, one foundation,
On which the living church doth rest,—
The church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise,—thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God! oh, call us
Once and again to follow thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

3 And if our coward hearts deny thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

4 Oh, strengthen thou our weak endeavor
Thee in thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to thee for ever,
And find thee with us to the end.

Henry A. Martin.

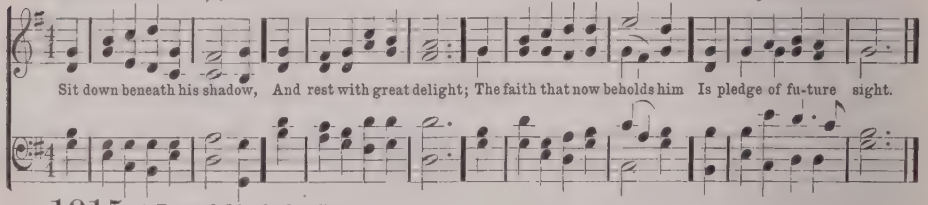
1014 *"The living Bread."*

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;—

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7s, 6s. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1015 *"Beneath his shadow."*

SIT down beneath his shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For he remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

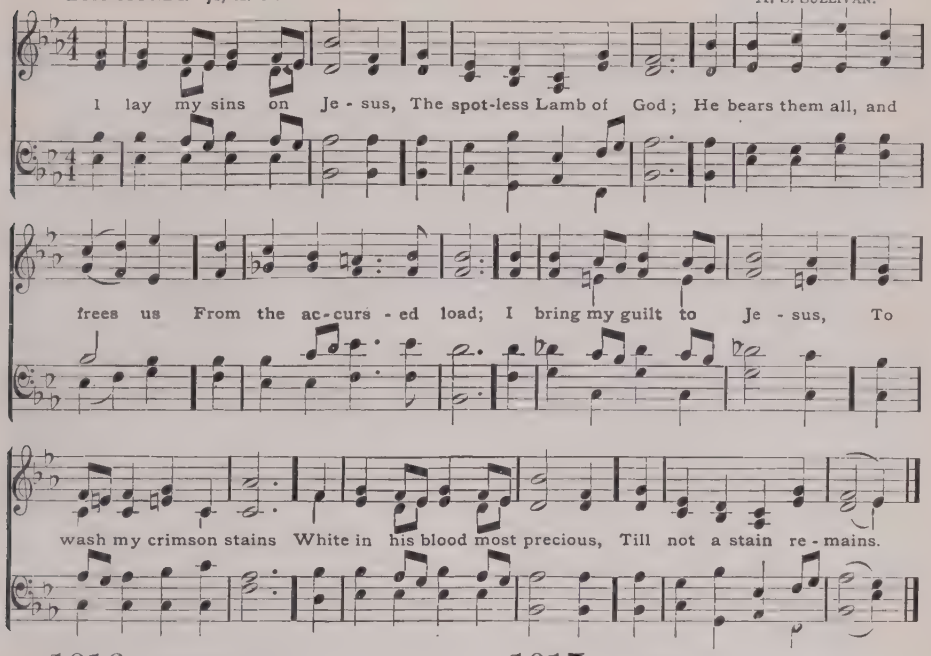
4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

Frances R. Havergal.

LUX MUNDI. 7s, 6s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and
frees us From the ac-curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To
wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a stain re - mains.

1016 *"None other name."*

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

1017 *"I need thee."*

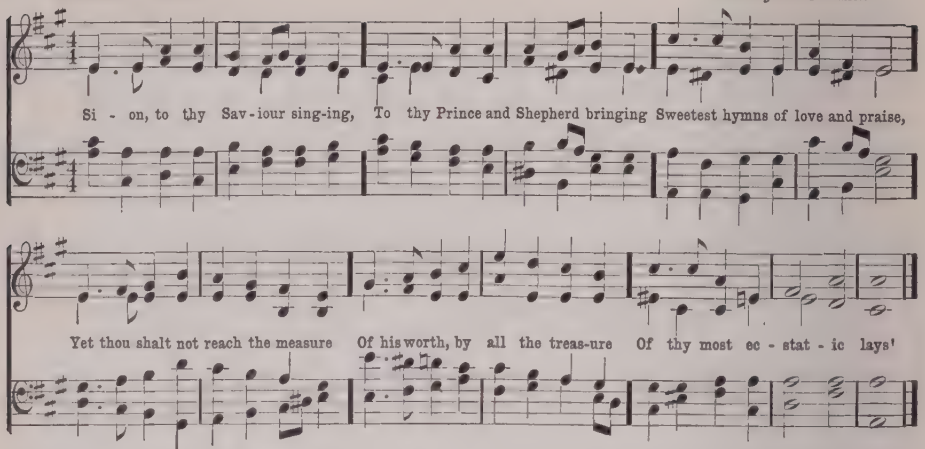
I NEED thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

Frederick Whitfield.

BONAR. P. M. Arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN.


Si - on, to thy Sav - iour sing-ing, To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure Of his worth, by all the treas-ure Of thy most ec - stat - ic lays!

1018 *"Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem."*

SION, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of his worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That himself to thee he giveth?—
He in faith that eateth, liveth,—
For the bread of life is he.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, his mercy showing,
Who this heavenly table spread.
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth he the living bread.

Alexander R. Thompson, tr.

1019 *The King's Table.*

HERE the King hath spread his table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ the passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

2 Lo, this angels' food descending
Heavenly love is hither sending,
Pilgrim lips on earth to feed.
So the paschal lamb was given,
So the manna came from heaven,
This the manna is indeed.

3 O good Shepherd, bread life-giving,
Us, thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with thee abiding,
With all saints will thee adore.

Alexander R. Thompson, tr.

1020 *Beside the Cross.*

BY the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessèd Sufferer's face.

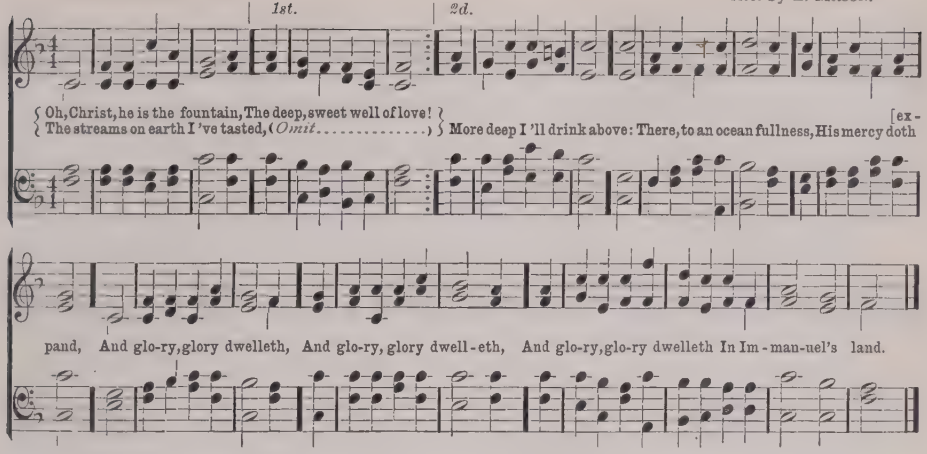
2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow, once shaded,
Freshens now the face, once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling;—
Life eternal, only here!

4 Here the living water welleth,
Here the rock now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the City,
This the very gate of heaven.

Horatius Bonar.

YARMOUTH. P. M. Arr. by L. MASON.


1st.
2d.
Oh, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted, (Omit.....)
More deep I'll drink above: There, to an ocean fullness, His mercy doth [ex-
pand, And glo-ry, glory dwelleth, And glo-ry, glory dwell-eth, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.

1021 "*His house of wine.*"

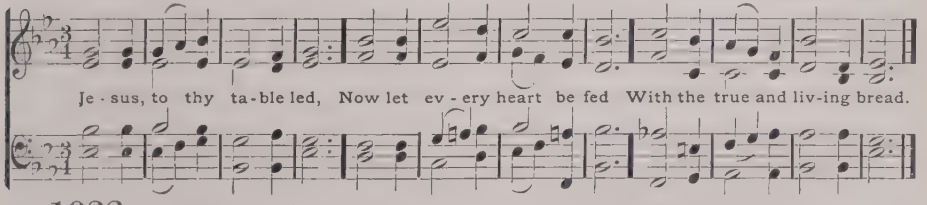
OH, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd 's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into "his house of wine!"
I stand upon his merit,
I know no other stand,
Not ev'n where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

LACHRYMÆ. 7s, 3l. A. S. SULLIVAN.



1022 "*The living Bread.*"

JESUS, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal!

3 While on thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

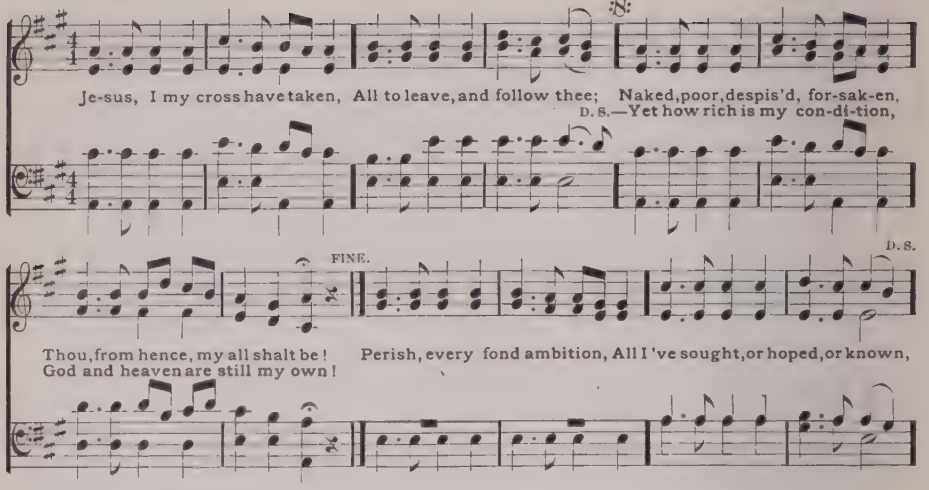
4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace!

6 Lead us by thy piercéd hand,
Till around thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Robert H. Baynes.

ELLESDIE. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. MOZART.


Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow thee; Naked, poor, despis'd, for-sak-en,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,
FINE.
D. S.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! God and heaven are still my own!
Perish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

1023 *Bearing the Cross.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Henry F. Lyte.

1024 *The Crown coming.*

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

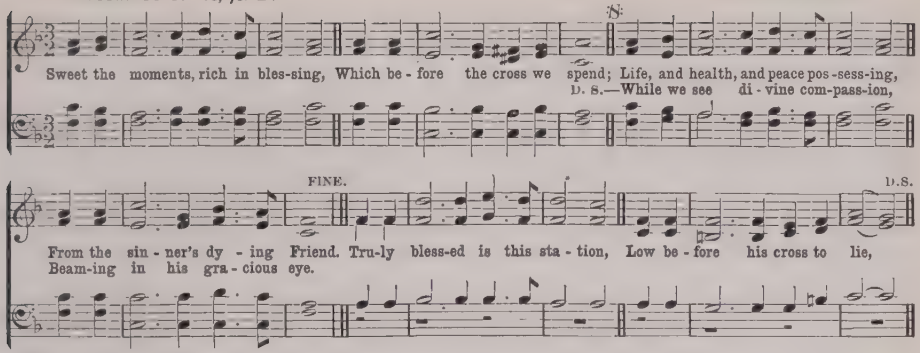
1025 *A spotless soul.*

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

Anon., 1855.

ARMSTRONG. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. B. RICHARDS.


Sweet the moments, rich in bles-sing, Which be - fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and peace pos - sess-ing,
D. S.—While we see di - vine com-pass-ion,
FINE.
D.S.
From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie,
Beam-ing in his gra - cious eye.

1026 *Before the Cross.*

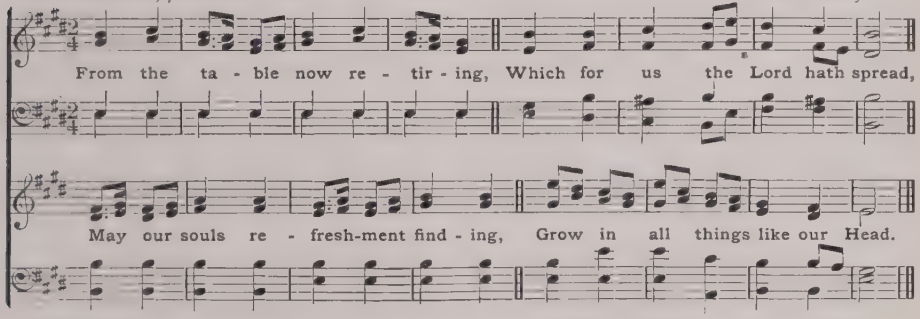
SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze,
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

James Allen.

SICILY. 8s, 7s. Sicilian melody.


From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls re - fresh-ment find - ing, Grow in all things like our Head.

1027 *Parting Hymn*

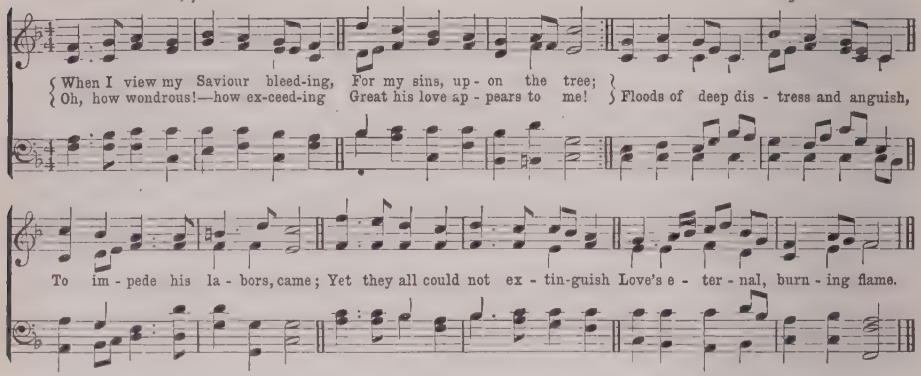
FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

John Rowe.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D. F. J. HAYDN.

When I view my Saviour bleed-ing, For my sins, up - on the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how ex-ceed-ing Great his love ap - pears to me!
Floods of deep dis - tress and anguish,
To im - pede his la - bors, came; Yet they all could not ex - tin-guish Love's e - ter - nal, burn - ing flame.

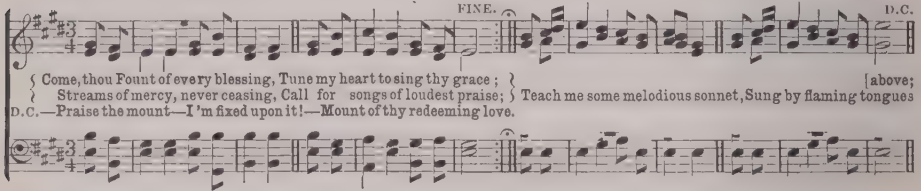
1028 *Christ on the Cross.*

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.
Now the gracious Mediator
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

Richard Lee.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D. A. NETTLETON.

FINE.
D.C.
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
[above;
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues
D.C.—Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

1029 *"Eben-ezer."*

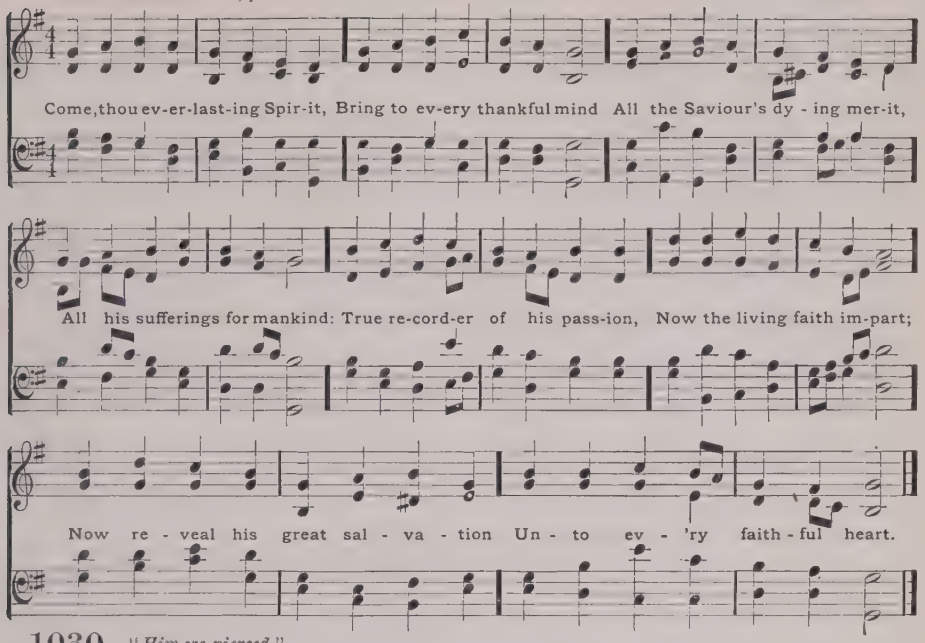
COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

LUDWIGSBURG. 8s, 7s. D. C. GOUDIMEL.


Come, thou ev-er-last-ing Spir-it, Bring to ev-ery thankful mind All the Saviour's dy - ing mer-it,
All his sufferings for mankind: True re-cord-er of his pass-ion, Now the living faith im-part;
Now re - veal his great sal - va - tion Un - to ev - 'ry faith - ful heart.

1030 "*Him we pierced.*"

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

1031 *1 Peter 5: 5.*

YES, for me, for me he careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

Horatius Bonar.

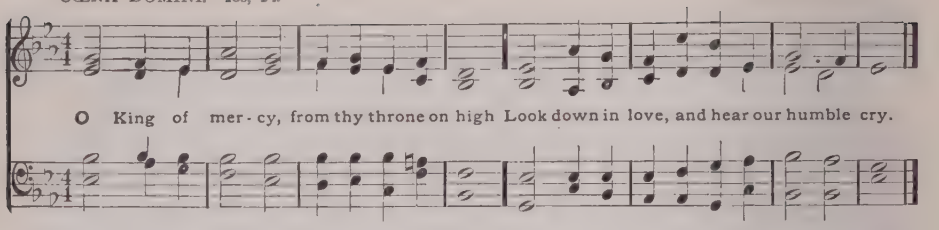
1032 *The reproach of Christ.*

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
The reproach of Christ is glorious!
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

Tr. *L. A. Gotter.*

CŒNA DOMINI. 10s, 2l. A. S. SULLIVAN.



1033 *"Bread of Heaven."*

O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 Oh, come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

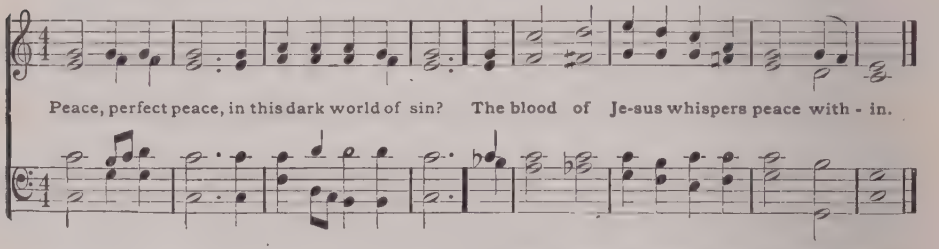
7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

9 Oh, lead us daily with thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Thomas R. Birks.

PAX TECUM. 10s, 2l. G. T. COLDBECK.



1034 *"Peace, perfect peace."*

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

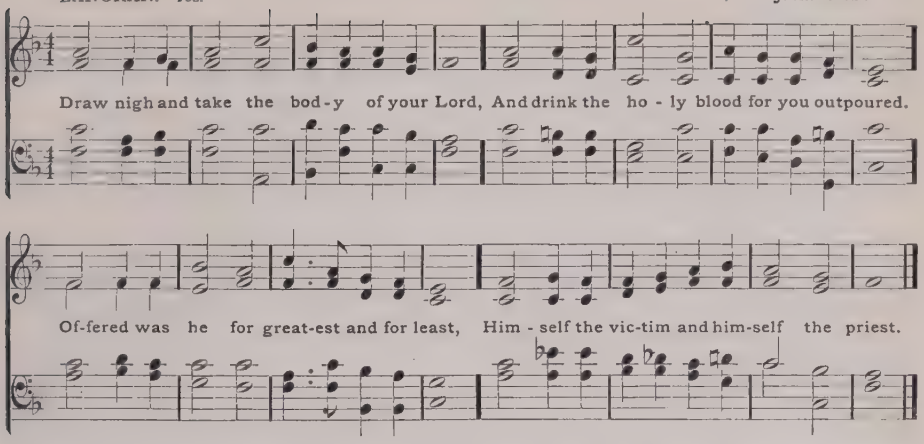
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

LANGRAN. 10s. J. LANGRAN.


Draw nigh and take the bod-y of your Lord, And drink the ho - ly blood for you outpoured.
Of-fered was he for great-est and for least, Him - self the vic-tim and him-self the priest.

1035 *"This is his Body."*

DRAW nigh and take the body of your Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and himself the priest.

2 He, that in this world rules his saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

3 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,
In this thy feast of love be with us now.

John M. Neale, tr.

1036 *"Do this in remembrance."*

"THIS is my body, which is given for you;
Do this," he said, and brake, "remembering me."
O Lamb of God, our paschal offering true,
To us the bread of life each moment be.

2 "This is my blood, for sins' remission shed;"
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 Some will betray thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

Charles L. Ford.

1037 *The Memorial.*

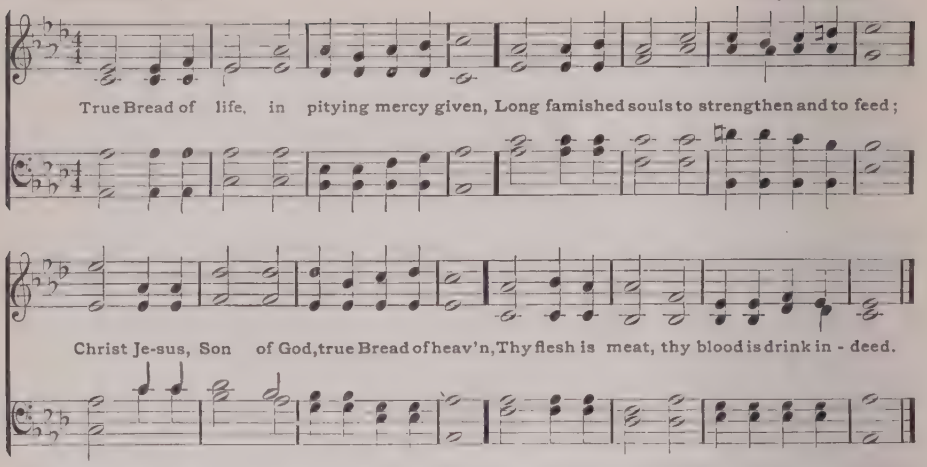
OH, blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from thy presence flow.

3 O Christ! whom now beneath a vail we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on thee unvailed, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace.

James R. Woodford, tr.

ELLERTON. 10s. E. J. HOPKINS.


True Bread of life, in pitying mercy given, Long famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
Christ Je-sus, Son of God, true Bread of heav'n, Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink in - deed.

1038 *The True Bread.*

TRUE Bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
Long famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink indeed.

2 I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

3 True Tree of Life! Of thee I eat and live,
Who eateth of thy fruit shall never die;
'T is thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

4 Feeding on thee all weakness turns to power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy church's Life and Lord, Immanuel!
At thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in thy empty tomb the living well.

Horatius Bonar.

1039 *Penitent Prayer.*

NOT worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

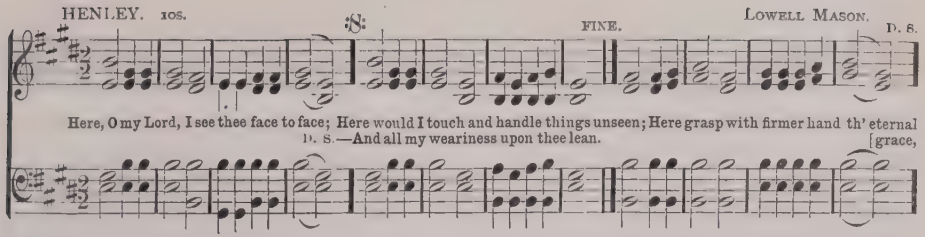
2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child;
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

4 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

E. H. Bickersteth.


HENLEY. 10s.
FINE.
LOWELL MASON.
D. S.
Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen; Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
D. S.—And all my weariness upon thee lean.

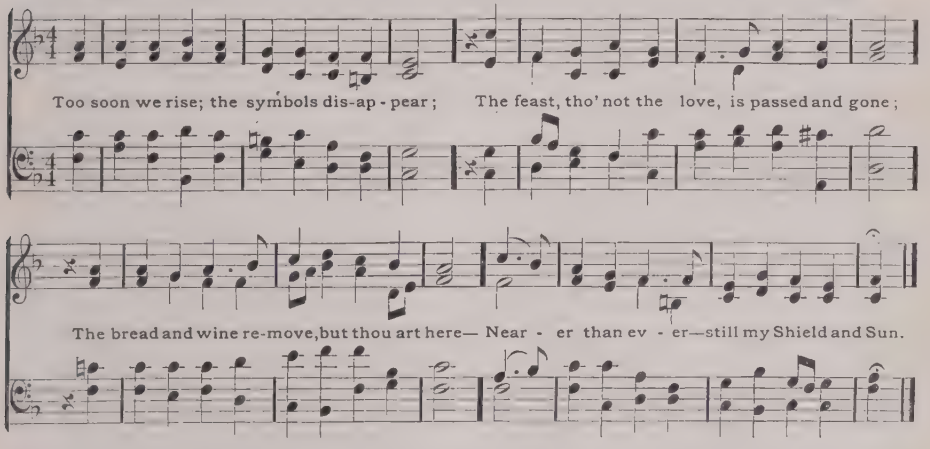
1040 *Coming to the table.*

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with thee.

Horatius Bonar.


PRÆNESTE. 10s.
ATT. fr. PALESTRINA.
Too soon we rise; the symbols dis-ap - pear;
The feast, tho' not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine re-move, but thou art here—
Near - er than ev - er—still my Shield and Sun.

1041 *"Sweet Foretastes."*

TOO SOON we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

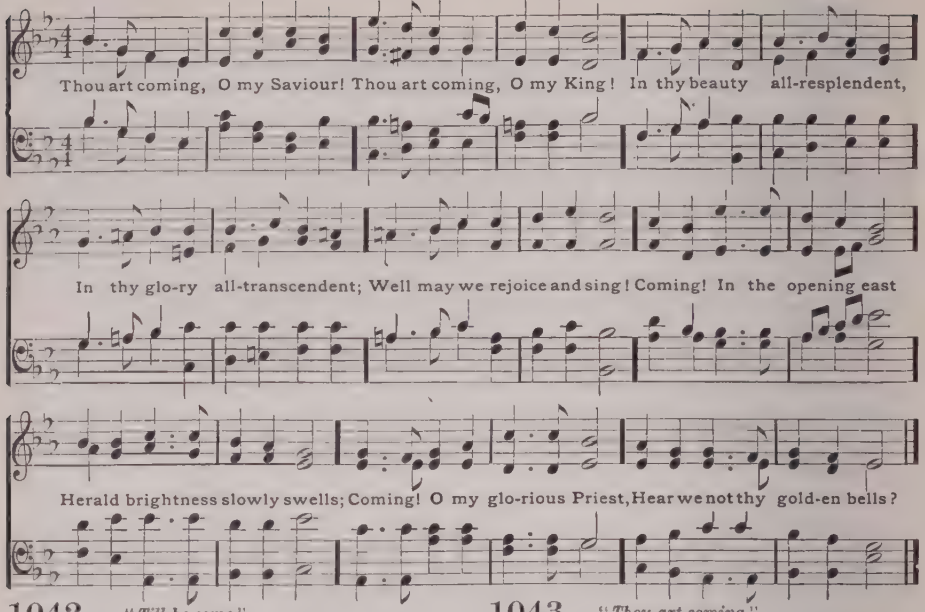
2 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar.

SOUTHWICK. P. M. C. J. VINCENT.


Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glo-ry all-transcendent; Well may we rejoice and sing! Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells; Coming! O my glo-rious Priest, Hear we not thy gold-en bells?

1042 *"Till he come."*

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, thou art coming!
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and vailed to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
Oh, how marvelous will be
All the bliss thy pain hath bought!

Frances R. Havergal.

1043 *"Thou art coming."*

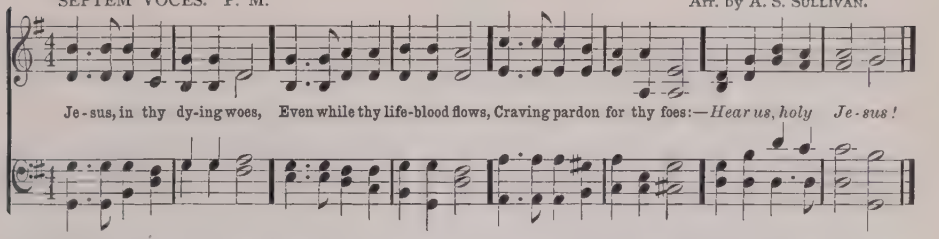
THOU art coming! At thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss:
Showing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

2 Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the vail.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience shall endure!

3 Oh, the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovéd Lord!
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with glad accord!
Thee, our Master and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Frances R. Havergal.

SEPTEM VOCES. P. M. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.



1044 *"Father, forgive them."*

JESUS, in thy dying woes,
Even while thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for thy foes:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed!

1045 *"To-day in Paradise."*

JESUS, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on thy name!

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to thine:
Cheer our souls with hope divine!

1046 *"Woman, behold thy Son."*

JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
And thy dearest human friend;
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in thy sorrow share,
And for thee all peril dare,
And enjoy thy tender care!

3 May we all thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of thee!

1047 *"Why hast thou forsaken Me!"*

JESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone
While no light from heaven is shown:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When we vainly seek to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay!

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near!

1048 *"I thirst."*

JESUS, in thy thirst and pain,
While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All thy holy work fulfill—
Satisfy thy loving will!

3 May we thirst thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow!

1049 *"It is finished."*

JESUS, all our ransom paid,
All thy Father's will obeyed,—
By thy sufferings perfect made:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness!

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day!

1050 *"Father into thy Hands."*

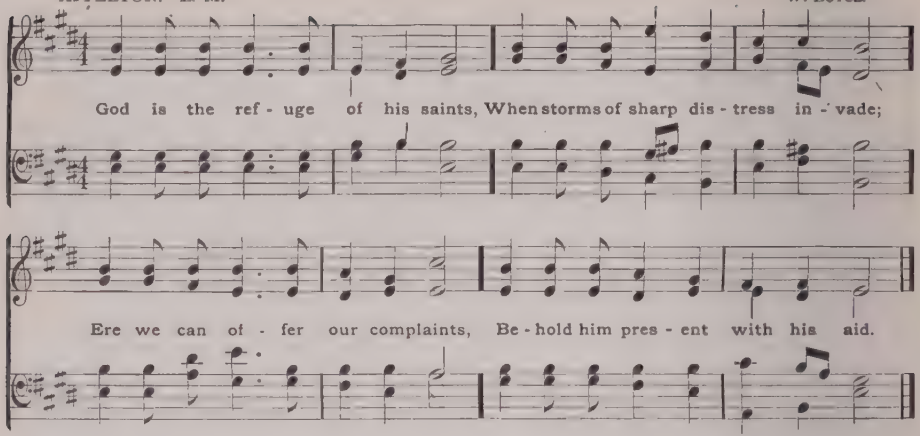
JESUS,—all thy labor vast,
All thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up thy soul at last:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour!

3 May thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high!

Thomas B. Pollock.

APPLETON. L. M. W. Boyce.


God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

1051 *Psalm 46.*

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

1052 *Psalm 72.*

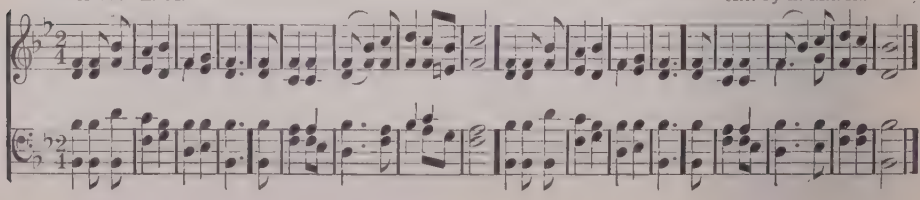
Great God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

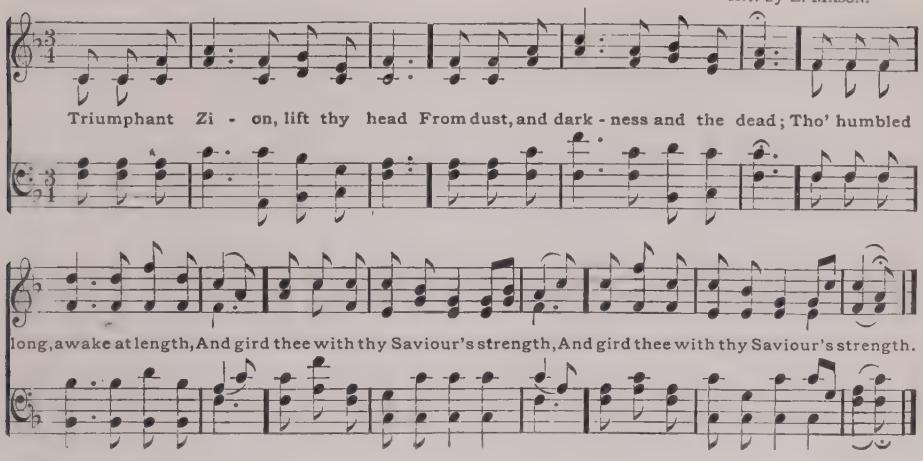
2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts.

WARD. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.

ANVERN. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.


Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness and the dead; Tho' humbled
long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

1053 *"Triumphant Zion."*

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

1054 *Ancient Israel.*

WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways:
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumphs share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

James Joyce.

1055 *Home Missions.*

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

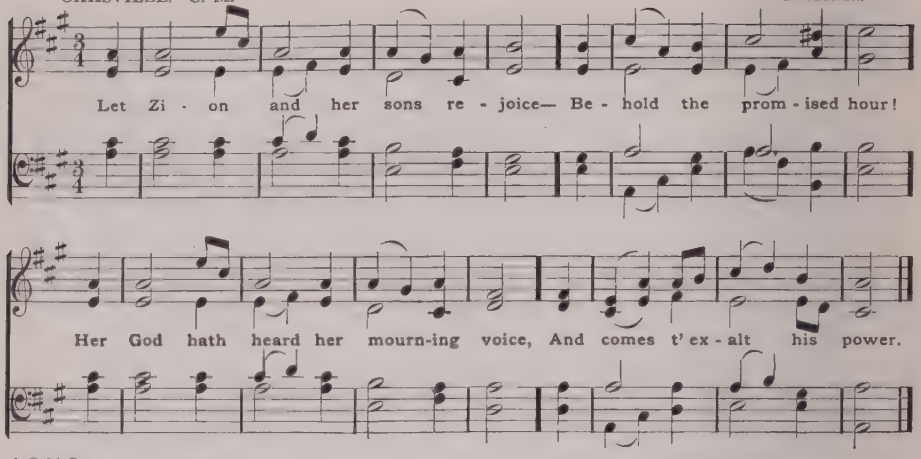
3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

OAKSVILLE. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



1056 *Psalm 102.*

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes,
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

Isaac Watts.

1057 *"Can a mother forget?"*

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thine almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

Anne Steele.

1058 *Psalm 67.*

SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

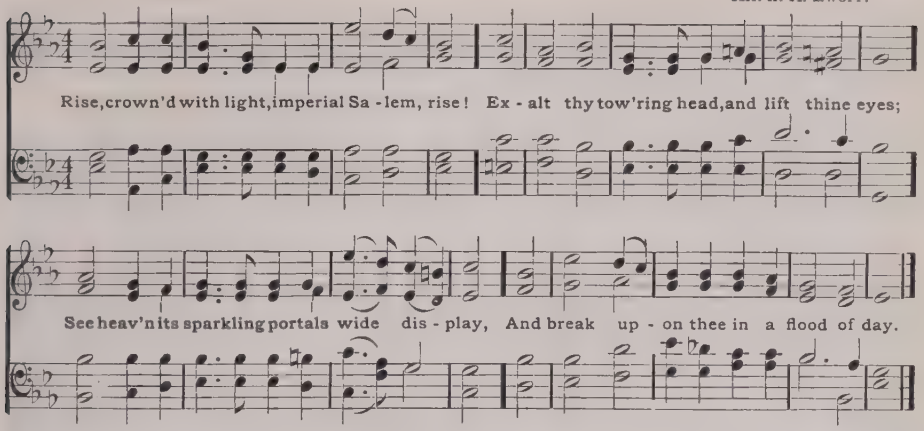
3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts.

MOSCOW. 10s. Arr. fr. A. Lwoff.


Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

1059 *The Fullness of the Gentiles.*

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

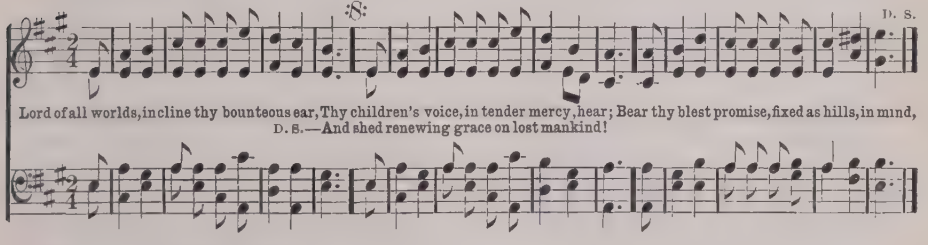
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope.

SAVANNAH. 10s. I. Pleyel.


D. S.
Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear, Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear; Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
D. S.—And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

1060 *The Latter Day Glory.*

Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

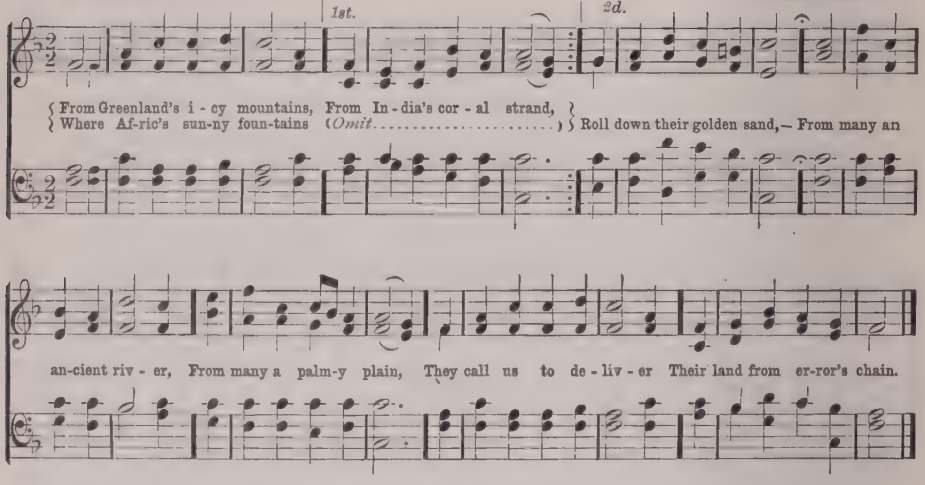
2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born,
From east to west thy glorious name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

4 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea!

Timothy Dwight.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains (Omit.....) Roll down their golden sand,— From many an
an-cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

1061 *"Come over, and help us."*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber.

1062 *The day of Jubilee.*

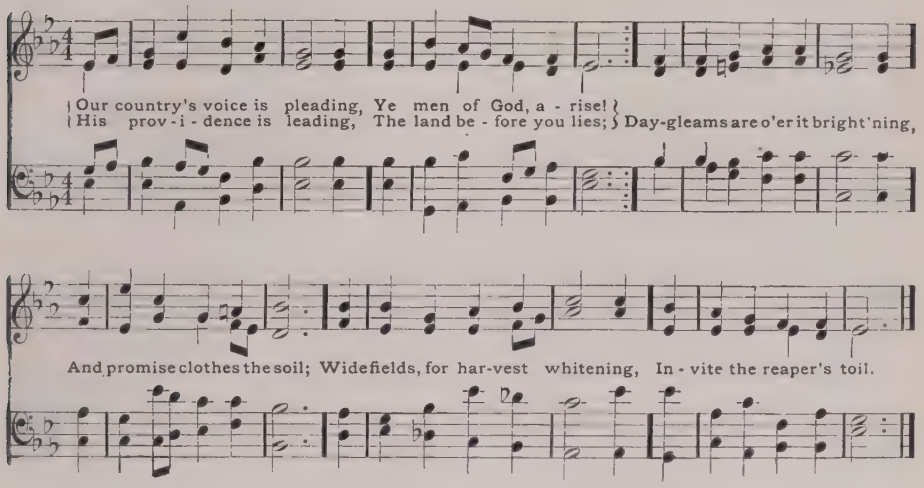
HOW BEAUTEOUS on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough.

MUNICH. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, a - rise!
His prov - i - dence is leading, The land be - fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for har-vest whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil.

1063 *Home Missions.*

Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

1064 *Christian Union.*

And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

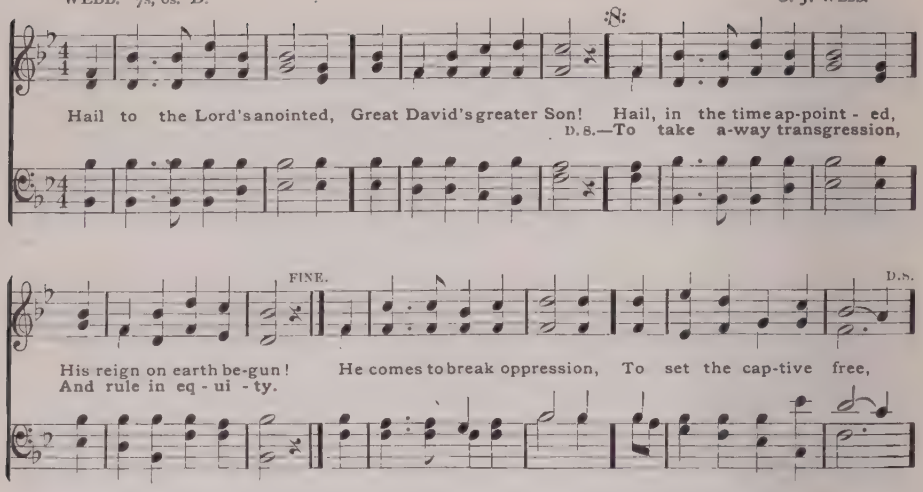
2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. WEBB.


Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-point - ed,
D. S.—To take a-way transgression,
FINE.
D.S.
His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break oppression, To set the cap-tive free,
And rule in eq - ui - ty.

1065 *Psalm 72.*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

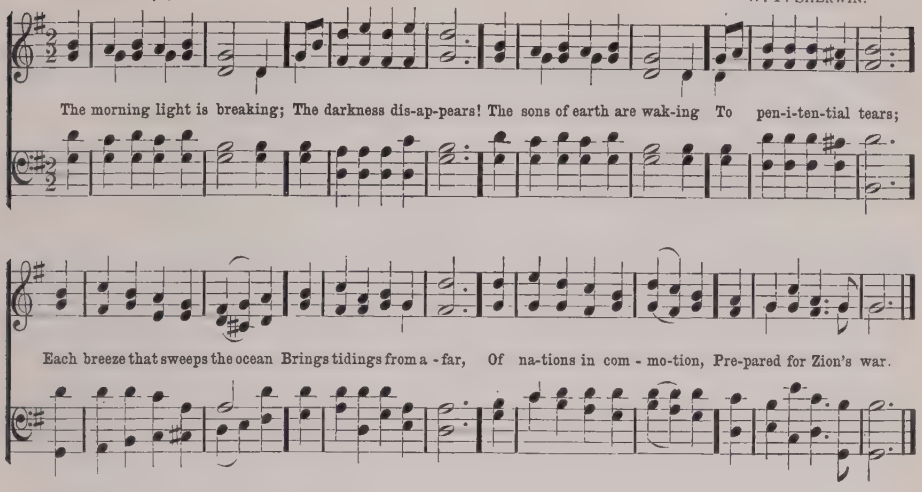
5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

James Montgomery.

ORIENS. 7s, 6s. D. W. F. SHERWIN.


The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears! The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zion's war.

1066 *The morning light.*

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

1067 *Psalm 14.*

OH, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

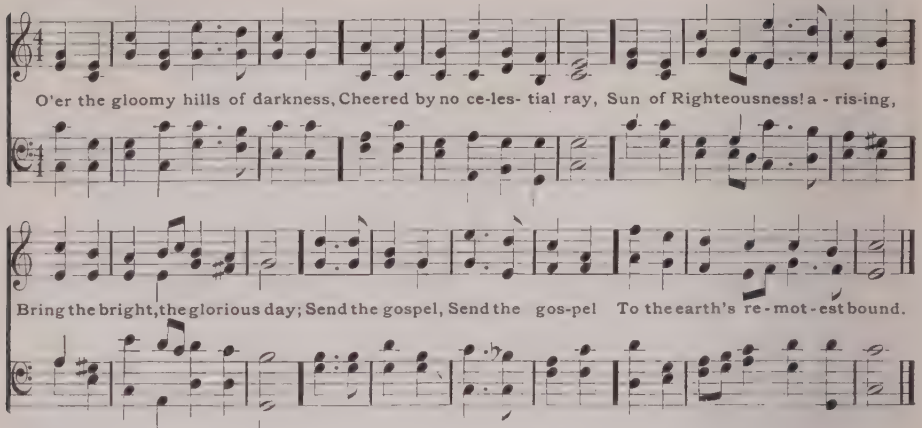
1068 *Departing Missionaries.*

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. SMART.


O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce-les- tial ray, Sun of Righteousness! a - ris-ing,
Bring the bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel, Send the gos-pel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.

1069 *Sun of Righteousness.*

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams.

1070 *Home Missions.*

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell.

1071 *The gospel herald.*

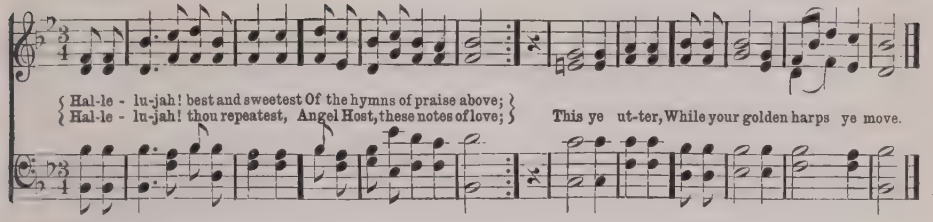
ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long-in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Thomas Kelly.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


Hal-le - lu-jah! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise above;
Hal-le - lu-jah! thou repeatest, Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye ut-ter, While your golden harps ye move.

1072 *"Hallelujah!"*

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

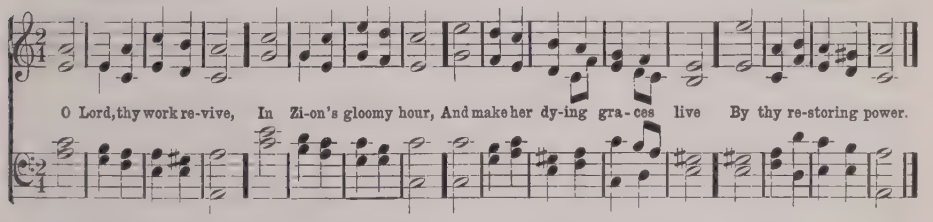
2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler, tr.

ST. BRIDE. S. M. S. HOWARD.



1073 *"Revive thy work."*

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessèd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, alt.

1074 *Declension.*

OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

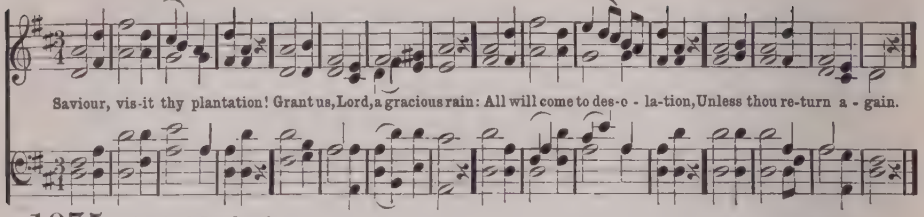
2 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

George W. Bethune.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. I. CONKEY.



1075 *Revival Implored.*

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

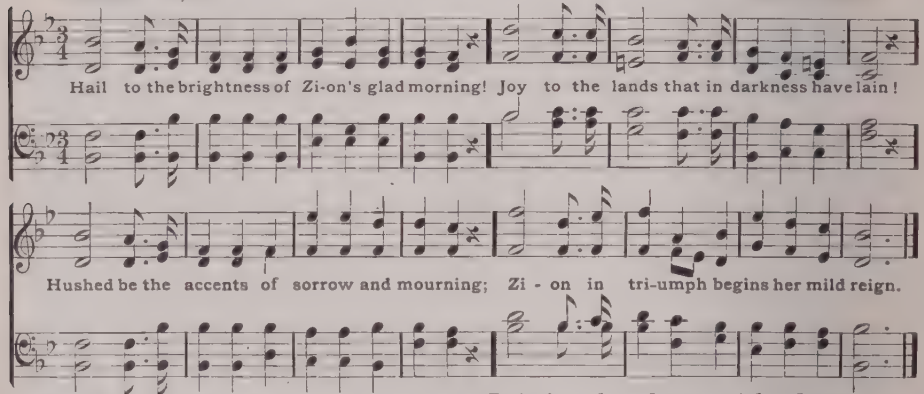
4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

John Newton.

WESLEY. 11s, 10s. LOWELL MASON.


Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

1076 *The Promise.*

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

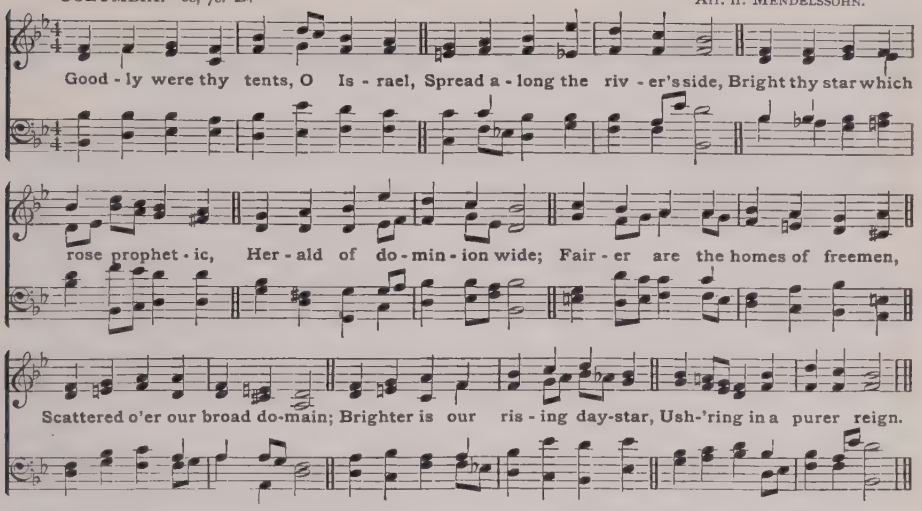
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

COLUMBIA. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Good - ly were thy tents, O Is - rael, Spread a - long the riv - er's side, Bright thy star which
rose prophet - ic, Her - ald of do - min - ion wide; Fair - er are the homes of freemen,
Scattered o'er our broad do-main; Brighter is our ris - ing day-star, Ush-'ring in a purer reign.

1077 *Home Missions.*

GOODLY were thy tents, O Israel,
Spread along the river's side,
Bright thy star which rose prophetic,
Herald of dominion wide;
Fairer are the homes of freemen,
Scattered o'er our broad domain;
Brighter is our rising day-star,
Ushering in a purer reign.

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought,—
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all thy radiant banner,
On these souls thy love impress;
From thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Samuel Wolcott.

1078 *"Westward."*

HARK! the sound of angel-voices
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'T is the promised day-star gleaming,
'T is the day-spring from on high.

2 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour-King!

Anon.

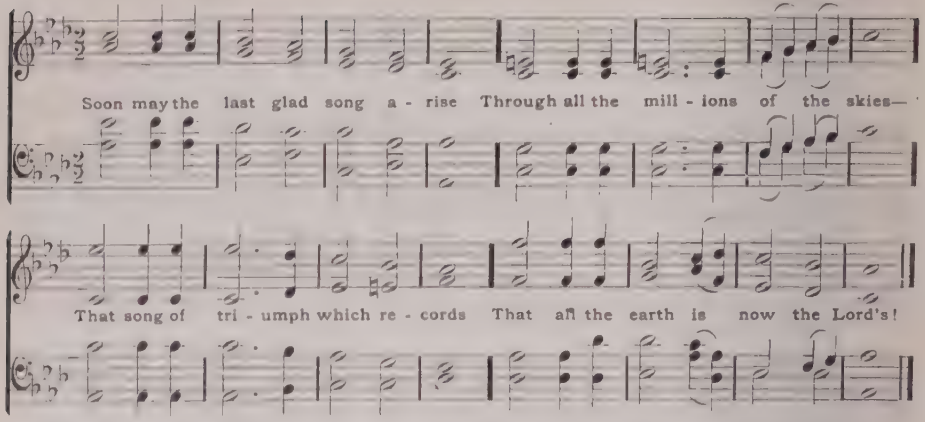
1079 *The Heralds of the Gospel.*

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Rude the speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation:
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

GROSTETE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX.


Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies—
That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

1080 *The last song.*

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Mrs Voke.

1081 *Missionary Convocation.*

Assembled at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

William B. Collyer.

1082 *Christ's coming.*

Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption 's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst

1083 *"Ascend thy throne."*

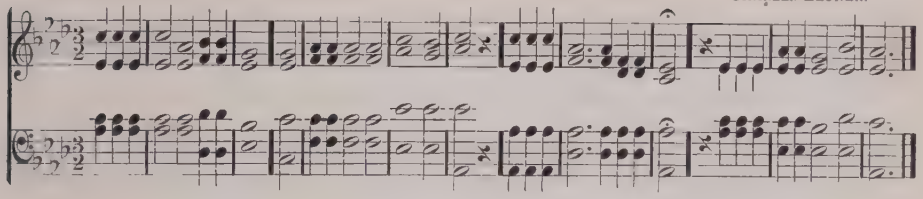
Ascend thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



1084 *Psalm 72.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts.

1085 *Conversion of the World.*

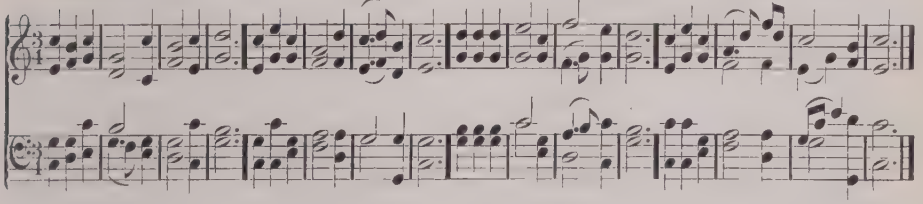
SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

Mrs. Voke.

MENDON. L. M. LOWELL MASON



1086 *"O light of Zion."*

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.

Leonard Bacon.

1087 *Zion's Glory.*

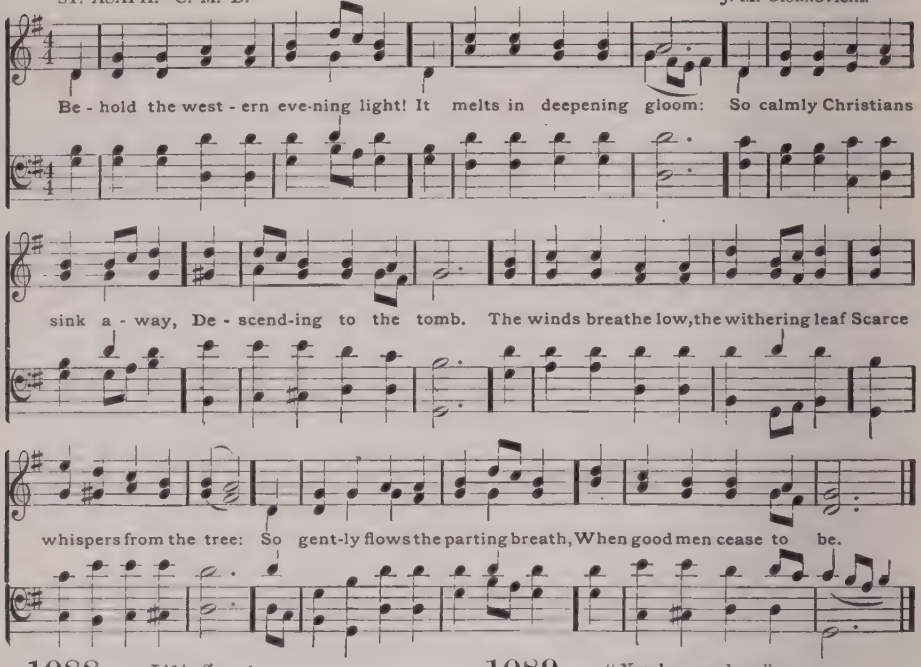
ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

William Shrubsole, tr.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D. J. M. GIORNOVICHI.


Be - hold the west - ern eve-ning light! It melts in deepening gloom: So calmly Christians
sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb. The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce
whispers from the tree: So gent-ly flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

1088 *Life's Sunset.*

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.

1089 *"Number our days."*

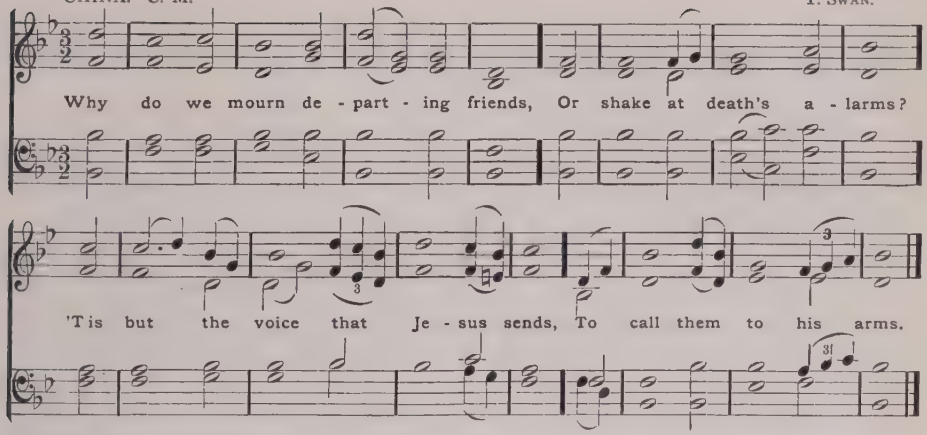
BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

3 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Reginald Heber.

CHINA. C. M. T. SWAN.



1090 *"We are confident."*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

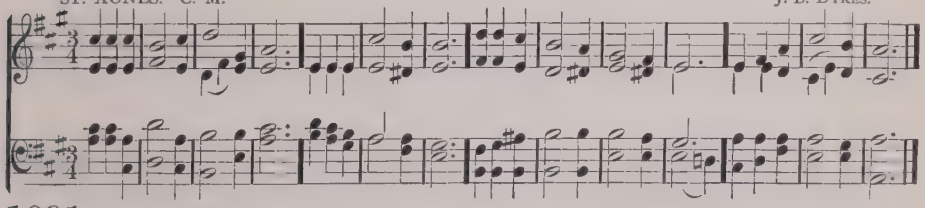
4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



1091 *Resurrection sure.*

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

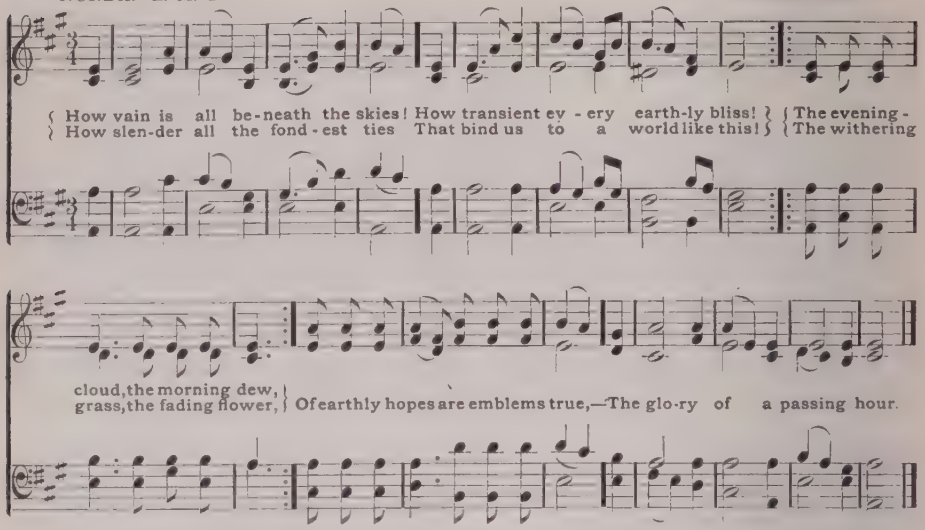
3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.

Ray Palmer.

NUNDA. L. M. D. LOWELL MASON.


How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev - ery earth-ly bliss!
How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!
The evening-
The withering
cloud, the morning dew,
grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—The glo-ry of a passing hour.

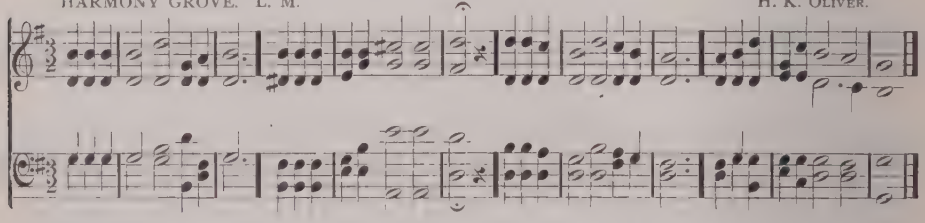
1092 *Heaven alone unfading.*

How VAIN is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
The evening-cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
The glory of a passing hour.

2 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

David E. Ford.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



1093 *Psalm 17.*

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

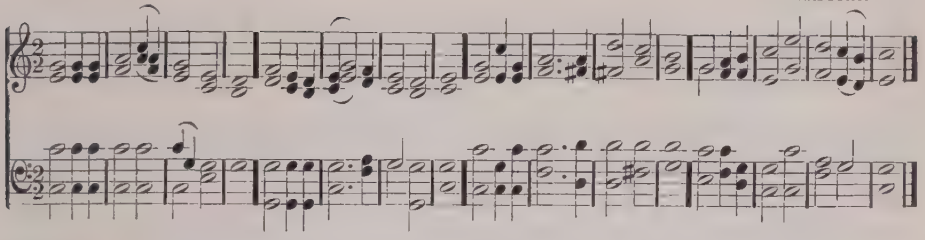
2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

Isaac Watts.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



1094 *"His beloved sleep."*

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Isaac Watts.

1095 *Death of the Righteous.*

HOW BLEST the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

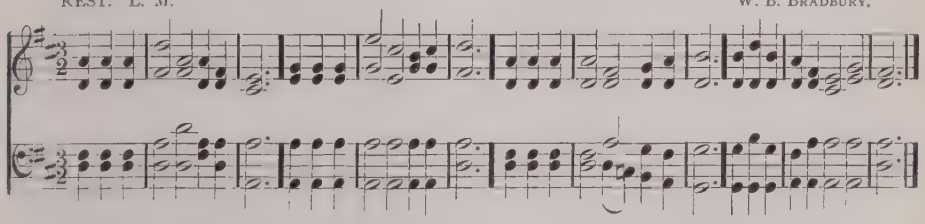
2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



1096 *"Asleep in Jesus."*

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

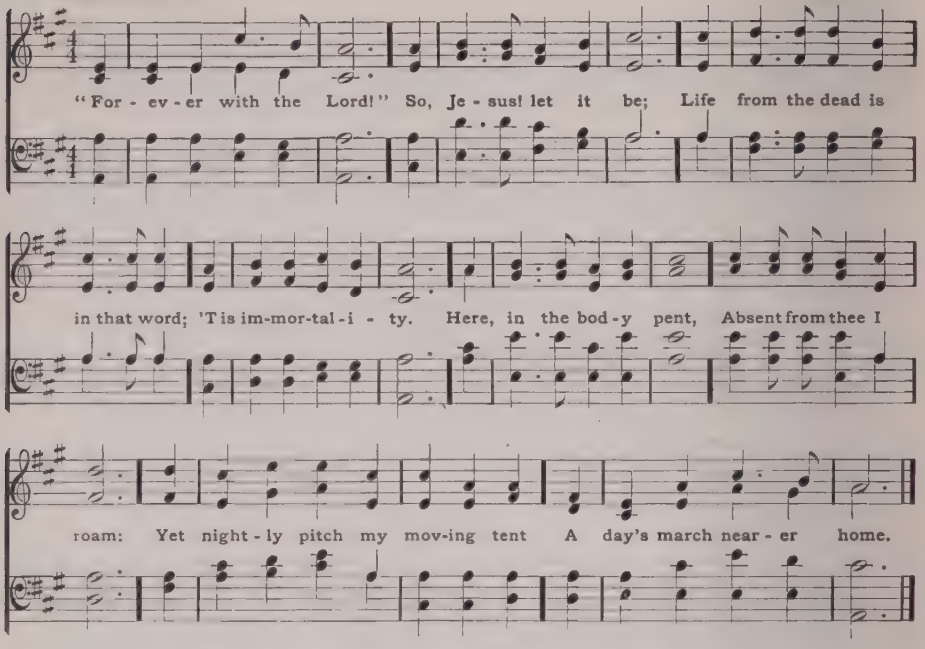
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

NEARER HOME. S. M. D. I. B. WOODBURY.


"For - ev - er with the Lord!" So, Je - sus! let it be; Life from the dead is
in that word; 'T is im-mor-tal-i - ty. Here, in the bod-y pent, Absent from thee I
roam: Yet night - ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near - er home.

1097 *"For ever."*

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

1098 *"Nearer."*

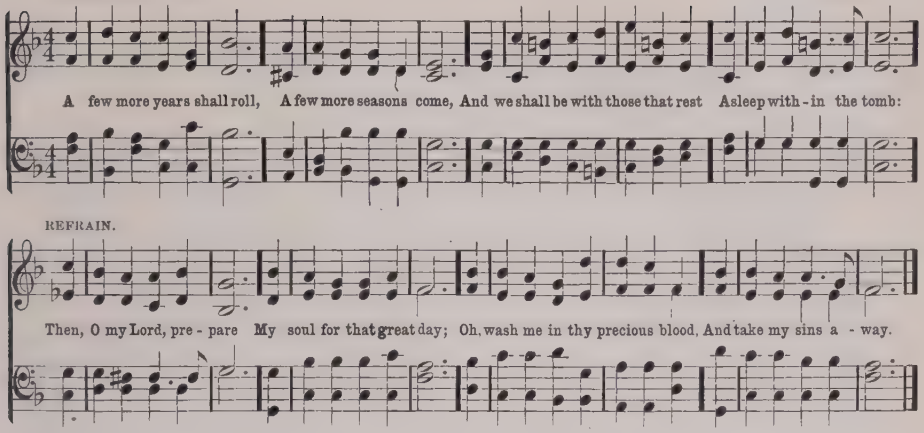
ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I 've been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross:
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phœbe Cary.

CHALVEY. S. M. D. L. G. HAYNES.


A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest Asleep with-in the tomb:
REFRAIN.
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

1099 *"A little while."*

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:

REF.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:—REF.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:—REF.

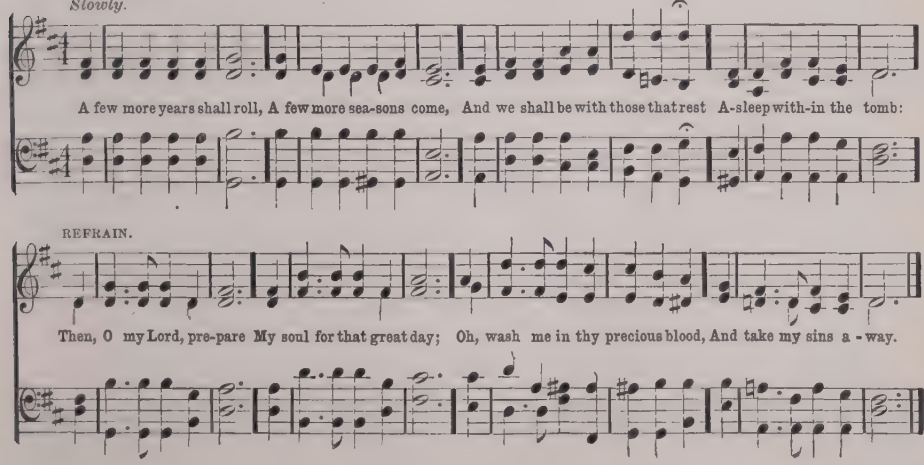
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:—REF.

5 'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:—REF.

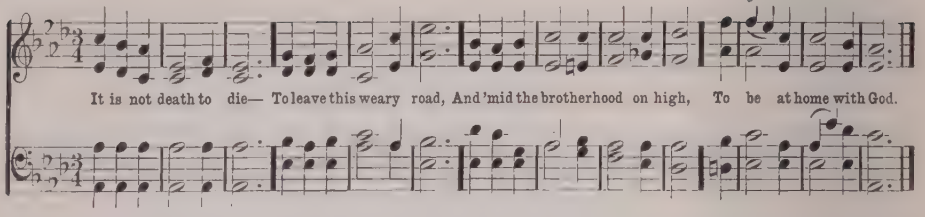
Horatius Bonar.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

Slowly.


A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb:
REFRAIN.
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



1100 *"Where is thy victory?"*

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

George W. Bethune, tr.

1101 *Death of a Veteran.*

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

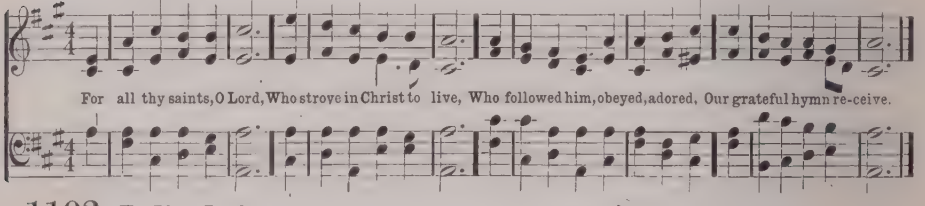
3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M. DAY'S PSALTER.



1102 *The Pious Dead.*

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

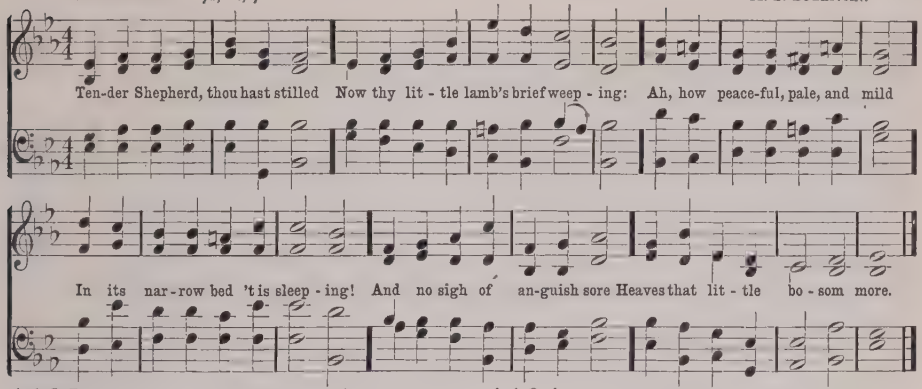
2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Richard Mant.

LONG HOME. 7s, 8s, 7s. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Ten-der Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing: Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild
In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep - ing! And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

1103 *Death of a child.*

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

Miss C. Winkworth, tr

1104 *"Ye shall live also."*

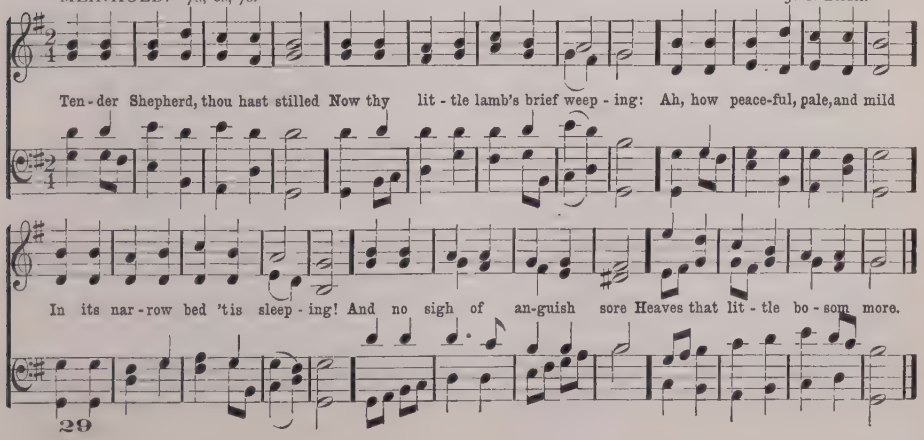
JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,
From the dead he will recall me;
Better life will then commence—
This shall be my confidence.

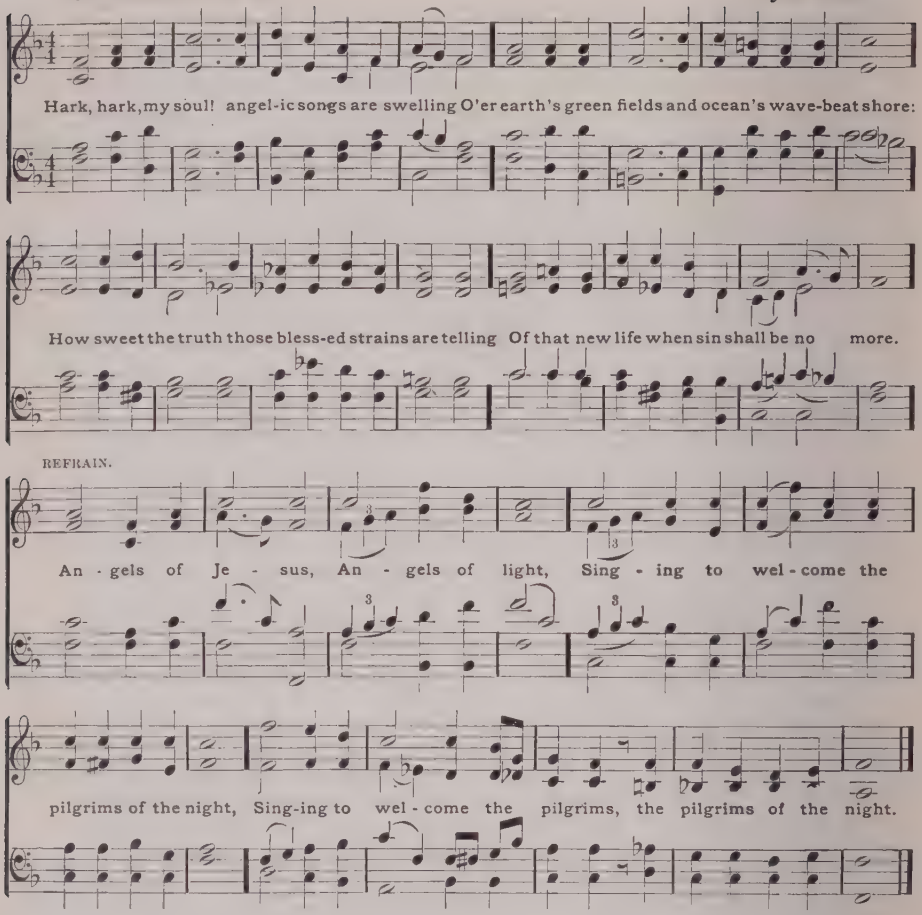
2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

Arthur C. Coxe, tr.

MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s, 7s. J. S. BACH.


Ten - der Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing: Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild
In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing! And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

VOX ANGELICA. P. M. J. B. DYKES.

Hark, hark, my soul! angel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
REFRAIN.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
pilgrims of the night, Sing-ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

1105 *"The new life."*

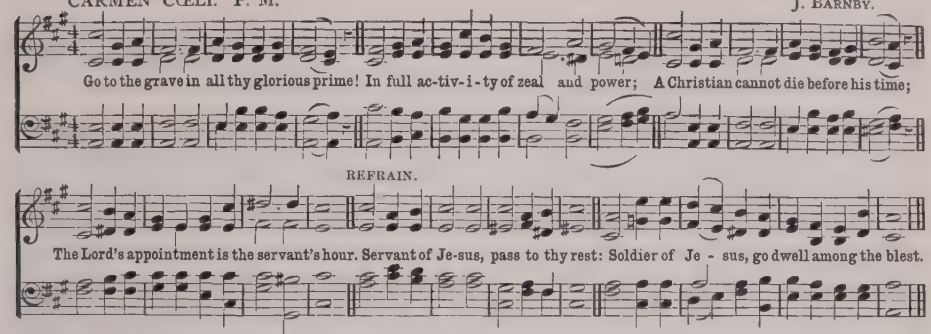
HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

CARMEN CŒLI. P. M. J. BARNBY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime! In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power; A Christian cannot die before his time;
REFRAIN.
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour. Servant of Je-sus, pass to thy rest: Soldier of Je - sus, go dwell among the blest.

1106 *Death at Prime.*

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.—REF.

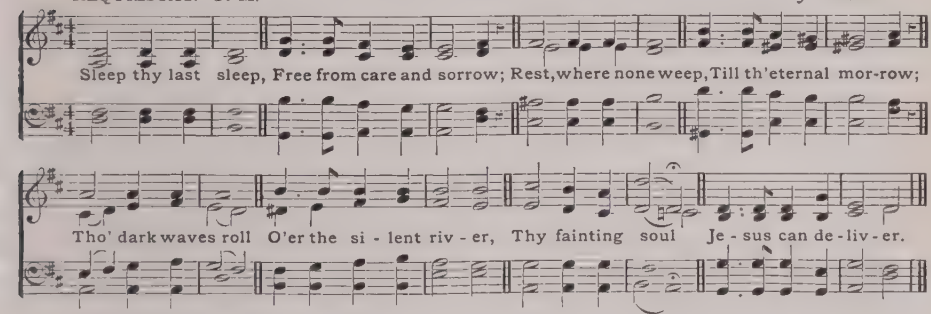
2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.—REF.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.—REF.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.—REF.

James Montgomery.

REQUIESCAT. P. M. J. BARNBY.


Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th'eternal mor-row;
Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent riv - er, Thy fainting soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.

1107 *"All in Jesus sleeping."*

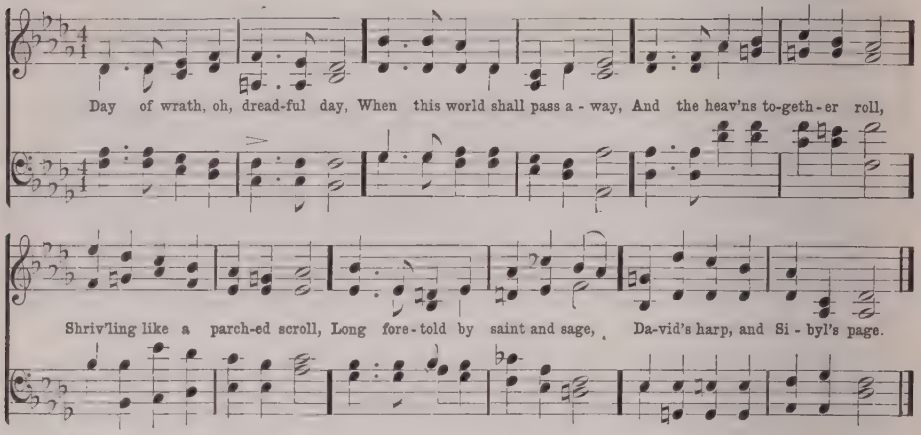
SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward A. Dayman.

DIES IRÆ. 7s, 6l. J. STAINER.


Day of wrath, oh, dread-ful day, When this world shall pass a - way, And the heav'ns to-geth - er roll,
Shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, Long fore-told by saint and sage, Da-vid's harp, and Si - byl's page.

1108 *"The Day of the Lord."*

DAY of wrath, oh, dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriv'ling like a parchéd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come;
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;
Then, at her Creator's call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise
Waiting for the great Assize.

4 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

PART II.

WHEN, in that tremendous day,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What shall I the sinner say?
What shall be the sinner's stay?
When the righteous shrinks for fear,
How shall my frail soul appear?

2 King of kings, enthroned on high,
In thine awful majesty,
Thou who of thy mercy free
Savest those who saved shall be:
In thy boundless charity,
Fount of pity, save thou me.

3 Oh, remember, Saviour dear,
What the cause that brought thee here;
All thy long and toilsome way
Was for me who went astray:
When that day at last is come,
Call, oh, call, the wanderer home.

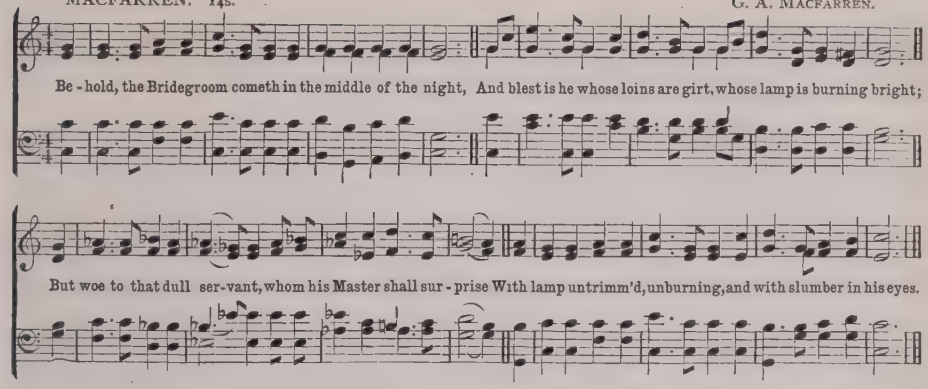
4 Thou in search of me didst sit
Weary with the noonday heat;
Thou to save my soul hast borne
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn:
Oh, may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain!

PART III.

O JUST Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs:
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past.
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

2 Thou who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace;
Thou who to the dying thief
Speakest pardon and relief;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Ev'n to me, the hope of heaven!

MACFARREN. 14s. G. A. MACFARREN.


Be - hold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night, And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom his Master shall sur - prise With lamp untrimm'd, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

1109 "*Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.*"

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us!

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise, he comes to meet the Bride!

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

5 To thee, O Saviour, now we bring the tribute of our praise,
Too small for thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise:
All praise to thee, great Three in One, the God whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more.

Gerard Moultrie.

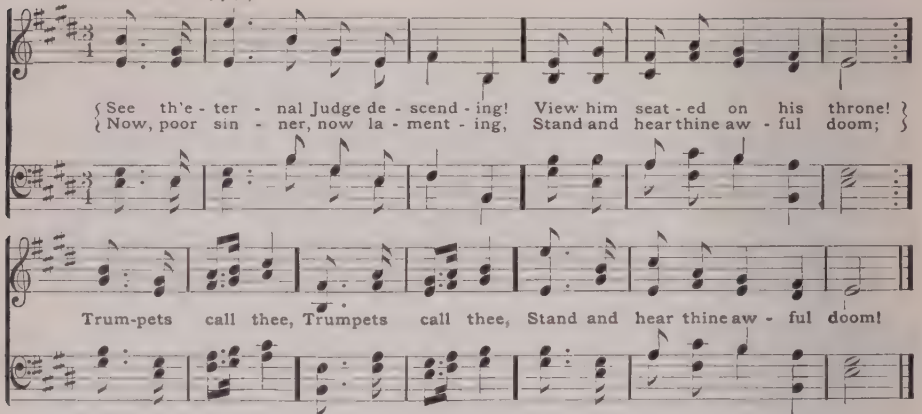
Hymn **1108**, continued.

3 Naught of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in thy free mercy's name.
Worthless is each tear and cry:
Yet, good Lord, in grace comply;
Spare me: cause me not to go
Into everlasting woe.

4 Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Severed from the guilty band;
When the cursed condemned shall be,
With the blest then call thou me:
Contrite in the dust, I pray,
Save me in that awful day.

5 Full of tears and full of dread
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past;
Lord of Mercy, Jesus blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest.

Arthur P. Stanley, tr.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s. C. LOCKHART.

See th'e - ter - nal Judge de - scend - ing! View him seat - ed on his throne!
Now, poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom;
Trum-pets call thee, Trumpets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom!

1110 *"They shall look on him."*

SEE the eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

Anon., 1800.

1111 *"Day of wonders."*

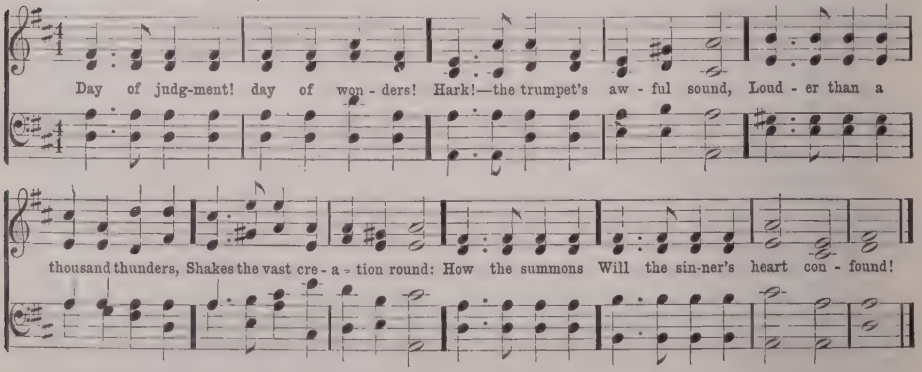
DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

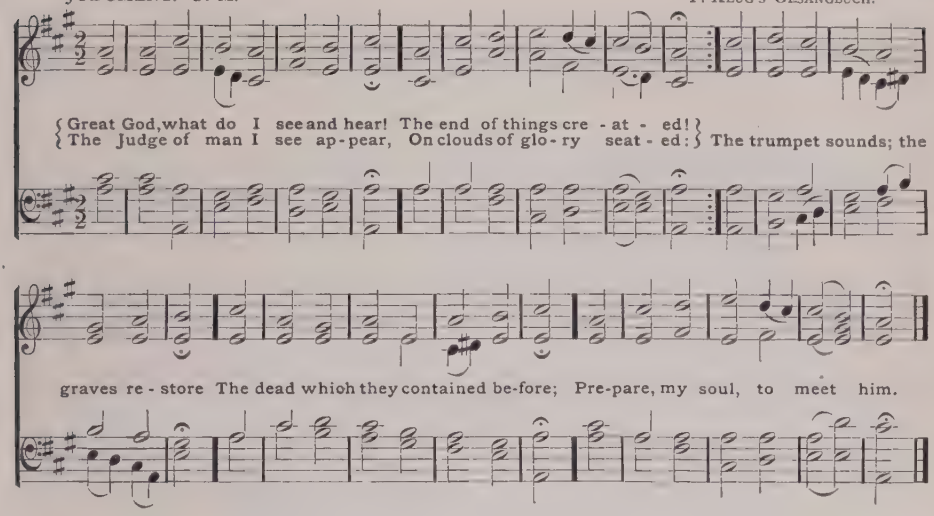
3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

John Newton.

BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


Day of judg-ment! day of won - ders! Hark!—the trumpet's aw - ful sound, Loud - er than a
thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round: How the summons Will the sin-ner's heart con - found!

JUDGMENT. P. M. P. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.


Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed!
The Judge of man I see ap-pear, On clouds of glo-ry seat - ed:
The trumpet sounds; the
graves re - store The dead which they contained be-fore; Pre-pare, my soul, to meet him.

1112 *Prepare to meet God.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

William B. Collyer.

1113 *"Into thine hand."*

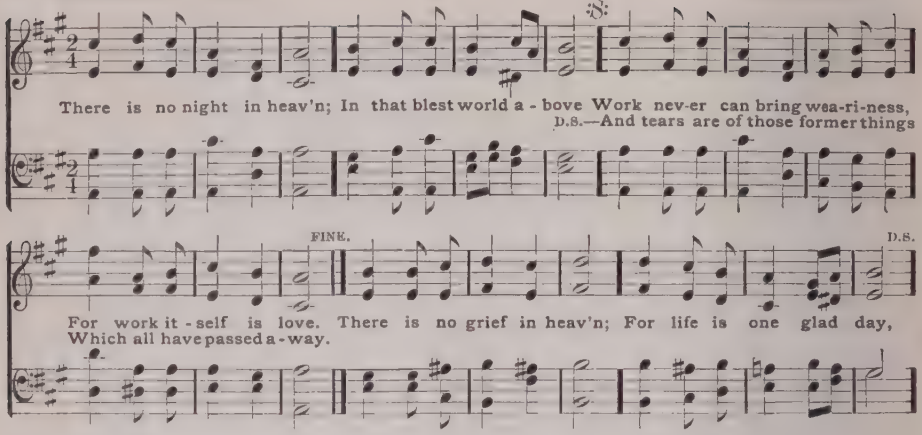
WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I 'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death;
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
By hope with thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered,
I 'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—
Live with thee, from thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I 'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending;
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar A. Bowring, tr.

STRICKLAND. S. M. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.

There is no night in heav'n; In that blest world a - bove Work nev-er can bring wea-ri-ness,
D.S.—And tears are of those former things
FINE.
D.S.
For work it - self is love. There is no grief in heav'n; For life is one glad day,
Which all have passed a - way.

1114 *"No night there."*

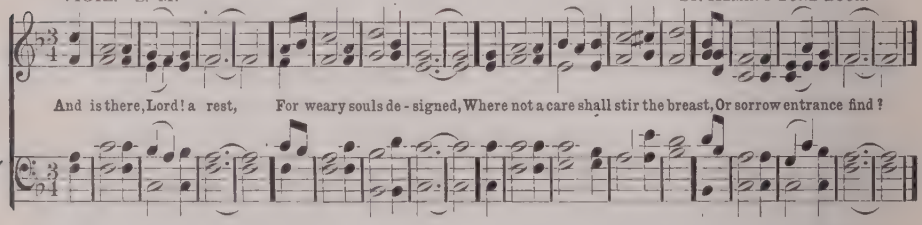
THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

2 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blesséd throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies!

Francis M. Knollis.

VIGIL. S. M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK.



1115 *Rest in Heaven.*

AND is there, Lord! a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

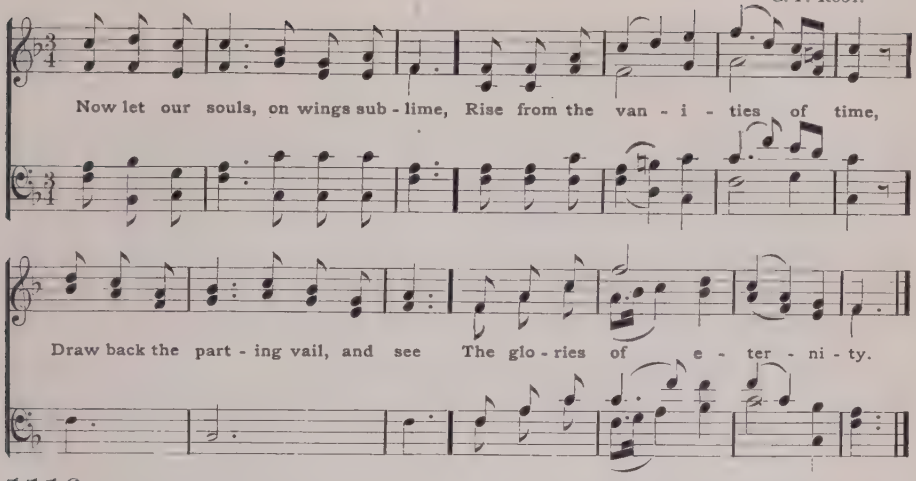
3 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

4 For ever blesséd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

5 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God! ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer

LOWRY. L. M. G. F. ROOT.


Now let our souls, on wings sub - lime, Rise from the van - i - ties of time,
Draw back the part - ing vail, and see The glo - ries of e - ter - ni - ty.

1116 *"Eye hath not seen."*

Now LET our souls, on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.

1117 *"A Rest."*

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for thine own a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night;
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round!

Ray Palmer.

1118 *"Many mansions."*

THY Father's house! thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

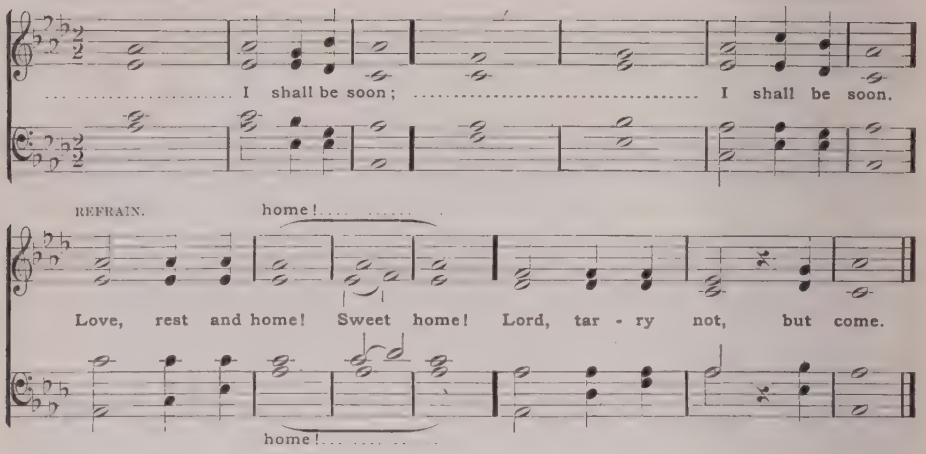
3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore!

Ray Palmer.

BEYOND.—Chant. W. A. TARBUTTON.



1119 *"Lord, tarry not."*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ‖
REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

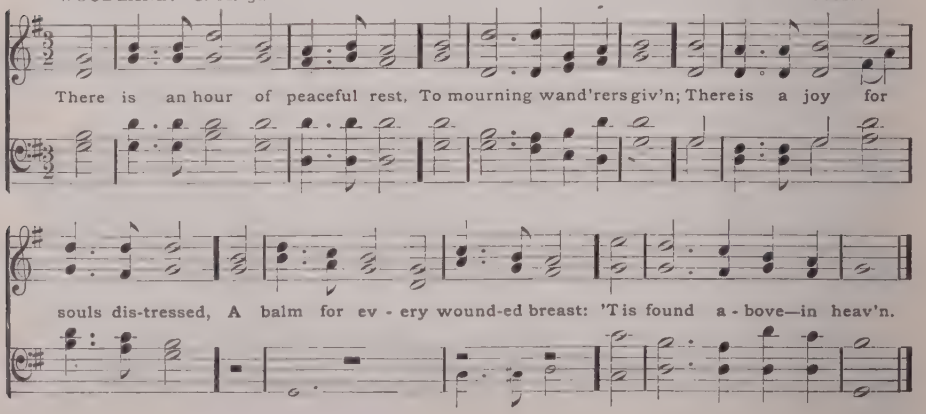
3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

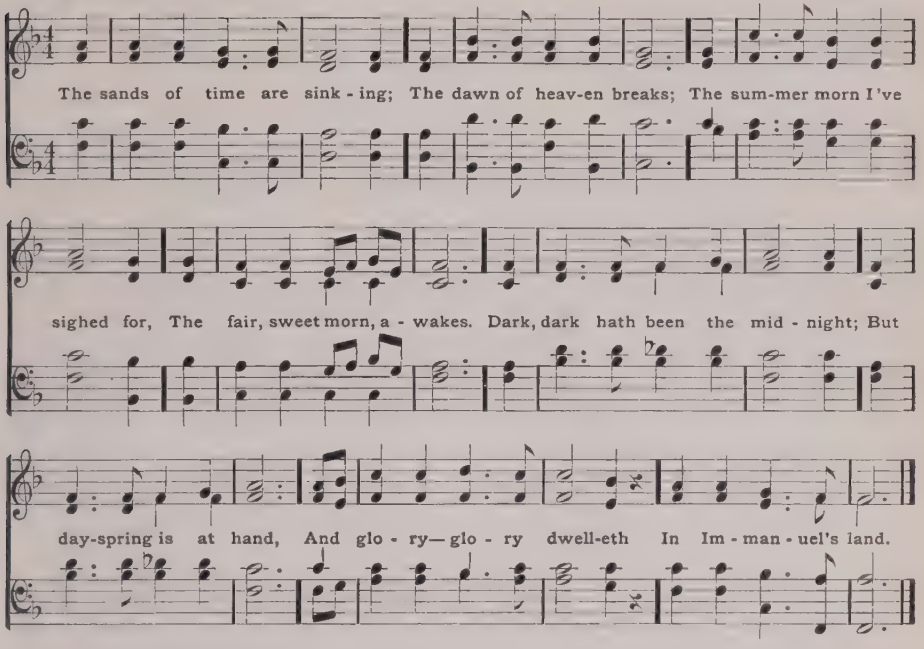
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

Horatius Bonar.

WOODLAND. C. M. 51. N. G. GOULD.


There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - bove—in heav'n.

RUTHERFORD. P. M. C. D'URBAN.

The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav-en breaks; The sum-mer morn I've
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn, a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry— glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man - uel's land.

1120 "*Immanuel's Land.*"

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I 've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well, of love;
The streams on earth I 've tasted,
More deep I 'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by his love;
I 'll bless the hand that guided,
I 'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

1121 C. M. 5l. "*No more death.*"

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed;
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found above—in heaven.

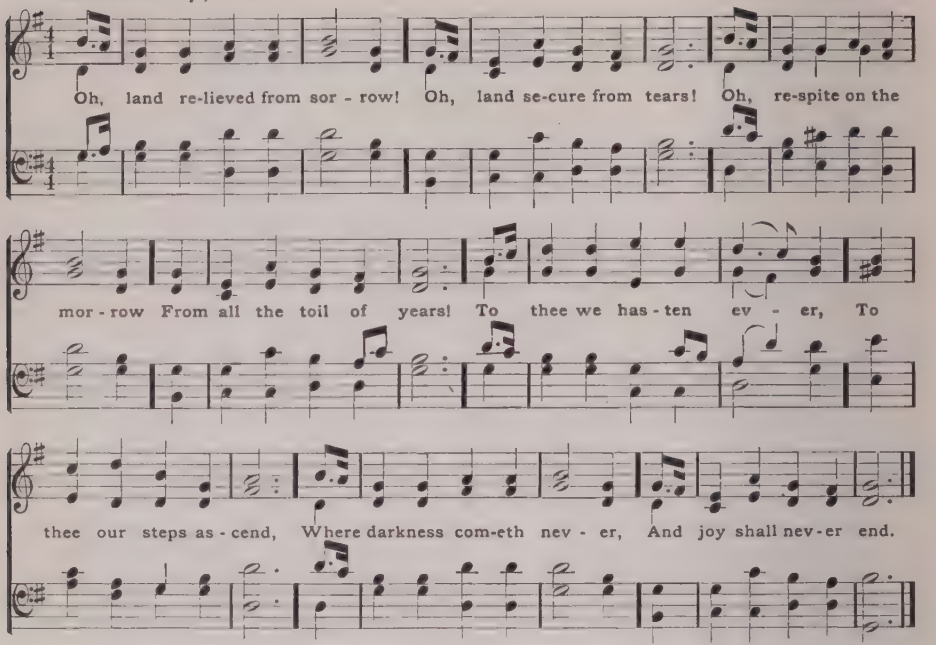
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

William P. Tappan.

ENDSLEIGH. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. by J. TURLE.


Oh, land re-lieved from sor - row! Oh, land se-cure from tears! Oh, re-spite on the
mor - row From all the toil of years! To thee we has - ten ev - er, To
thee our steps as - cend, Where darkness com-eth nev - er, And joy shall nev-er end.

1122 "*Darkness cometh never.*"

OH, land relieved from sorrow!
Oh, land secure from tears!
Oh, respite on the morrow
From all the toil of years!
To thee we hasten ever,
To thee our steps ascend,
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

2 Oh, happy, holy, portal
For God's own blest elect:
Oh, region, pure, immortal,
With better spring bedecked:
Thy pearly doors for ever
Their welcome shall extend,
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

3 Oh, home where God the Father
Takes all his children in:
Where Christ the Son shall gather
The sinners saved from sin:
No night nor fear shall sever
A friend from any friend,
For darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

4 Rise, then, O brightest morning!
Come, then, triumphant day!
When into new adorning
We change and pass away:
For so with firm endeavor
Our spirits gladly tend
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

Samuel W. Duffield.

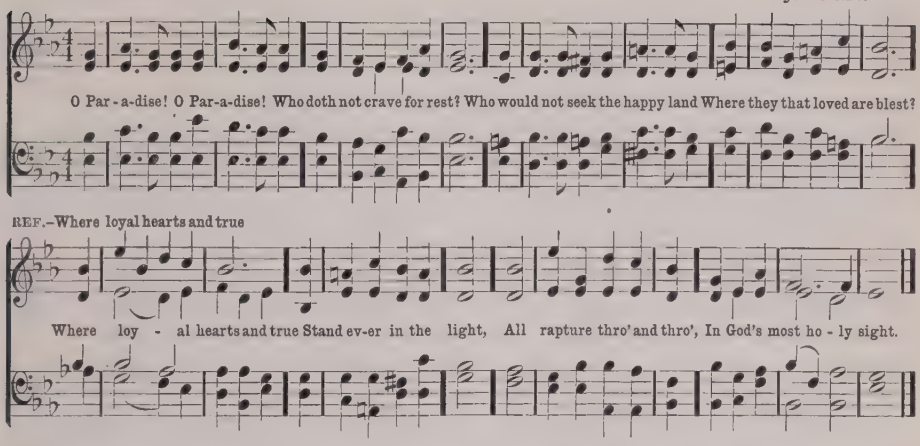
1123 "*Mighty to save.*"

HE comes in blood-stained garments;
Upon his brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down;
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ, his love is mighty!
Long-suffering is his grace;
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from his face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with him above.

Mrs. Charitie L. Bancroft.

PARADISE. P. M. J. BARNBY.


O Par - a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?
REF.-Where loyal hearts and true
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

1124 *"O Paradise."*

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

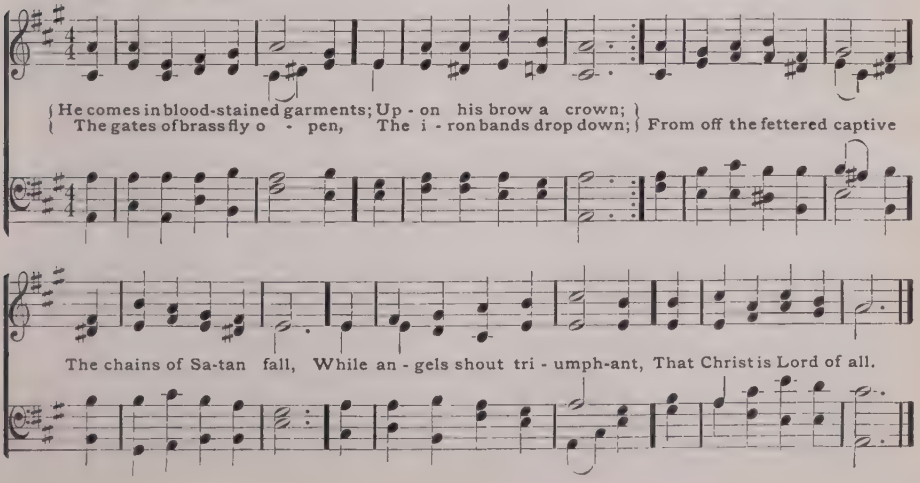
2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.—REF.

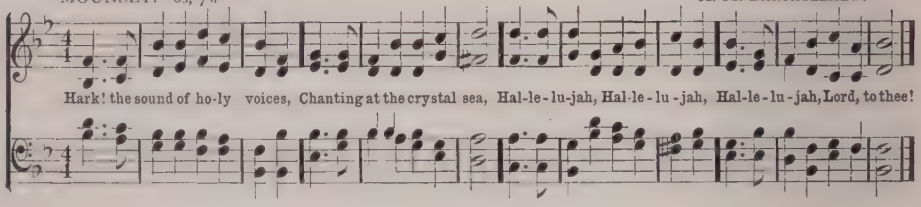
4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!
REF.—Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.

ST. JAMES. 7s, 6s. D. LINDEMAN'S KORAL BOK.


{He comes in blood-stained garments; Up - on his brow a crown;
{The gates of brass fly o - pen, The i - ron bands drop down; From off the fettered captive
The chains of Sa-tan fall, While an - gels shout tri - umph-ant, That Christ is Lord of all.

MOUNSEY. 8s, 7s. A. M. BARTHOLEMEW.



1125 *"The sea of glass."*

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!

2 Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood.

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

1126 *The City.*

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

2 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on his seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about his feet.

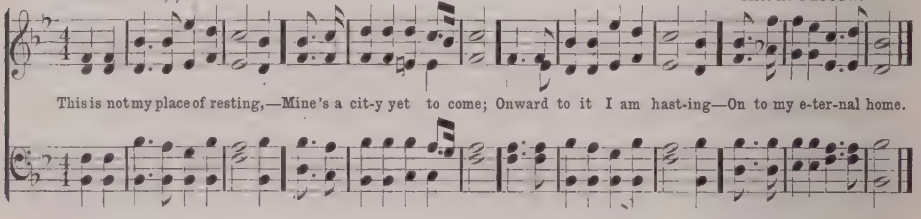
3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.

4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.

5 Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

S. Baring-Gould.

VESPER. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. FLOTOW.



1127 *Not our Rest.*

THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

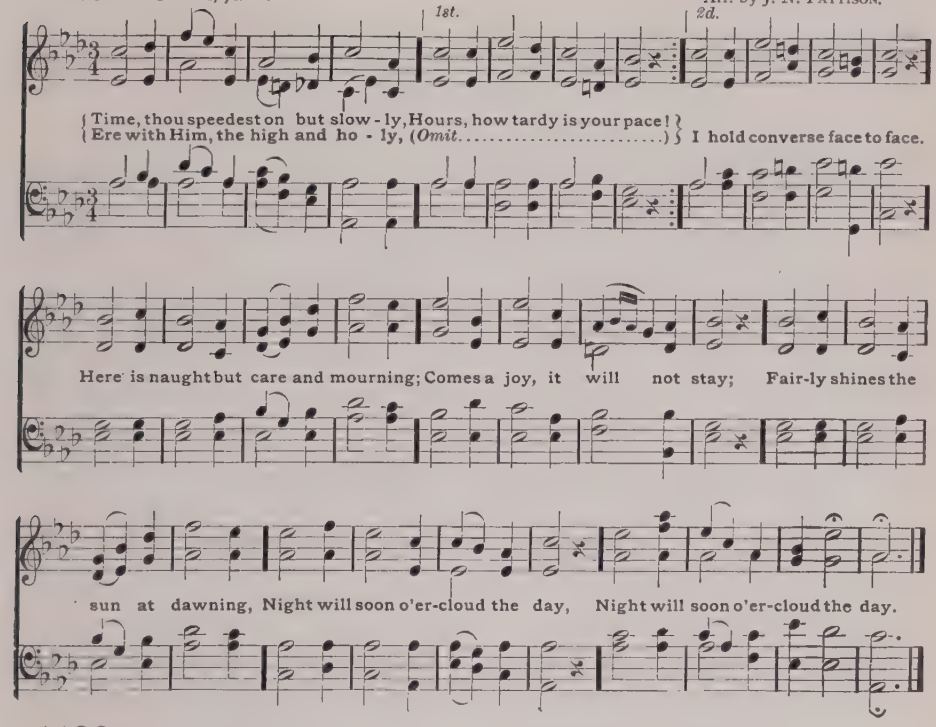
2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

Horatius Bonar.

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by J. N. PATTISON.


1st.
2d.
{Time, thou speedest on but slow - ly, Hours, how tardy is your pace!}
{Ere with Him, the high and ho - ly, (Omit.....)} I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay; Fair-ly shines the
sun at dawning, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.

1128 *"The King in his beauty."*

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

C. Winkworth, tr.

1129 *The Consummation.*

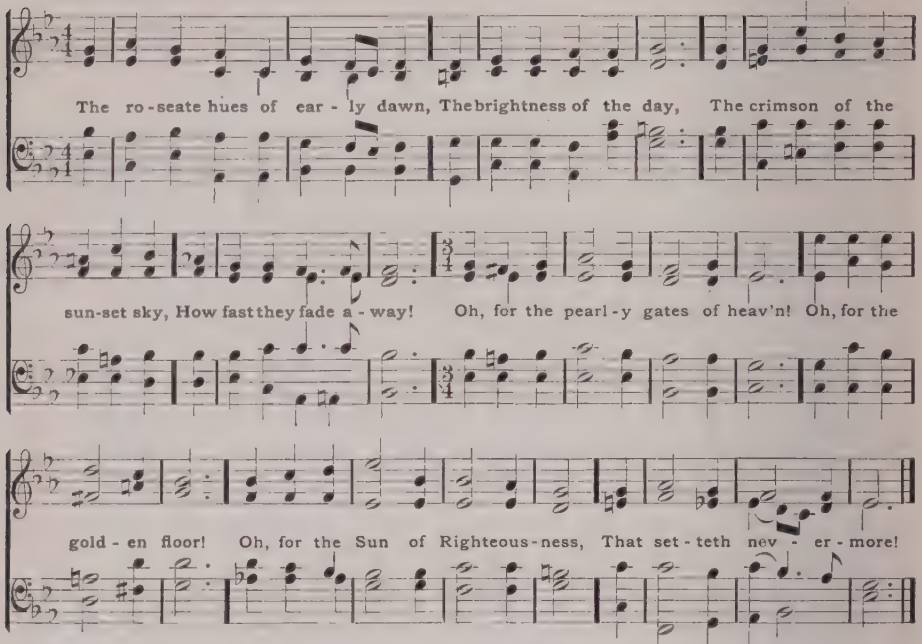
JESUS, blesséd Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

2 Blesséd fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield—Omnipotence!
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hadés' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable Forever!
And the eternal All in All!

Josiah Conder.

CASTLE RISING. C. M. D. F. A. J. HERVEY.


The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the
sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way! Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the
gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more!

1130 *"Hold fast."*

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

1131 *"Let me go over!"*

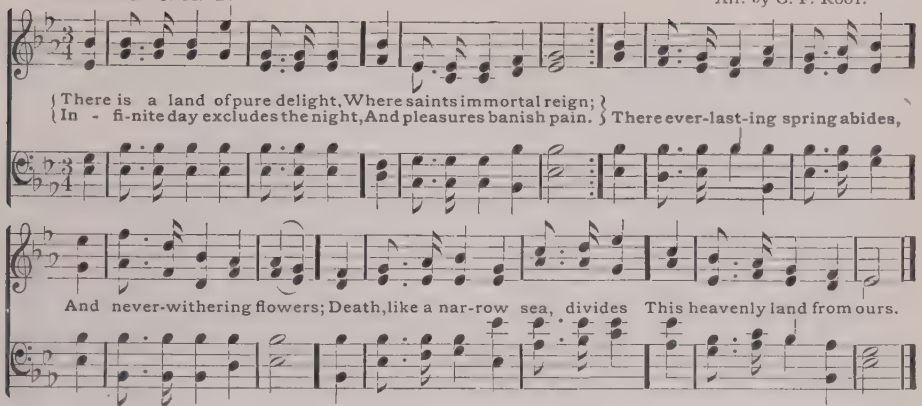
ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

VARINA. C. M. D. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.


There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
There ever-last-ing spring abides,
And never-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

1132 *"Go over this Jordan."*

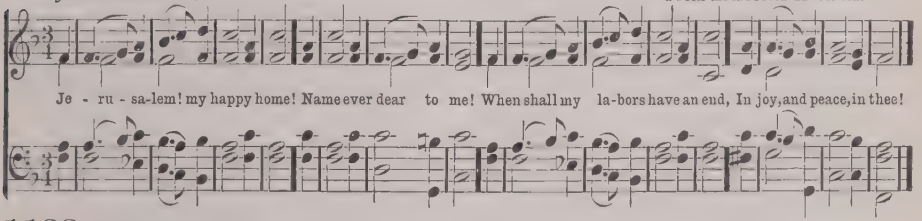
THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

JERUSALEM. C. M. From EPISCOPAL HYMNAL.



1133 *The New Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

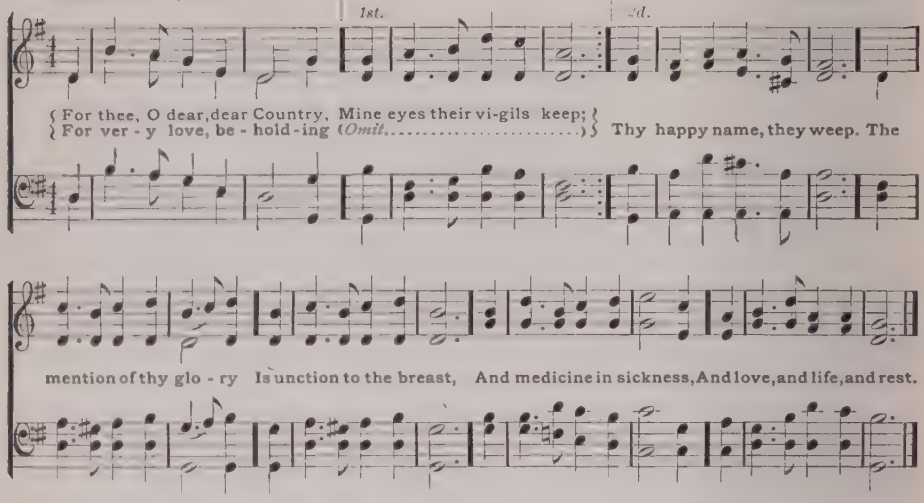
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

"F. B. P." tr. 1616.

BERNARD. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


1st.
2d.
{For thee, O dear, dear Country, Mine eyes their vi-gils keep;}
{For ver-y love, be-hold-ing (Omit.....)} Thy happy name, they weep. The
mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

1134 *Paradise of joy.*

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

John M. Neale, tr

1135 "*Follow in his steps.*"

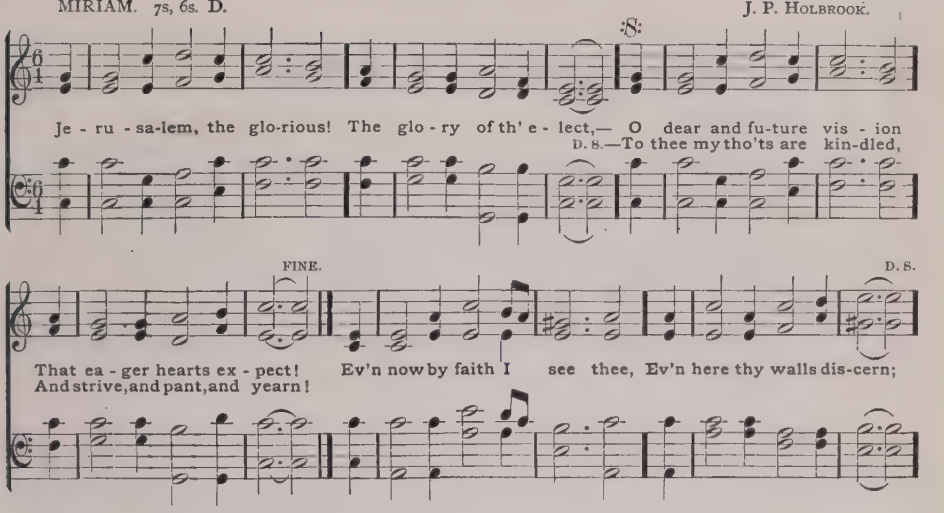
O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn:
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:
What are they, but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?

John M. Neale, tr.

MIRIAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Je - ru - sa-lem, the glo-rious! The glo - ry of th' e - lect,— O dear and fu-ture vis - ion
D. S.—To thee my tho'ts are kin-dled,
FINE.
D. S.
That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis-cern;
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

1136 "*A City.*"

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

John M. Neale, tr.

1137 "*The glory that excelleth.*"

OH, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

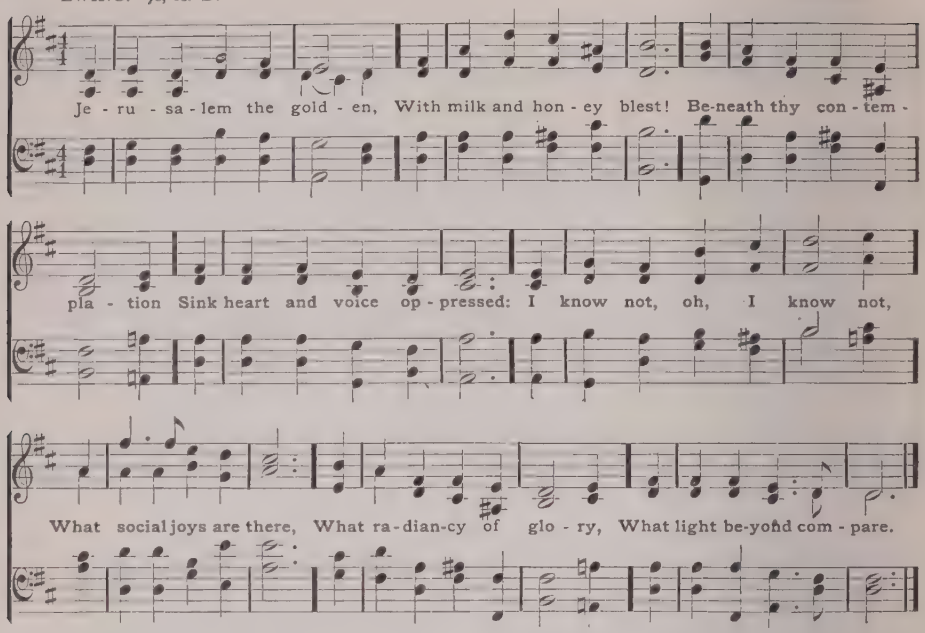
2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from heaven dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

3 No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

4 Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.

Charles I. Cameron.

EWING. 7s, 6s. D. A. EWING.


Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be-neath thy con - tem -
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there, What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be-yond com - pare.

1138 *The New Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

John M. Neale, tr.

1139 "*Short toil.*"

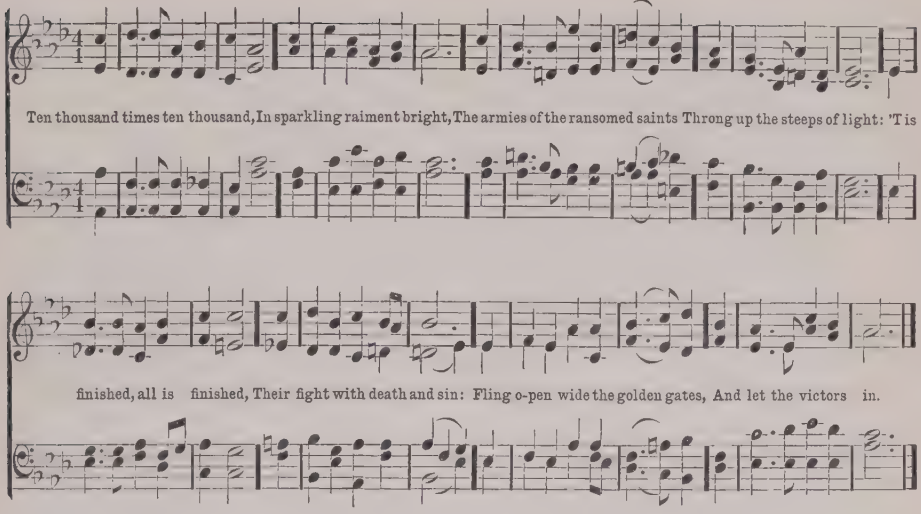
BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine;
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

ALFORD. 7s, 6s. D. J. B. DYKES.


Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'T is
finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling o-pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

1140 *The armies of God.*

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

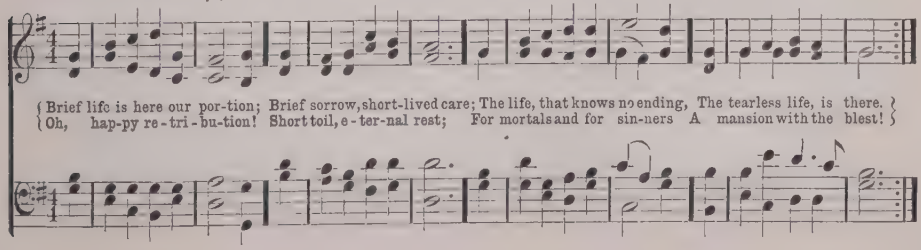
2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

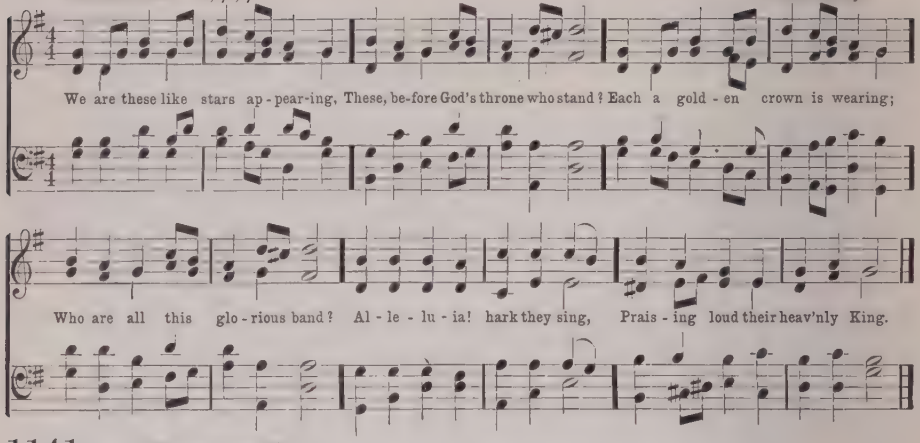
4 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power, and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—
Show in the heaven thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7s, 6s. H. J. GAUNTLETT.


Brief life is here our por-tion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life, that knows no ending, The tearless life, is there.
Oh, hap-py re-tri-bu-tion! Short toil, e-ter-nal rest; For mortals and for sin-ners A mansion with the blest!

CAERSALEM. 8s, 7s, 7. Welsh melody.


We are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be-fore God's throne who stand? Each a gold-en crown is wearing;
Who are all this glo-rious band? Al-le-lu-ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'nly King.

1141 *"Who are these?"*

Who are these like stars appearing,
  There, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
  Who are all this glorious band?
    Alleluia! hark they sing,
    Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
  For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
  Following not the sinful throng:
    These, who well the fight sustained,
    Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

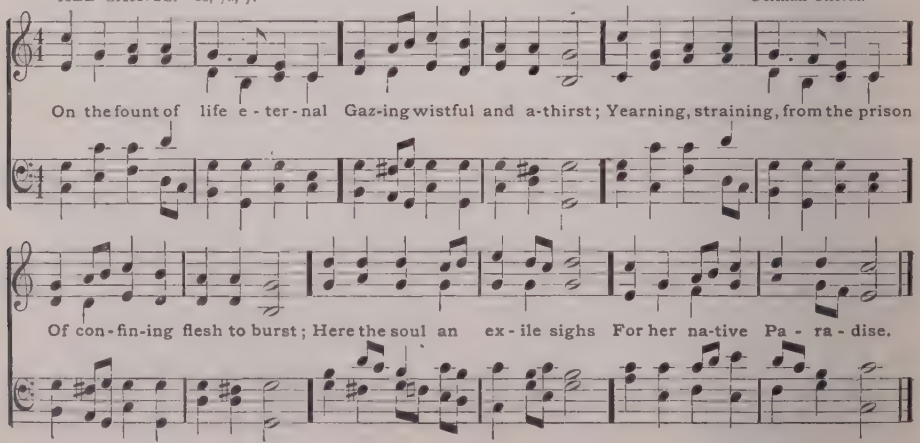
3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
  Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
  With the God they glorified:
    Now, their painful conflict o'er,
    God has bid them weep no more.

4 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
  Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
  Day and night they serve him still:
    Now in God's most holy place,
    Blest they stand before his face.

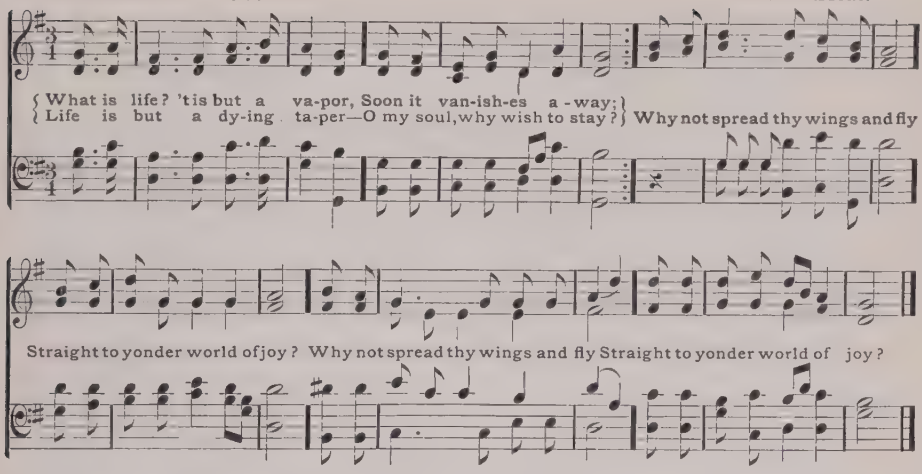
5 Lo, the Lamb himself now feeds them,
  On Mount Sion's pastures fair;
From his central throne he leads them
  By the living fountains there:
    Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
    Free he gives the cooling stream.

Frances E. Cox.

ALL SAINTS. 8s, 7s, 7. German Choral.


On the fount of life e-ter-nal Gaz-ing wistful and a-thirst; Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of con-fin-ing flesh to burst; Here the soul an ex-ile sighs For her na-tive Pa-ra-dise.

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7. W. B. BRADBURY.


What is life? 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish-es a-way;
Life is but a dy-ing ta-per—O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

1142 *"What is your life?"*

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper—
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints.
Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread, etc.

Thomas Kelly.

1143 *"Wistful and athirst."*

ON the fount of life eternal
Gazing wistful and athirst;
Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of confining flesh to burst;
Here the soul an exile sighs
For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates for ever open
Each in pearly splendor shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide,
Blooms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb, with purest ray,
Scatters round eternal day.

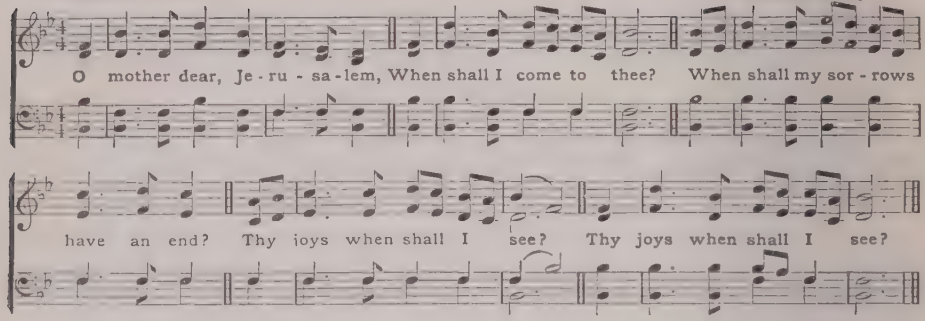
4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light;
And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 Happy they, who with them seated
Shall in all their glory share!
Oh, that we, our days completed,
Might be but admitted there!
There with them the praise to sing
Of our glorious God and King.

6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, oh, grant us rest for ever,
In thy beatific sight,
And thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

Edward Caswall.

RHINE. C. M. German melody.


O mother dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

1144 *The New Jerusalem.*

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

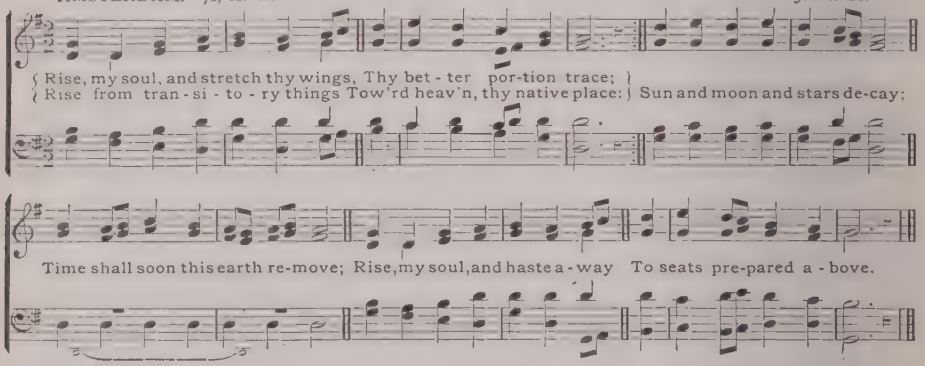
2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Anon.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. NARES.


{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace; }
{ Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars de-cay;
Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

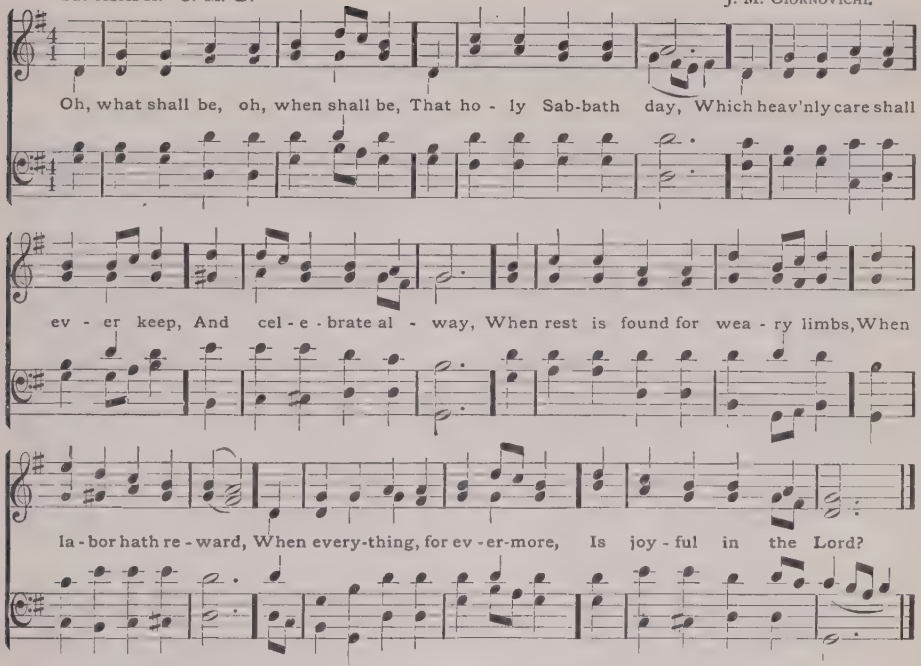
1145 *The better portion.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D. J. M. GIORNOVICHI.

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be, That ho - ly Sab-bath day, Which heav'nly care shall
ev - er keep, And cel - e - brate al - way, When rest is found for wea - ry limbs, When
la - bor hath re - ward, When every-thing, for ev - er-more, Is joy - ful in the Lord?

1146 *O Quanta Qualia.*—PART I.

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be,
That holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep,
And celebrate alway;
When rest is found for weary limbs,
When labor hath reward,
When everything, for evermore,
Is joyful in the Lord?

2 The true Jerusalem above,
The holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy,
Whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not
To check the longing heart,
And where the soul in ecstasy
Hath gained her better part.

3 There, there, secure from every ill,
In freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here
By days of suffering;
And unto thee our gracious Lord
Our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good,
And thou by pain canst bless.

PART II.

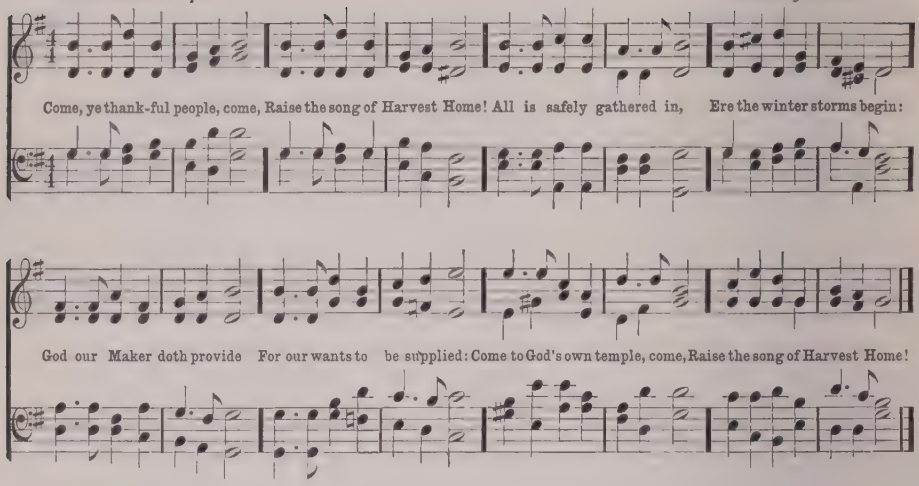
4 O glorious King! O happy State!
O Palace of the blest!
O sacred peace, and holy joy,
And perfect heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens
In glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know
They strive in vain to say.

5 But while we wait and long for home,
It shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers
In that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams
To lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love
Descending from the skies.

6 There Sabbath day to Sabbath day
Sheds on a ceaseless light;
Eternal pleasure of the saints
Who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable
Decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing
In that sweet realm of peace.

Samuel W. Duffield, tr.

ST. GEORGE 7s. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.


Come, ye thank-ful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home!

1147 *Song for Harvest.*

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

Henry Alford.

1148 *The close of the year.*

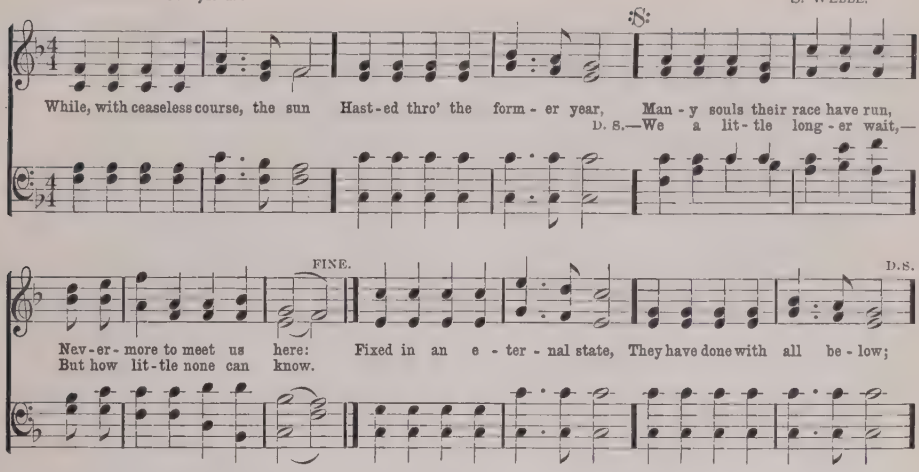
THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

Ray Palmer.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D. S. WEBBE.


While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the form-er year, Man-y souls their race have run,
D. S.—We a lit-tle long-er wait,—
FINE.
D.S.
Nev-er-more to meet us here: Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
But how lit-tle none can know.

1149 *New Year.*

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton.

1150 *Independence Day.*

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

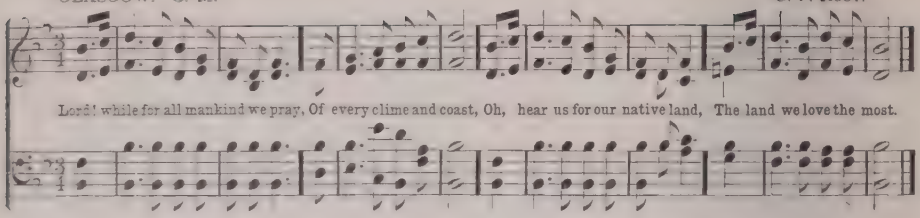
1151 *Thanksgiving.*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

GLASGOW. C. M. G. F. Root.



1152 *National.*

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

1153 *Close of the Year.*

Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Isaac Watts.

1154 *New Year.*

Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

William Gaskell.

1155 *Prayer for Seamen.*

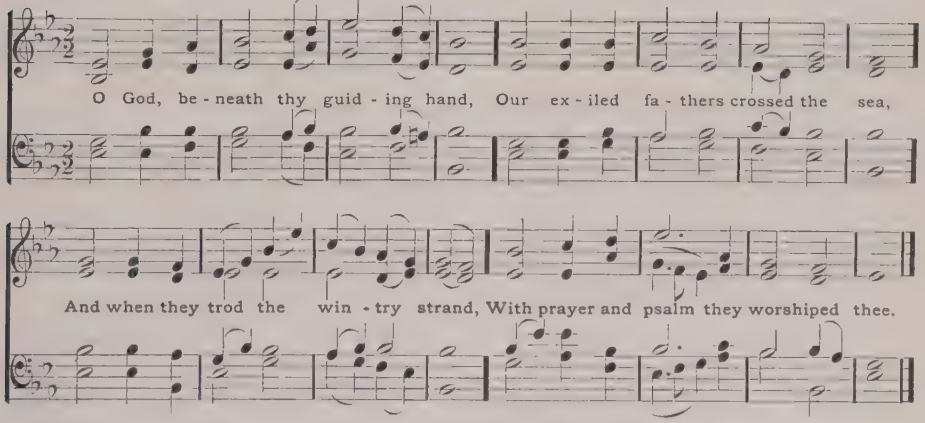
We come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.


O God, be - neath thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

1156 *Forefathers' Day.*

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon.

1157 *The New Year.*

Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge.

1158 *The New Year.*

Our Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

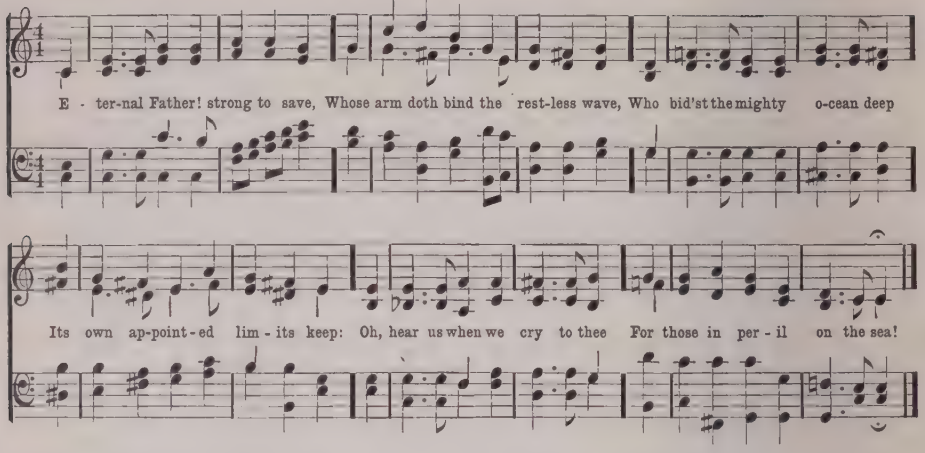
2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge.

MELITA. L. M. 61. J. B. DYKES.


E - ter-nal Father! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave, Who bid'st the mighty o-cean deep
Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep: Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea!

1159 *Prayer for the Seamen.*

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

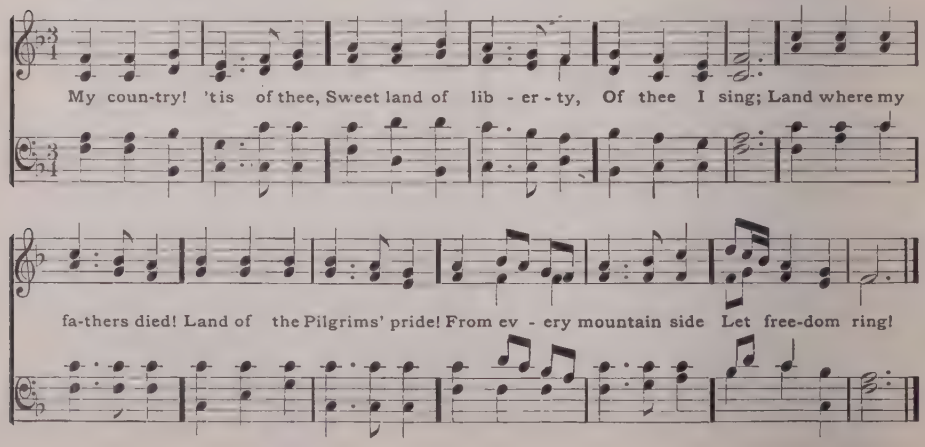
2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

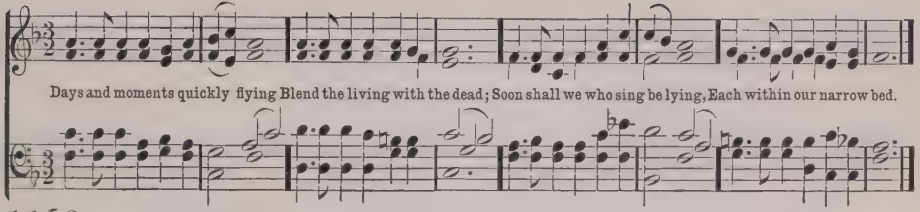
4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s. H. CAREY.


My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let free-dom ring!

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.



1160 *Last Day of the year.*

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

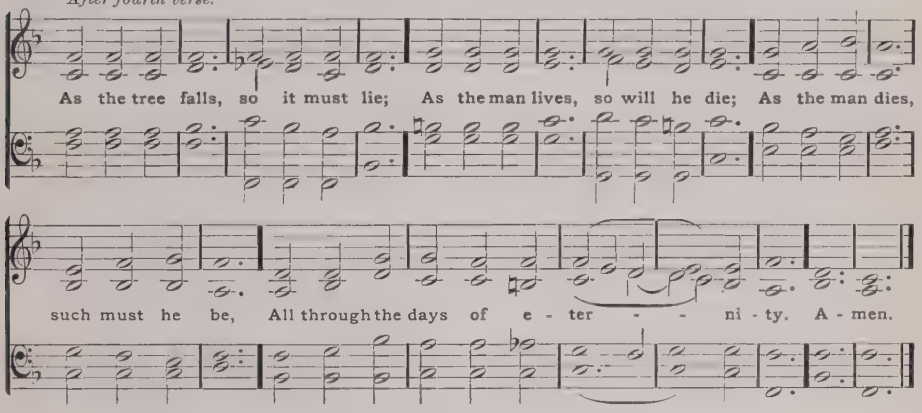
2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Edward Caswall.

After fourth verse.


As the tree falls, so it must lie; As the man lives, so will he die; As the man dies,
such must he be, All through the days of e - ter - - ni - ty. A - men.

1161 6s, 4s. *National Song.*

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

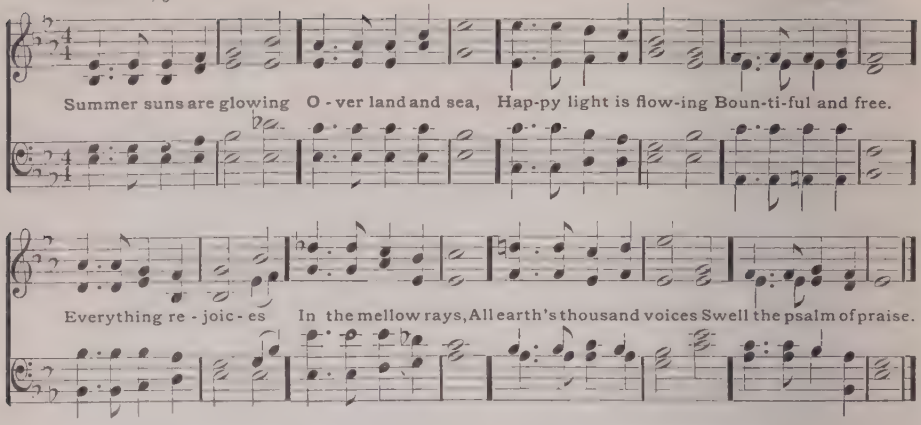
2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

RUTH. 6s, 5s. S. SMITH.


Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap-py light is flow-ing Boun-ti-ful and free.
Everything re - joic - es In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.

1162 *A bright summer day.*

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Makes us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the vail uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou vail thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

William W. How.

1163 *Glad Thanksgiving.*

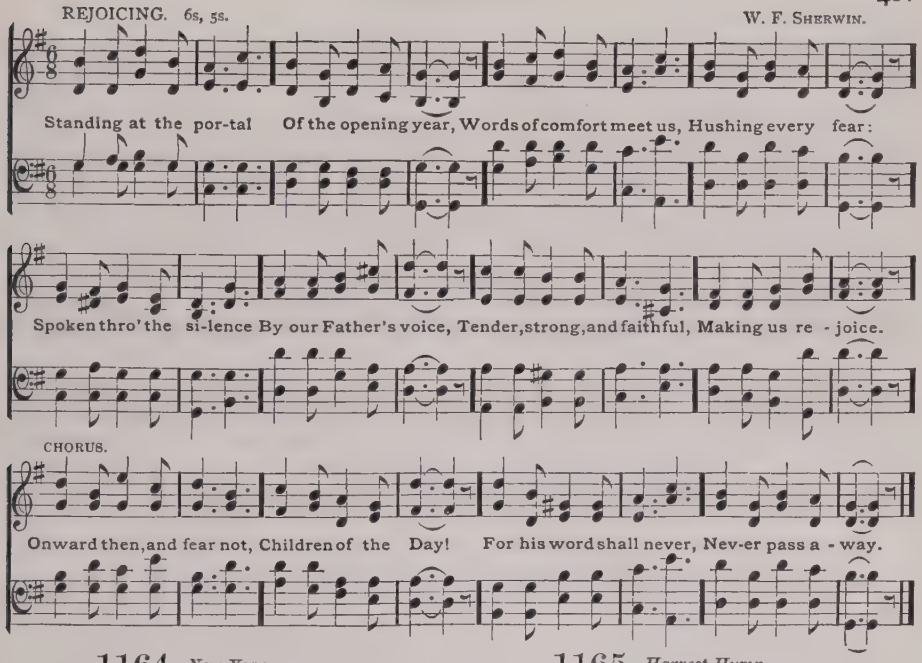
ON our way rejoicing,
Homeward as we move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness,
Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky beclouded,
Light shall come from thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou, who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown our heads with blessing,
Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ hath triumphed,
Vanquished is our foe;
On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go!
Christ without—our safety;
Christ within—our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell.


REJOICING. 6s, 5s.
W. F. SHERWIN.
Standing at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, Hushing every fear:
Spoken thro' the si-lence By our Father's voice, Tender, strong, and faithful, Making us re - joice.
CHORUS.
Onward then, and fear not, Children of the Day! For his word shall never, Nev-er pass a - way.

1164 *New Year.*

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear:
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

CHO.—Onward then, and fear not, Children of the Day!
For his word shall never, Never pass away.

2 "I the Lord am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yes, I will uphold thee,
With my own right hand!
Thou art called and chosen,
In my sight to stand."—CHO.

3 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake,
His eternal covenant
He will never break;
Resting on his promise,
What have we to fear?
God is All-Sufficient
For the coming year!—CHO.

Frances R. Havergal.

1165 *Harvest Hymn.*

EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love:
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days:

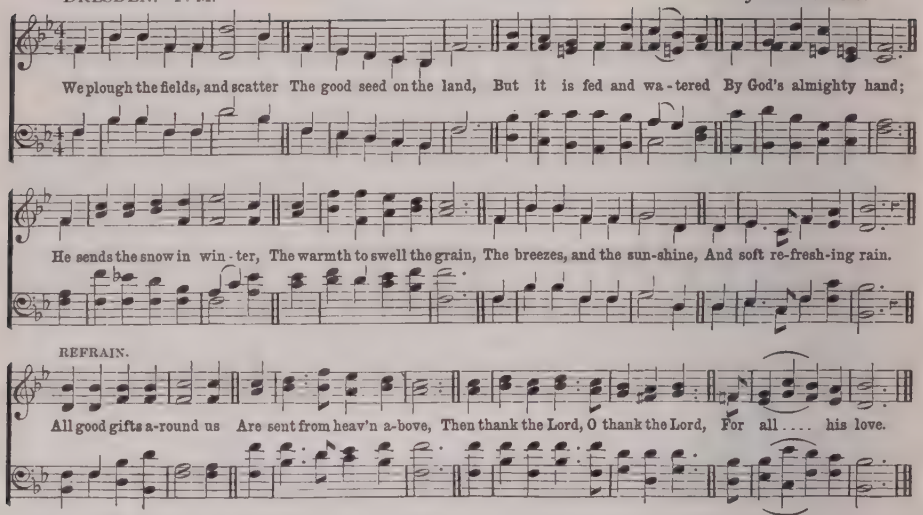
CHO.—O Almighty Giver, Bountiful and free!
As the joy in harvest, Joy we before thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the happy hours
Spring and summer knew:
For the golden autumn
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—CHO.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter Sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon:
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
And the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—CHO.

J. S. B. Monsell.

DRESDEN. P. M. J. A. P. SCHULZ.


We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa-tered By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes, and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.
REFRAIN.
All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all .... his love.

1166 *Harvest Thanksgiving.*

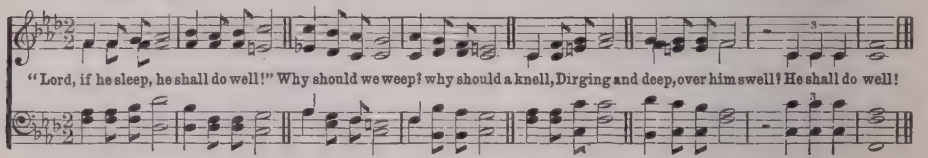
WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.—REF.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

Jane M. Campbell, tr.

DIRGE. P. M. H. H. BEADLE.



1167 *John 11: 12.*

"LORD, if he sleep, he shall do well!"
Why should we weep? why should a knell,
Dirging and deep, over him swell?
He shall do well!

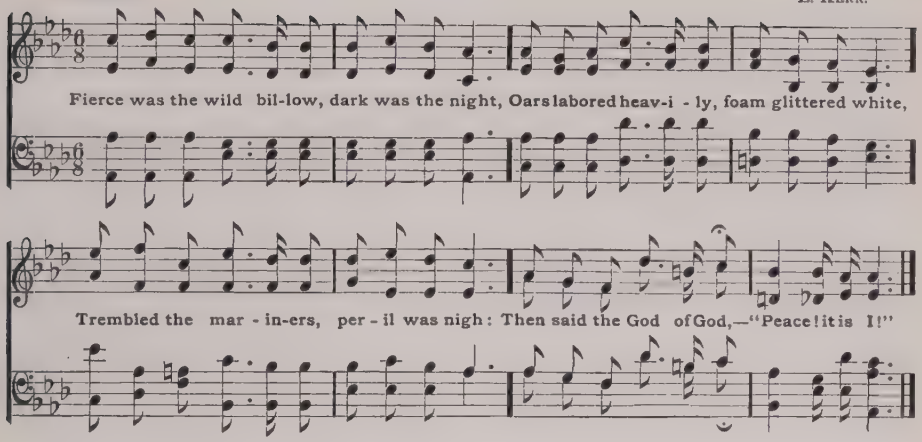
2 Long was his way, rugged and drear;
All his sad day trouble was near—
Now doth he lay every load here!
He shall do well!

3 Nobly he wrought; strongly he ran;
Bravely he fought, fought in the van:
Rest hath he sought—he was but man:
He shall do well!

4 Till the day break, here let him be;
Then shall he wake, glorious and free,
For thy dear sake, like unto thee!
He shall do well!

William Pollock.

LINDLEY. P. M. E. KERR.


Fierce was the wild bil-low, dark was the night, Oars labored heav-i - ly, foam glittered white,
Trembled the mar - in-ers, per - il was nigh: Then said the God of God,—"Peace! it is I!"

1168 *The waters stilled.*

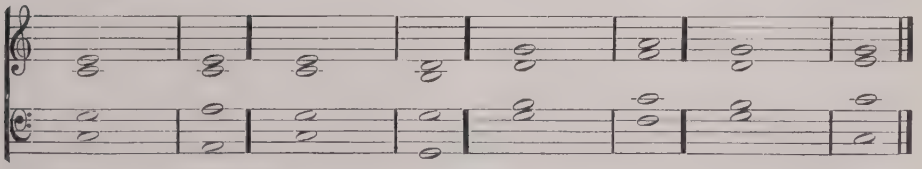
FIERCE was the wild billow, dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily, foam glittered white,
Trembled the mariners, peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,—"Peace! it is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave, lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind, be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,—"Peace! it is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer, near us to be,
Soothe thou our voyaging over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death roars, sweeping by;
Whisper, thou Truth of Truth,—"Peace! it is I!"

J. M. Neale, tr.

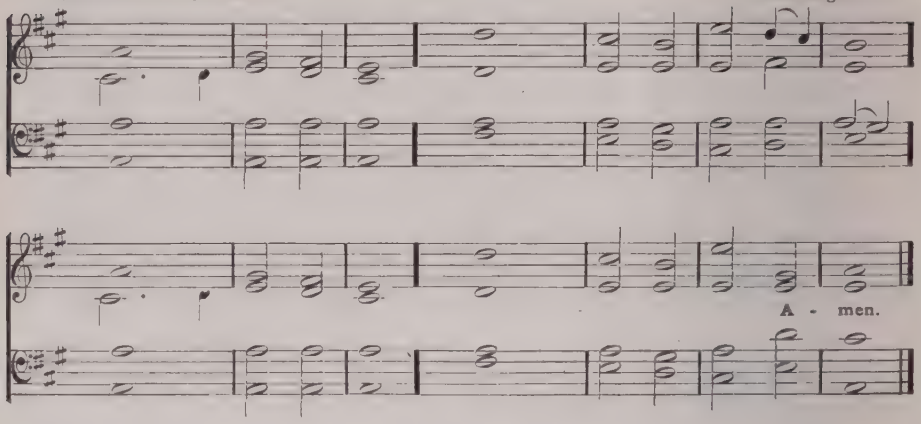
DE PROFUNDIS. From the French.



1169 *Psalm 130.*

1 OUT of the | depths || Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||
2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- | cations. ||
3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||
4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayest be | feared. ||
5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous re- | demption. ||
8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Ancient English.



1170

The Ancient "Te Deum."

1 We praise thee, | O— | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||
All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||

2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually · · do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Saba- | oth; ||

3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee. ||
The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee. || The holy church throughout all the | world · · doth ac- | knowledge | thee. ||

4 The Father, of an | infi-· · nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son; ||
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting | Son · · of the | Fa- — | ther. ||

5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin. ||
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · · of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · · to | all be- | lievers. ||

6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory · · of the | Father. || We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood. ||

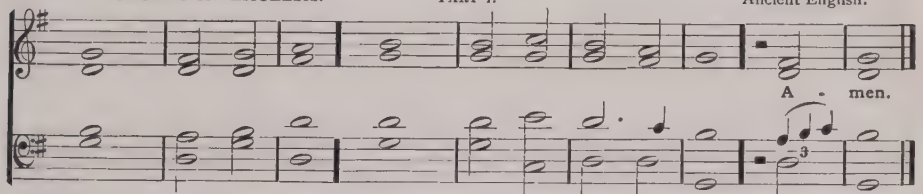
7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern them and | lift them | up for- | ever. ||

8 Day by day we | magni-· · fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out — | end. ||
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with-out | sin; || O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer-cy up- | on — | us. ||

9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||
O Lord, in | thee · · have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- | men. ||

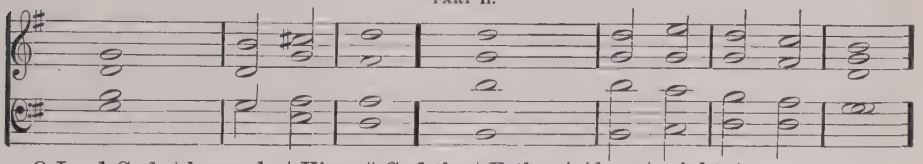
1171 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

PART I. Ancient English.



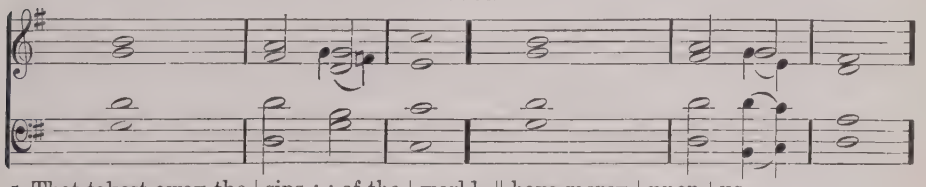
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will · · towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

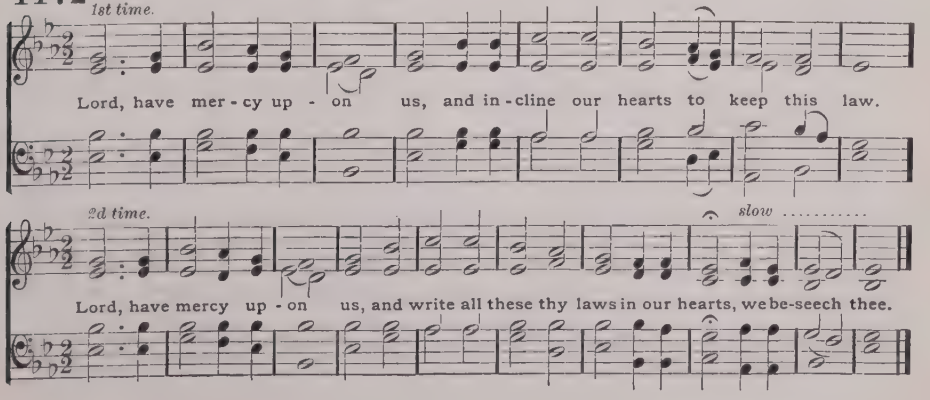
PART III.



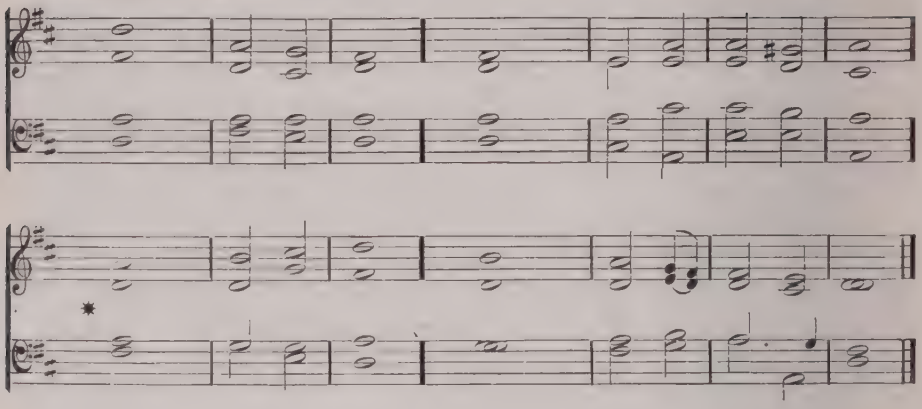
5 That takest away the | sins · · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

RETURN TO PART I.

9 For thou | only · · art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord:
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory · · of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

1172 RESPONSE TO THE DECALOGUE.

1st time.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
2d time.
slow .....
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech thee.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO. W. Boyce.



1173

Psalm 95.

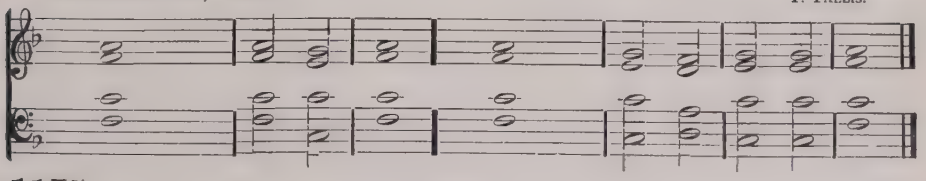
1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty · · of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth · · stand in | awe of | him.
*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11 As it was in the begining, is now, and | ever · · shall | be, || World without | end. A- | men, A- | men.

1174

Psalm 122.

1 I was glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go into the | house— | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O— | —Je- | rusa- | lem!
3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || That | is com- | pact to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes · · of the | Lord, || Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name— | of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || The thrones of the | house of | Da- | vid.
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem: || They shall | prosper · · that | love— | thee.
7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.
*9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS. T. TALLIS.

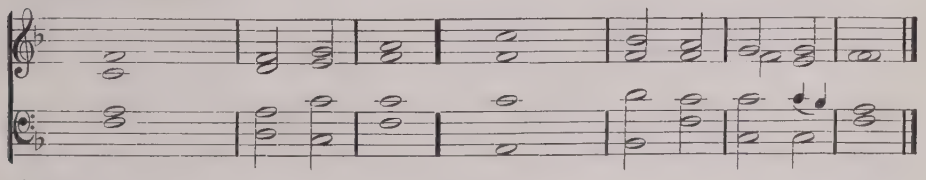


1175

Psalm 51.

1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness: || According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
2 Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || And my | sin is | ever · · be- | fore me.
4 Hide thy face | from my | sins, || And blot out | all — | mine in- | iquities.
5 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God; || And renew a right | spirit · · with- | in — | me.
6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || And take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || And uphold me | with thy | free— | Spirit.
8 Then I will teach trans- | gressors · · thy | ways; || And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of | my sal- | vation: || And my tongue shall sing aloud | of thy | righteous- | ness.
10 O Lord, open | thou my | lips: || And my mouth shall | shew forth | thy — | praise.
11 For thou desirest not sacrifice; | else · · would I | give it: || Thou delightest | not in | burnt— | offering.
12 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || A broken and contrite heart, O God, | thou wilt | not de- | spise.

DEUS MISEREATUR. R. FARRANT.

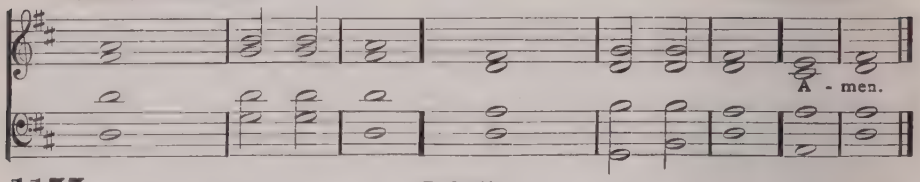


1176

Psalm 67.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci · · ful | unto | us.
2 That thy way may be known | up · · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God. || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the | na · · tions | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall | give us · · his | blessing.
7 God shall | bless— | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. LOWELL MASON.



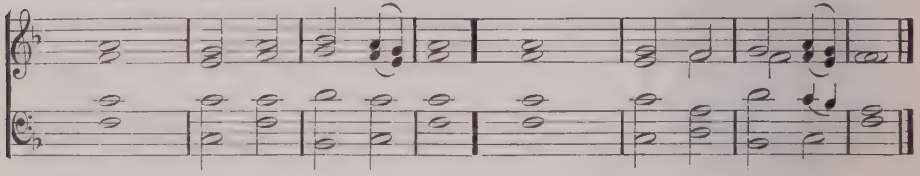
1177 *Psalm 23.*

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · · runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



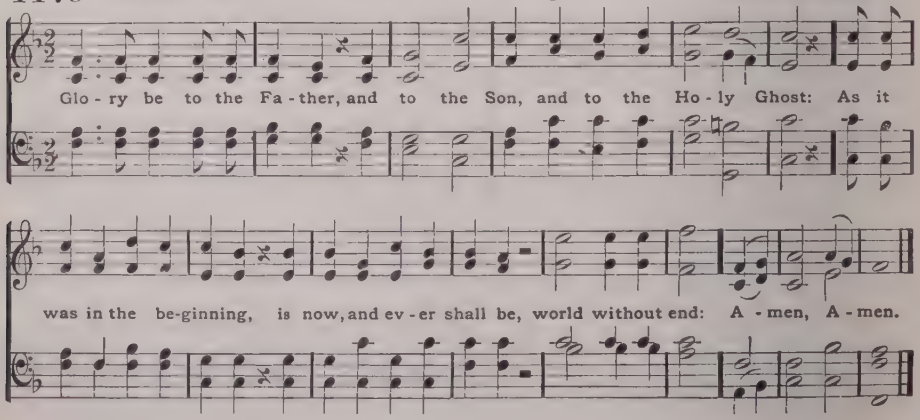
1178 *Matt. 6 : 9–13.*

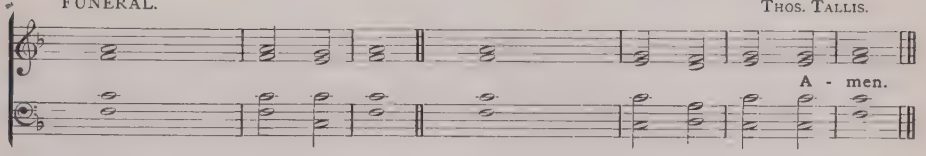
1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

1179 GLORIA PATRI. Irr. H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

FUNERAL. THOS. TALLIS.

1180

Selections.

1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

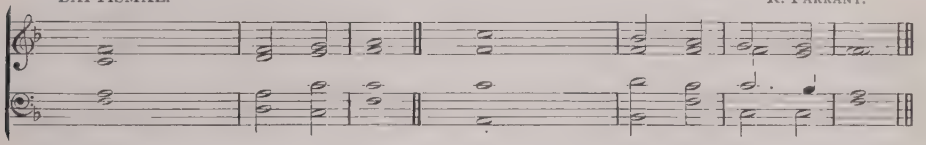
2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding; || We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step · · between | us and | death;

3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || He appeareth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.

4 Watch! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.

5 It is the Lord; let him do what | seemeth · · him | good; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed · · be the | name · · of the | Lord.

6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

BAPTISMAL. R. FARRANT.

1181

Selections.

1 BURIED with Christ by | baptism · · unto | death,— || We rise in the | likeness · · of his | res-ur- | rection.

2 If ye then be | risen · · with | Christ, || Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the | right — | hand of | God.

3 For as many as have been baptized into Christ, have | put on | Christ. || Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your | spir-it, | which are | God's.

4 Reckon ye yourselves to be dead in- | deed · · unto | sin,— || But alive unto God through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.

5 If we be dead with him, we shall also | live with | him; || If we suffer with him, we shall | al-so | reign with | him.

6 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose | sin is | covered. || Blessed is the man to whom the Lord im- | pu-teth | not in- | iquity.

1182

Selections.

1 GO YE therefore, and | teach all | nations,— || Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and | of the | Ho-ly | — Ghost.

2 Repent, and be baptized every | one of | you || In the name of Christ, for the re- | mis-sion | of — | sins.

3 Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the | name · · of the | Lord. || For thus it becometh us to ful- | fil all | right-eous- | ness.

[GLORIA PATRI.]

※

DOXOLOGIES

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1 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 L. M. 6l.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 L. M. D.

Eternal Father, throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

4 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
  And shall be evermore.

5 C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
  And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
  Or saints to love the Lord.

6 C. M. D.

The God of mercy be adored,
  Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
  And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
  And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one—
  Let saints and angels join.

7 S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
  And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
  And bless the Spirit, too.

8 S. M.

The Father and the Son
  And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
  Both now and evermore!

9 H. M.

  To God the Father's throne
    Your highest honors raise;
  Glory to God the Son;
    To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10 7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11 7s. 6l.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

12 7s. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

13 C. P. M.

To FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

14 8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

15 8s, 7s. 6l.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

16 8s, 7s. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

17 8s, 7s, 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One;
Hallelujah!
God, the LORD is God alone.

18 8s, 7s, 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

19 10s.

To FATHER, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

20 6s. D.

To FATHER and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee, our God, adore.

21 7s, 6s.

To THEE be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

22 7s, 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
All glory be to thee!

23 11s, or 5s, 6s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

24 6s, 4s.

To GOD—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

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Emmelar. 6s, 8s	85	*J. Barnby.*
Endsleigh. 7s, 6s, D	460	*arr. by J. Turle.*
Energy. S. M	374	*W. H. Monk.*
Erie. 8s, 7s, D	123	*C. C. Converse.*
Eshtemoa. 7s	323	*T. B. Mason.*
Essex. 7s	325	*T. Clark.*
Etiam et Mihi. 8s, 7s, 3s	266	*J. B. Dykes.*
Evan H. C. M. D	124	*W. H. Havergal.*
Evan. C. M	292, 387	*W. H. Havergal.*
Evangelist. C. M	344	*arr. fr. Mendelssohn.*
Evening. S. M	79	*A. Chapin.*
Evening Hymn. L. M	72	*T. Tallis.*
Evening Praise. P. M	83	*W. F. Sherwin.*
Eventide. 10s	93	*W. H. Monk.*
Evermore. P. M	147	*arr. fr. Bach.*
Ewing. 7s, 6s, D	468	*A. Ewing.*
Excelsis. L. M	200	*J. Turle.*
Expostulation. 11s	256	*J. Hopkins.*
FABEN. 8s, 7s, D	122	*J. H. Willcox.*
Farland. 8s, 7s, 4s	214	*T. Hastings.*
Faroon. 10s	31	*J. Barnby.*
Farrant. C. M	48, 298	*R. Farrant.*
Fatherland. 5s, 8s, 5s	313	*Western melody.*
Federal Street. L. M.	341, 401	*H. K. Oliver.*
Feniton Court. 8s, 7s, 6l	319	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Ferguson. S. M	357	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Ferrier. 7s	23	*J. B. Dykes.*
Filii et Filiae. P. M	189	*arr. by J. Barnby.*
Flemming. 8s, 6s	258	*arr. fr. Flemming.*
Flensburg. C. M. D	152	*arr. fr. L. Spohr.*
Forest. L. M	105	*A. Chapin.*
Formosa. 8s, 7s, D	212, 390	*A. S. Sullivan.*
Forward. 6s, 5s	311	*J. Barnby.*
Frankfort. P. M	143	*P. Nicolai.*
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Funeral Chant	489	*T. Tallis.*
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Gaylord. 8s, 7s, D	256	*arr. by J. P. Holbrook.*
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Germany. L. M	159	*arr. fr. Beethoven.*
Gerhardt. 7s, 6s, D	173	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Gift. C. M	45	*J. Barnby.*
Gladness. 7s, 6s, D	27	*J. Barnby.*
Glasgow. C. M	245, 476	*G. F. Root.*
Gloria in Excelsis. Ch	485	*Ancient English.*
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Glory. S. M	19	*E. Harrison.*
Golden Hill. S. M	388	*A. Chapin.*
Gorton. S. M	240	*arr. fr. Beethoven.*
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REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME. An English Baptist clergyman, preaching in Gloucestershire; he died in 1795.

REV. EDWARD W. BENSON, D. D. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of the Church of England.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D. A clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church in America; he died in Florence, Italy, 1862.

REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH. An English Episcopalian, the incumbent of Christ Church in Hampstead.

REV. THOMAS BINNEY, LL.D. For forty years pastor of the Congregational Church, Weigh-house Chapel, London; died, 1874.

REV. THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of Trinity Church in Cambridge, where he died in 1883.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE. A Scotch Presbyterian layman; until lately the Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

REV. THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D. A Scotch Presbyterian, useful and active, although blind nearly all his life; he died, 1791.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. A minister of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland; now a pastor in Edinburgh.

MISS JANE BORTHWICK. A Scottish authoress; one of the translators of the "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING. Just who this translator is it is not easy to say. The German hymn was composed by Nicolaus Hermann.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. An English Unitarian; a voluminous author, and a distinguished diplomatist; he died in 1872.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. An English layman, now in the communion of the Church of Rome; author of "Hymns for the Heart"; 1848.

MRS. PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN. An American Congregationalist; the wife of Timothy H. Brown; she died in Illinois in 1862.

REV. SIMON BROWNE. The honored and useful pastor of an Independent church in Old Jewry, London; he died in 1732.

MICHAEL BRUCE. A theological student in the Scotch Presbyterian Church; he died, aged twenty-one, in 1767

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. An American Unitarian; poet and editor, of widest fame and honor; he died in New-York in 1878.

REV. HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL. An English Episcopalian; a master in the famous Rugby school; he died in 1871.

REV. STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, D. D. An American Unitarian; ordained at Charleston; died at East Cambridge, Mass., 1870.

REV. GEORGE BURDER. The author of the "Village Sermons"; a Congregational pastor in London and elsewhere; died in 1832.

REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D. D. An American Episcopalian; for many years Bishop of the diocese of Maine; died in 1866.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH. An American Unitarian; journalist and lecturer; an enthusiastic friend of reform; died in 1871.

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Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM. An English Baptist clergyman; for many years a pastor in London, where he died in 1810.

Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS. A clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland; after a long decline, he died at Mentone, 1864.

JOHN BURTON. A deacon in the Congregational Church at Stratford, in England; a cooper for more than sixty years.

Rev. EDMUND BUTCHER. An English clergyman, pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Sidbury Vale, Devonshire; died, 1822.

JOHN BYROM. An English country gentleman, living near Manchester; in early life a teacher of short-hand; died in 1763.

Rev. CHARLES INNES CAMERON. A Scotch Presbyterian minister, once a missionary in India; he died in New Edinburgh, Canada, about 1875.

Miss JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL. This lady translated the hymn of Matthias Claudius, and published the version in 1861.

Lady MARGARET COCKBURN CAMPBELL. A Scotch authoress of noble rank, who published a lithograph collection of hymns; died in Australia, 1859.

ROBERT CAMPBELL. A Scotch advocate; late in life received into the Church of Rome; he died in Edinburgh in 1868.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. The well-known Scotch poet; Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; he died in 1844.

Rev. JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE. An English Episcopalian; Professor of Arabic at Cambridge; vicar of Newcastle; died in 1804.

Miss PHŒBE CARY. An American poetess; usually reckoned as a Universalist; she died at Newport in 1871.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL. An English priest of the Roman Catholic Church; an ingenious and successful translator; died, 1878.

Rev. JOHN CAWOOD. An English Episcopal clergyman; perpetual curate in Worcestershire; he died in 1852.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK. An English clergyman, for some time associated with the Wesleys; afterward a Moravian; died, 1755.

Rev. JOHN CHANDLER. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Witley; translator of "Hymns of the Primitive Church"; died, 1876.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES. An English lady, the widow of Andrew P. Charles; authoress of the "Schonberg-Cotta" stories.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND. An American, probably in connection with the Baptist Church; his hymns were published about 1790.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER. An English authoress; the hymn bearing her name appeared in 1860.

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY. An American Congregational layman in Boston; formerly a printer, afterward a bookseller.

Rev. HENRY COLLINS. An English Episcopal clergyman once; now a Cistercian priest in the Church of Rome.

Rev. WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D. D. An English Congregationalist; after a useful pastorate in London; he died, 1854.

JOSIAH CONDER. An English author and journalist; the compiler of the first official Congregational Hymn-book; died, 1855.

Rev. EDWARD COOPER. An English Episcopal clergyman; early in this century he was a rector in Staffordshire. He died in 1833.

Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL. An English Episcopalian; perpetual curate in Sheffield for many years; he died in 1823.

Mrs. ANNE ROSS COUSIN. A Scotch Presbyterian; the wife of Rev. William Cousin, minister of the Free Church in Melrose.

WILLIAM COWPER. The well-known poet, author of "The Task"; an English Episcopalian; lived a while at Olney; died, 1800.

Miss FRANCES E. COX. An English Episcopalian; born at Oxford; she is best known as a translator of German hymns.

Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D. An American Episcopalian; at present Bishop of the diocese of Western New York.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON. An English writer, the wife of Thomas Crewdson of Manchester; long an invalid; she died in 1863.

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Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL. D. An Episcopalian; rector in London; a well-known writer and poet; he died in 1860.

Mrs. ADA CAMBRIDGE CROSS. Known best by her maiden name; now the wife of an English Episcopal clergyman in Australia.

Rev. WILLIAM CROSSWELL, D. D. An American Episcopalian; rector of Christ Church in Boston; he died in 1851.

JAMES JOHN CUMMINS. An English Episcopalian; author of "Hymns, Meditations, and other Poems"; he died in 1867.

Rev. SEWALL S. CUTTING, D. D. An American Baptist clergyman of wide reputation; he died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1882.

Rev. JOHN NELSON DARBY. The founder of the sect called "Plymouth Brethren"; a propagandist for fifty years; died, 1882.

Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES. An eminent American Presbyterian minister; President of the College of New Jersey; he died in 1761.

Rev. EDWIN ARTHUR DAYMAN. An English Episcopal clergyman, at present the Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral.

Rev. JAMES GEORGE DECK. An English preacher among the "Plymouth Brethren"; he is now living in New Zealand.

Sir EDWARD DENNY. An Irish land-holder and baronet, connected with the "Plymouth Brethren"; he was born in 1796.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX. An English Episcopalian; for some time engaged in the Marine Insurance Office in Glasgow.

Rev. GEORGE W. DOANE, D. D. An American Episcopalian; Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey; he died in 1859.

JOHN DOBELL. An English Congregationalist; compiler of a book of hymns; exciseman at Poole, in Dorset; he died in 1840.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. The well-known expositor; a Congregational pastor in Northampton, England; died, 1751.

Miss SARAH DOUDNEY. An English writer for magazines; published "Stepping Stones" in London, 1881.

Rev. BOURNE HALL DRAPER. An English Baptist; pastor in Southampton, England; died in 1843.

Rev. WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND, D.D. An Irish Unitarian; pastor in Belfast and Dublin; died in 1856.

JOHN DRYDEN. Poet Laureate of England; in early life a Protestant, afterward a Roman Catholic; he died in 1700.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D. An American Presbyterian of eminence and usefulness, now residing in Bloomfield, N. J.

Rev. SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD. An American Presbyterian clergyman; a writer of rare grace and gifts. He died at Bloomfield, N. J., 1887.

Rev. ROBINSON P. DUNN, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman; Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University at Providence; died in 1867.

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. An American Congregational clergyman; formerly President of Yale College; died in 1817.

Rev. JAMES-WALLIS EASTBURN. An American Episcopalian; born in London; ministered chiefly in Accomac, Virginia; died, 1819.

EDWARD WILTON EDDIS. An English layman of the Irvingite connection; compiler of "Hymns for the Use of the Churches."

JAMES EDMESTON. An English architect and surveyor; he is said to have written nearly two thousand hymns; he died in 1867.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. An English Episcopal clergyman, once the rector of a parish in Hinstock, Shropshire; in 1883 the rector of Barnes, Surrey.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. An English Episcopalian; the granddaughter of Rev. John Venn; died at Brighton in 1871.

Mrs. JULIA ANN ELLIOTT. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. H. V. Elliott, minister at Brighton; she died in 1841.

Rev. CORNELIUS ELVEN. An English Baptist clergyman, for fifty years pastor at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk; he died in 1871.

Rev. WILLIAM ENFIELD, D. D. An English Unitarian; minister at Norwich; for two years Professor at Warrington; died, 1797.

Rev. JONATHAN EVANS. An English Congregational minister; he was a pastor in Warwickshire; he died in 1809.

Rev. CHARLES W. EVEREST. An American clergyman, rector of an Episcopal church in Hamden, Connecticut; he died in 1877.

Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D. An English priest of the Church of Rome, formerly an Episcopalian; he died in 1863.

Rev. JAMES FANCH. An English Baptist clergyman, who was associated in preaching with Rev. Daniel Turner in 1776.

Mrs. ALESSIE BOND FAUSSETT. An Irish Presbyterian authoress, the wife of Rev. H. Faussett, of Edenderry, Omagh.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. An English Baptist minister, preaching for many years at Wainsgate; he died in 1817.

JOHN FELLOWS. An English Baptist layman, living formerly in Birmingham, engaged in business there; he died in 1770.

Mrs. ERIC FINDLATER. An English authoress, sister of Miss Borthwick, her associate in "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

Rev. ELEAZER T. FITCH, D. D. An American Congregational minister; professor in Yale College; he died in 1871.

Mrs. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. An American Unitarian; the wife of Professor Charles Follen; she died in Boston in 1860.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD. The son of an artist in Bath, England; his hymns are found in the "Lyra Anglicana."

Rev. DAVID EVERARD FORD. An English Congregationalist, formerly settled at Lymington, Eng., now pastor of Greengate chapel, Salford, Manchester.

Miss CHRISTINA FORSYTH. An English Episcopalian; born in Liverpool; much an invalid; she died at Hastings in 1859.

Rev. HERVEY D. GANSE. An American Presbyterian, formerly in the Reformed Dutch Church; now residing in Chicago, Ill.

Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in Beard's collection in 1837.

Rev. THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; once a very popular preacher in London; he died in 1785.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL. An English Episcopal layman, living in Kent, near London; author of many superior hymns.

Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D. An American Unitarian of distinguished reputation; pastor in Charleston, S. C.; died, 1858.

Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; editor formerly, now pastor in Columbus, Ohio.

Rev. WILLIAM GOODE. An English Episcopal pastor in London; the author of "A New Version of the Psalms"; died in 1816.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. An English merchant, belonging to the Wesleyan communion, long residing near Faversham, where he died, 1883.

Sir ROBERT GRANT. An English barrister, of Scotch descent and wide fame; Governor of Bombay; he died in India in 1838.

Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG. An English Presbyterian, who preached in London; he wrote Hymn 805 at ten years old; died in 1768.

Rev. ARCHER THOMPSON GURNEY. An English Episcopalian, ministering for some years to a congregation in Paris, France; settled in Wales, 1882.

Rev. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY. An English Episcopalian; a rector in Marylebone, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's; died, 1862.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. The well-known Congregational minister of Surrey Chapel in Southwark, London.

Rev. WILLIAM HAMMOND. An English Calvinistic Methodist; afterward a Moravian, in which communion he died in 1783.

Mrs. PHŒBE A. HANAFORD. An American minister of the Universalist Church; once a settled pastor in Jersey City, N. J.; later in New Haven, Conn.

Rev. JOSEPH HART. An English Independent, minister of Jewin Street Chapel in London; a remarkable man; he died, 1768.

THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. An American Presbyterian layman, for forty years a "sweet singer in Israel"; he died in 1872.

Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian, daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal; a voluminous writer; died, 1879.

Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Worcester Cathedral; a composer of music; he died in 1870.

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Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS, LL. B., M. D. An English Episcopalian, rector of a parish in Aldwincle; died at Bath in 1820.

Rev. ROBERT HAWKER, D. D. An English Episcopalian; vicar of St. Charles' Church, Plymouth, from 1784 to 1827, when he died.

GEORGE HEATH. Of this author no history remains, save the traditional date for his hymn, 1781, and for his death, 1822.

Rev. H. B. HEATHCOTE. An English Episcopalian minister. The hymn bearing his name was published in 1852.

Rev. REGINALD HEBER, D. D. An English Episcopalian; consecrated Bishop of Calcutta in 1823; he died in India in 1826.

Rev. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D. D. An American Unitarian; Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard Divinity School.

Rev. OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. An English dissenting minister, ordained as pastor of a congregation in Sudbury; died, 1768.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT. An English Episcopalian; the well-known poet and pastor; incumbent of Bemerton; he died in 1632.

Rev. THOMAS HILL, D. D., LL. D. Formerly President of Harvard College; now a Unitarian pastor in Portland, Maine.

Mrs. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE. An American Congregationalist; residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.; wife of Theodore Hinsdale, who died in 1880.

OLIVER HOLDEN. An American composer of music; author of "Coronation"; his hymn was rewritten by another hand.

Rev. JAMES HOLME. A clergyman of the Church of England; he issued several volumes of verse; this hymn appeared in 1861.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D. An American poet; till lately Professor in Harvard Medical College; now living in Boston.

HENRY J. M. HOPE. An Irish bookbinder, of much piety and good talent; he died in Dublin in 1872.

Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, D. D. An American Congregationalist; afterward a Presbyterian; he died at Geneva, New York, 1862.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor of the Church of Sea and Land, in New-York City; died April 23, 1888.

Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW. A clergyman of the Church of England; now the Suffragan Bishop of Bedford.

Rev. JOSEPH HUMPHREYS. An English clergyman, an associate of Whitefield; his hymn was published in 1743.

SELINA SHIRLEY, Countess of Huntingdon. An English lady high in rank, and of great devotion; she died in 1791.

JAMES HUTTON. An English Moravian layman; a bookseller by business; the cousin of Sir Isaac Newton; he died in 1795.

Mrs. ABBY BRADLEY HYDE. An American Congregationalist; wife of Rev. Lavius Hyde; she died at Andover in 1872.

Rev. WILLIAM J. IRONS, D. D. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Brompton, Prebendary of St. Paul's, London; died in 1883.

Rev. THOMAS JERVIS. An English Unitarian; minister of a congregation in Leeds; he died in 1833.

Rev. JOHN JOHNS. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in 1837; he died in 1847.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON. An American Unitarian clergyman and author; aided in compiling "Hymns of the Spirit"; died, 1882.

Rev. JAMES JOYCE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of Dorking; he published "Hymns with Notes"; he died in 1850.

Rev. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D. An American Baptist; eminent as a missionary in Burmah for twenty-eight years; he died at sea in 1850.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. An English Episcopalian; the well-known author of "The Christian Year"; vicar of Hursley; died, 1866.

GEORGE KEITH. An English publisher in London; son-in-law of Dr. Gill; his hymn appeared in Rippon's Selection," 1787.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY. An Irish clergyman, an Independent, preaching in Dublin; author of many hymns; he died in 1855.

Rev. THOMAS KEN, D. D. The well-known and historic Bishop of Bath and Wells in England; he died in Wiltshire in 1711.

Rev. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Ely Cathedral; now residing in Cambridge, England.

JOHN KENT. An English shipwright in Plymouth dockyard; he issued a volume of hymns in 1803; he died in 1843.

Rev. WILLIAM KETHE. An English clergyman: one of John Knox's companions in Geneva; rector of Okeford; he died in 1561.

FRANCIS S. KEY. An American Episcopalian; an attorney in Washington; author of the "Star-spangled Banner"; died, 1843.

Rev. JOHN KING. An English Episcopal minister, the incumbent of Christ Church in Hull; he died in 1858.

Rev. WILLIAM KINGSBURY. An English Congregational minister for fifty-four years; he died at Southampton in 1818.

Rev. FRANCIS MINDEN KNOLLIS, D. D. An English Episcopalian; author of "A Wreath for the Altar"; he died in 1863.

WILLIAM KNOX. A Scotch author; this hymn was published in his volume, "Harp of Zion," 1825; he died in Edinburgh in 1825.

Rev. JOHN LANGFORD. An English Congregational minister in London; he published a hymn-book in 1776; he died in 1790.

Miss MARY A. LATHBURY. An American writer, connected with the Methodist Church; she resides now in New York City.

RICHARD LEE. An English poet; published "Flowers from Sharon," London, 1794, from which Dobell took five hymns.

Miss JANE E. LEESON. An English authoress; this hymn comes from her book, "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," 1842.

Rev. JOHN LELAND. An American Baptist minister, born in Massachusetts in 1754; preached in the South, and died in 1841.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. An American Unitarian clergyman; one of the compilers of the "Hymns of the Spirit"; he is now in literary work.

Rev. ROBERT LOWTH, D. D. An English Episcopalian; a voluminous author; the Bishop of London; he died in the year 1787.

Rev. THOMAS TOKE LYNCH. An English Congregationalist, pastor of Mornington Church, Hampstead Road, London; died in 1871.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. An English Episcopalian; perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, in Devonshire; he died in 1847.

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL. D. Formerly an Independent clergyman; now a member of the Church of England; an author in London.

Rev. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D. D. A Scotch Presbyterian; once a pastor in Glasgow; now a writer residing at Chiselhurst, Kent.

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY. The estimable wife of Captain Robert Mackay, now residing at Inverness, in Scotland.

Rev. W. D. MACLAGAN. An English Episcopalian; he was born in 1826, and became Bishop of Lichfield in 1878.

Rev. RICHARD MANT, D. D. Born in England, and educated at Oxford; Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland; died in 1848.

JOHN MARCKANT. This name seems to have taken the place of the traditional "Mardley"; the aged hymn was written in 1562.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT. An English Episcopalian, minister of a parish in Warwickshire; he died at Broad Clyst in 1825.

Rev. JOSHUA MARSHMAN, D. D. An English Baptist missionary, who translated Krishnoo Pal's hymn; he died in 1837.

Rev. HENRY ARTHUR MARTIN. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of Laxton; he resides at Newark-on-Trent, England.

Rev. WILLIAM MASON. An English Episcopalian; incumbent of Aston, and chaplain of George III.; he died in 1797.

RICHARD MASSIE. An English gentleman, residing at Pulford Hall, Wrexham; translator of Luther's and Spitta's hymns.

Mrs. MARY FAWLER MAUDE. The wife of Rev. Joseph Maude, vicar of Chirk, and a canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral.

Mrs. MARY MAXWELL. The authoress of this prize Home Missionary hymn, preferred to be known only as "A Lady of Virginia"; she resides in Richmond.

C. E. MAY. This English author contributed to "The Choral Hymn-book" of Dr. P. Maurice, published in London in 1861.

Rev. ROBERT M. MCCHEYNE. A Scotch Presbyterian of marked piety and great success; minister in Dundee; died in 1843.

WILLIAM MCCOMB. An Irish bookseller in Belfast, now retired from business; he has written several volumes of verse.

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY. An English Baptist clergyman; pastor at Watford; removed to Liverpool in 1772; he died in 1799.

Rev. WILLIAM MERCER. An English Episcopalian; vicar of St. George's Church in Sheffield; he died in 1873.

Rev. JAMES MERRICK. An English Episcopalian; his original version of the Psalms was considered valuable; he died in 1769.

Rev. JAMES ELWIN MILLARD, D. D. An English Episcopalian; an author and poet; now the vicar of Basingstoke, in Hampshire.

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. The well-known Dean of St. Paul's, in London; a historian and poet of wide fame; died in 1868.

Rev. WILLIAM MITCHELL. An American minister of the Congregational Church; he died in Texas in 1867.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL. D. An English Episcopalian; once a rural dean of Winchester; rector in Guildford; died, 1875.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. An adherent of the Moravian Church; editor of the "Iris," in Sheffield, England; he died in 1854.

THOMAS MOORE. The well-known Poet Laureate; born in Dublin; author of the "Irish Melodies"; he died in 1852.

Mrs. J. P. MORGAN. An American writer, then living in New York, who contributed this hymn to the "Christian Union," 1883.

Mrs. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS. An English lady, compiler of "The Bible Class Hymn-book"; she now resides in Malvern.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of South Leigh, near Oxford; son of Rev. John Moultrie.

Rev. JOHN MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian; rector of Rugby; author of some volumes of verse; he died in 1874.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, D. D. The rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, New York; he died in 1877.

Rev. ELIAS NASON. An American Congregationalist; the compiler of an excellent collection; he died at North Billerica, Mass., June 17th, 1887.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Warden of Sackville College; gifted as a translator; died 1866.

Rev. JOHN NEEDHAM. An English Baptist minister, settled in Bristol; there is no record of him after the year 1787.

Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman, now residing in Philadelphia; an author of merit and reputation.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. Formerly an English Episcopalian; now a Roman Catholic Cardinal living in London.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. An English Episcopalian; curate of Olney; afterward rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London; died, 1807.

Rev. GERARD T. NOEL. An English Episcopalian; brother of the Earl of Gainsborough; vicar of Romsey; he died in 1851.

Miss MARIANNE NUNN. An English Episcopalian; she contributed this hymn to her brother's collection, "Psalms and Hymns"; she died in 1847.

Rev. ROBERT M. OFFORD. An American clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church; now residing at Lodi, New Jersey.

Rev. THOMAS OLIVERS. An English Methodist traveling preacher of great piety and power; he died in 1799.

Rev. HENRY USTIC ONDERDONK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania; he died in 1858.

EDWARD OSLER. An English surgeon, of the Established Church; he resided at Swansea and Bath, and died in 1863.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D. An American Congregationalist; pastor in Albany many successful years; died at Newark, N. J., 1887.
Rev. ROSWELL PARK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; this hymn was published in 1836; the author died in 1869.
Rev. THEODORE PARKER, D. D. An American preacher, Unitarian at first, quite independent afterward; died in Italy, 1860.
Miss HARRIET PARR. An English writer, "Holme Lee"; her hymn appeared in a tale in "Household Words," in 1856.
Rev. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor in Springfield, Mass., twenty-seven years; died in 1847.
Rev. EDWARD PERRONET. An English Independent; one of the most rigid Nonconformists; he died at Canterbury in 1792.
Mrs. MARY BOWLY PETERS. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. John McW. Peters, rector of Quennington; she died in 1856.
Rev. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D. An American Baptist minister; editor of the "Christian Secretary," at Hartford.
FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT. An English Episcopalian, born at Bath in 1835; his hymns appeared in "Lyra Eucharistica."
Rev. JOHN PIERPONT. An American Unitarian, pastor of Hollis Street Church, Boston, from 1819 to 1838; he died in 1866.
Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor formerly in Detroit, now of Bethany Church, Philadelphia.
Rev. ALEXANDER PIRIE. Probably a Scotch Baptist preacher; his hymn appeared in the Glasgow Collection in 1786; died, 1804.
Rev. EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Professor of Exegesis in King's College, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's.
Rev. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK. An English Episcopalian; archdeacon of Chester Cathedral; rector of St. Alban Martyr, Birmingham.
Rev. WILLIAM POLLOCK, D. D. An English Episcopalian of Irish birth; the archdeacon of Chester; he died in 1873.
ALEXANDER POPE. This well-known English poet lived in his villa at Twickenham twenty-six years, and died in 1744.
Rev. FRANCIS POTT. An English Episcopalian; the incumbent of Northill, Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire.
Rev. THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER. An English Priest of the Roman Catholic Church; author of several volumes; he died in 1873.
Mrs. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS. An American Presbyterian; wife of Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D. D., of New York; she died in 1878.
Miss ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. An English poetess, connected with the Roman Catholic Church; she died in London in 1864.
PHILIP PUSEY. An English Episcopal layman; a descendant of Viscount Folkestone; born in 1799, and died in 1855.
Miss MARY PYPER. A pious and worthy Scotch needle-woman; born in 1795 at Greenock, and, as late as 1867, living there.
Rev. THOMAS RAFFLES, D. D. An eminent Congregational minister in Liverpool for fifty years; he died in 1863.
GEORGE RAWSON. An English author, born in 1807, and now living at Clifton near Bristol; he published a volume of his hymns in 1876.
Rev. ANDREW REED, D. D. An esteemed Congregational minister in London; compiler of two collections of hymns; died, 1862.
Mrs. ELIZABETH REED. An English Congregationalist; wife of Dr. Andrew Reed; this hymn was published in 1825; she died in 1867.
Rev. JOHN RIPPON, D. D. A Baptist pastor in London sixty-three years; his "Selection" was issued in 1787; he died in 1836.
Rev. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman and author; pastor of First Union Church, New York City.
GEORGE ROBINSON. This author contributed to Dr. Leifchild's collection, "Original Hymns," published in 1842.
Rev. RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON. An English Episcopalian; he was rector of St. Michael; residing now at Sion-Hill Place, Bath.
Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON. An English Baptist; pastor at Cambridge from 1759 to 1790; he was born in 1735, and died in 1790.
Rev. GILBERT RORISON, LL. D. A Scotch Episcopalian; the incumbent of Peterhead, near Aberdeen; he died in 1869.
FRANCIS ROUS. Author of the Scotch version of the Psalms; member of the Westminster Assembly; born 1579, he died 1658.
Rev. JOHN ROWE. An English clergyman, said by some to have been connected with the Baptist denomination; died, 1832.
Rev. ARTHUR T. RUSSELL. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Wellington, Salop; he died in 1874.
Rev. JOHN RYLAND, D. D. An English Baptist: a pastor in Northampton; afterwards president of the college in Bristol; he died in 1825.
Mrs. MARIA GRACE SAFFERY. An English Baptist lady, the wife of Rev. John Saffery, pastor in Salisbury, Wiltshire; she died in 1858.
CHARLES SABINE. An English writer, who contributed the hymn bearing his name to the "Hymnal Companion," 1876.
Mrs. JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY. An English Episcopalian, wife of the vicar of East Clevedon; this hymn was published in 1849.
Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT. Born in England, married Colonel Elisha Williams; removed to Connecticut, where she died, 1776.
Rev. THOMAS SCOTT. An English Independent pastor at Ipswich; not the Commentator of the same name; he died in 1776.
Rev. ROBERT SEAGRAVE. An English Episcopalian; born in 1693, labored in London; but the date of his death is not known.
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor some years at Wayland, Mass.; he died in 1876.
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN. An American Baptist; editor and composer of music; professor in the Boston Conservatory; died in 1888.
Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY. An English clergyman; a cousin of Lady Huntingdon, in whose connection he labored; he died in 1786.
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, Jr. An officer in the Bank of England, but often preaching in Congregational churches; died, 1829.
Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. An American poetess; the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney; she died at Hartford in 1865.
Miss SARAH SLINN. An English lady, concerning whom no more is known than that the hymn was written about the year 1779.
JOHN MORRISON SLOAN. This translation of Philipp Nicolai's hymn is found in the Scotch Free Church Hymnal, 1880.
Rev. JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH. A Congregational minister preaching at Kingstown, near Dublin; eminent as an Evangelist.
Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D. An American Baptist editor and pastor, born in 1808; still living in an honored old age.
Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. An English Baptist; widely known as the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London.
Rev. ARTHUR P. STANLEY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; professor at Oxford; afterward Dean of Westminster; died in 1882.
Miss ANNE STEELE. An English Baptist; living at Brighton in Hampshire; always an invalid, always singing; died, 1778.
Rev. JOSEPH STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist clergyman; for some useful years settled in London; he died in 1713.
Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist; colleague of his father, and his successor in London; he died in 1795.
THOMAS STERNHOLD. An English Episcopalian: Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII.; translator of the Psalms; he died in 1549.
JOHN STEWART. An unknown English writer, whose name is affixed to a hymn published first in 1803.
JOHN STOCKER. This writer lived in Honiton, Devon, England, and published hymns in the "Gospel Magazine" in 1776.
Mrs. MARTHA MATILDA STOCKTON. An American authoress; wife of Rev. W. C. Stockton; residing at Ocean City, N. J.
Rev. SAMUEL J. STONE. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of St. Paul's Church, Haggerstone, London.
Rev. HUGH STOWELL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Chester; Rural Dean of Salford; he died in 1865.

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Rev. NATHAN STRONG, D. D. For forty-two years an eminent Congregational pastor in Hartford, Conn.; he died in 1816.

Rev. JOSEPH SWAIN. An English Baptist minister; in early life an engraver; settled in Walworth, where he died in 1796.

Rev. LEONARD SWAIN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; born in 1821; a pastor in Providence, R. I.; he died in 1869.

ANDREW J. SYMINGTON. This name, with the date, 1869, is given in "Songs of Grace and Glory." The author lived in Paisley, Scotland.

Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. An evangelist and Congregationalist; long in the American Sunday-School Union; he died in 1849.

NAHUM TATE. Irish by birth, living mostly in London; Poet Laureate; connected with the Church of England; died in 1715.

Mrs. R. H. TAYLOR. An English lady, wife of Herbert W. Taylor; in connection with the Plymouth Brethren.

Rev. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR. An English Congregationalist; at one time a pastor in Sheffield; born, 1807; he died, 1835.

Rev. JOHN THOMSON. An English Unitarian minister; then a physician; died in 1818. This hymn appeared in Aspland's collection, 1810.

Rev. ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D. D. An American clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church; now a pastor in Brooklyn, New York.

Rev. GODFREY THRING. An English Episcopalian; rector of Alford in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral.

Mrs. EMMA LESLIE TOKE. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington, Kent; died in 1878.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. An English Episcopalian; the well-known vicar of Broad Hembury in Devonshire; died in 1778.

Rev. SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL. D. An English scholar; at one time associated with Plymouth Brethren; died, 1875.

Rev. DANIEL TURNER. An English Baptist; settled at Reading; afterward at Abingdon, Berkshire, where he died in 1798.

Mrs. VOKE. This name is all we know of one whose heart was full of love for missions; probably an English Baptist.

Mrs. AMELIA WAKEFORD. This hymn appeared in Ash and Evans' collection, published in 1769.

Miss ANNA L. WALKER. A Canadian lady, published this familiar hymn in a volume, 1868; she is certainly the author of it.

Mrs. MARY JANE WALKER. An English lady, wife of Rev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham; sister of Rev. J. G. Deck.

Rev. JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE. Minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Free Church at Hawick; born in 1802, and died in 1870.

Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D. D. A Scotch Congregationalist; pastor and professor in Glasgow until his death, in 1853.

Miss ANNA L. WARING. An English poetess, said to be a "Friend"; born in Neath, Glamorganshire, where she now resides.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; the very Father of English hymnody; died at Stoke Newington, 1748.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. The poet and preacher of the Methodists; known and loved the world over; he died in 1788.

Rev. JOHN WESLEY. The founder of Methodism; the organization in England is called by his name; he died in London, 1791.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. The well-known English poet; he died while preparing to take orders in the Episcopal Church, 1806.

Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. An English Episcopalian; now vicar of St. Mary's Church in Hastings; an author and poet.

WILLIAM WHITING. An English Episcopalian; the master of Winchester College Choristers' School; he died in 1878.

Lady LUCY E. G. WHITMORE. Daughter of the Earl of Bradford; wife of W. W. Whitmore of Dudmaston, Shropshire; died, 1840.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. An American poet of Quaker descent; eminent in character and works; here sides in Amesbury, Mass.

Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. An English Unitarian; she resided much in France, and died in Paris in 1827.

Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS. An English Episcopalian; rector of Bisley; he wrote three of the "Oxford Tracts"; he died in 1865.

Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS. A Welsh Methodist preacher; he died in 1791; part of this hymn was written by Peter Williams.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. This name is in some English collections appended to a hymn which others, later, mark as anonymous.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. An American composer of music, now living in Detroit; he has written much concerning choirs.

Mrs. CAROLINE FRY WILSON. An English Episcopalian; she is better known as the author of "The Listener"; she died in 1846.

Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH. An English lady eminent as a translator of German hymns; born in London, 1829, died in 1878.

Rev. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D. D. An American Congregationalist, formerly in Cleveland, Ohio, but now in Longmeadow, Mass.

Rev. JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD, D. D. An English Episcopalian; very successful as a hymn-writer; Bishop of Ely in 1872; died in 1885.

Rev. AARON ROBARTS WOLFE. An American Presbyterian clergyman, residing without charge in Montclair, New Jersey.

Rev. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. An English Episcopalian, eminent as a Commentator; the Bishop of Lincoln, 1869; died in 1885.

Rev. JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, D. D. An English Presbyterian minister, once settled in Birmingham; afterward a teacher in Bristol; he died in 1881.

J. YOUNG. This name appears with two hymns which were published first in the American Baptist Psalmist, 1843.

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God of pity, God of grace.....*Morris*	663
God of the world! thy glories..*Cutting*	288
God reveals his presence....*Mercer, tr.*	156
God that madest earth and.....*Heber*	222
God with us! oh, glorious name..*Slinn*	324
Golden harps are .....*F. R. Havergal*	432
Goodly were thy tents, O .....*Wolcott*	1077
Grace! 't is a charming .....*Doddridge*	852
Gracious Saviour, thus before.*Bateman*	227
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me..*Lynch*	520
Gracious Spirit, Holy...*C. Wordsworth*	523
Gracious Spirit, Love divine ...*Stocker*	537
Great Creator! who this *J. A. Elliott*	307
Great God! attend, while Zion..*Watts*	11

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	HYMN.
Great God! how infinite art.....*Watts*	267
Great God, now condescend....*Fellows*	952
Great God! to thee my evening..*Steele*	168
Great God! we sing that....*Doddridge*	1157
Great God, what do I see....*Collyer, tr.*	1112
Great God, when I approach..*Bathurst*	570
Great God! whose universal ....*Watts*	1052
Great is the Lord our God .....*Watts*	919
Great Sun of Righteousness.....*Watts*	232
Guide me, O thou great..*W. Williams*	745
Hail, happy day! thou day..*S. Browne*	70
Hail, Holy Spirit, bright ...*S. Browne*	550
Hail, sacred day of earthly. *Thring, alt.*	92
Hail the day that sees him..*C. Wesley*	413
Hail the night, all hail the..*Anon., 1837*	323
Hail, thou once despised.....*Bakewell*	422
Hail to the brightness of.....*Hastings*	1076
Hail to the Lord's.....*Montgomery*	1065
Hail to the Sabbath day.....*Buljinch*	39
Hallelujah! best and.....*Chandler, tr.*	1072
Hallelujah! fairest .. ..*Borthwick, tr.*	87
Hallelujah! hallelujah. *C. Wordsworth*	421
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic ...*Faber*	1105
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord..*Cowper*	1007
Hark! ten thousand harps and ..*Kelly*	453
Hark! the herald angels ....*C. Wesley*	320
Hark, the hosts of heaven....*Plumptre*	332
Hark! the song of jubilee..*Montgomery*	511
Hark! the sound of angel-voices	1078
Hark! the sound of.....*C. Wordsworth*	1125
Hark! the voice of love and ....*Evans*	390
Hark! 't is the watchman's ..*H. Bonar*	493
Hark! what mean those holy ..*Cawood*	334
Hasten, Lord! the glorious .....*Auber*	512
Have mercy upon me, O God.....	1175
He comes in blood-stained....*Bancroft*	1123
He gave me back the bond .....*Sabine*	566
He has come! the Christ of..*H. Bonar*	321
He is coming, he is....*C. F. Alexander*	485
He is gone — a cloud of light...*Stanley*	441
He is here, whom seers in....*Neale, tr.*	342
He lives! the great Redeemer...*Steele*	428
He that goeth forth with .... *Hastings*	892
He that hath made his refuge . .*Watts*	836
He, who once in righteous..*Caswall, tr.*	586
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal ..*Thring*	631
Hear my prayer, O heavenly..*H. Parr*	224
Hear what God, the Lord .....*Cowper*	945
Heavenly Father, grant ...*Anon., 1835*	225
Here I can firmly rest...*Winkworth, tr.*	853
Here, O my Lord, I see thee..*H. Bonar*	1040
Here the King hath..*A. R. Thompson, tr.*	1019
High in the heavens, eternal....*Watts*	137
Holy and infinite! .....*F. R. Havergal*	861
Holy and reverend is the.....*Needham*	279
Holy Father, cheer our..*R. H. Robinson*	199
Holy Father, hear my cry ...*H. Bonar*	282
Holy Father, thou hast taught...*Neale*	652
Holy Father! we address thee ..*Peters*	215
Holy Ghost, the Infinite.....*Rawson*	524
Holy Ghost! with light .....*A. Reed*	534
Holy, holy, holy Lord .....*Montgomery*	283
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God. ....*Heber*	138
Holy, holy, holy Lord.. *C. Wordsworth*	309
Holy night! peaceful night	340
Holy offerings, rich and rare ..*Monsell*	666
Holy Saviour! we adore....*J. G. Deck*	491
Holy Spirit, come....*S. W. Duffield, tr.*	545
Holy Spirit! gently come ...*Hammond*	535
Holy Spirit, in my breast.....*Mant*	536
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light..*Caswall, tr.*	546
Honor and glory, thanksg'g...*Dayman*	146
Hope of our hearts, O Lord.....*Denny*	496
Hosanna! raise the...*W. H. Havergal*	472
Hosanna to the living Lord .....*Heber*	459
How are thy servants blest....*Addison*	281
How beauteous are their feet ...*Watts*	916
How beauteous on the.....*Gough*	1062
How beauteous were the marks ..*Coxe*	369
How blest the righteous .... *Barbauld*	1095
How brightly shines the.....*Sloan, tr.*	337
How charming is the place..*S. Stennett*	34
How condescending and how....*Watts*	394
How did my heart rejoice to ....*Watts*	23
How firm a foundation, ye .....*Keith*	714
How gentle God's.... .....*Doddridge*	180
How helpless guilty nature lies..*Steele*	564
How pleasant, how divinely.....*Watts*	10
How pleased and blest was I....*Watts*	76
How precious is the book.....*Fawcett*	238
How sad our state by nature is..*Watts*	563
How shall I follow him I serve..*Conder*	371
How shall the young secure.....*Watts*	237
How sweet and awful is the.....*Watts*	988
How sweet, how heavenly is..*J. Swain*	933
How sweet to leave the world ...*Kelly*	7
How sweet the name of Jesus..*Newton*	772

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	HYMN.
How sweetly flowed the ..... *Bowring*	368
How tender is thy hand..... *Hastings*	866
How vain is all beneath ... *D. E. Ford*	1092
I am trusting thee ..... *F. R. Havergal*	849
I ask not now for gold to ..... *Whittier*	608
I bless the Christ of God..... *H. Bonar*	827
I build on this foundation .. *Massie, tr.*	378
I cannot tell if short or long.. *Knowlton*	885
I feed by faith on Christ... *Montgomery*	973
I hear the words of love ..... *H. Bonar*	996
I heard the voice of Jesus ... *H. Bonar*	357
I journey through a ..... *Mrs. Walker*	655
I know no life divided..... *Massie, tr.*	795
I know that my Redeemer... *C. Wesley*	479
I lay my sins on Jesus..... *H. Bonar*	1016
I left it all with Jesus.... *E. H. Willis*	848
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... *Dwight*	918
I love to steal awhile..... *P. H. Brown*	100
I'll praise my Maker with my ... *Watts*	129
I'm not ashamed to own my .... *Watts*	707
I need thee, precious..... *F. Whitfield*	1017
I saw One hanging on a tree... *Newton*	392
I see a man at God's right hand. *H. Bonar*	474
I sing the almighty power of.... *Watts*	273
I stand on Zion's mount..... *J. Swain*	721
I was glad when they said unto me	1174
If God is mine, then present .. *Beddome*	842
If human kindness meets... *G. T. Noel*	994
If, through unruffled seas ..... *Toplady*	865
In all my Lord's appointed ways. *Ryland*	960
In all my vast concerns with.... *Watts*	266
In heavenly love abiding..... *Waring*	728
In the cross of Christ I glory.. *Bowring*	968
In the dark and cloudy day.... *Rawson*	870
In the hour of trial..... *Montgomery*	698
In thy name, O Lord!..... *Kelly*	62
Is there ambition in my heart... *Watts*	817
It came upon the midnight clear. *Sears*	317
It may not be our lot to wield. *Whittier*	906
It is no untried way ..... *Offord*	903
It is not death to die ..... *Bethune, tr.*	1100
Jehovah God! thy..... *J. Thomson*	158
Jehovah reigns; his throne is... *Watts*	293
Jerusalem! my happy home.....	1133
Jerusalem, the glorious..... *Neale, tr.*	1136
Jerusalem, the golden..... *Neale, tr.*	1138
Jesus, all our ransom paid ..... *Pollock*	1049
Jesus,—all thy labor vast..... *Pollock*	1050
Jesus, and didst thou..... *Wakeford*	348
Jesus,—and didst thou leave .... *Steele*	571
Jesus! and shall it ever be..... *Grigg*	805
Jesus, at whose supreme.. .*C. Wesley*	993
Jesus, blessed Mediator..... *Conder*	1129
Jesus calls us, o'er the. *C. F. Alexander*	966
Jesus came, the heavens..... *Thring*	330
Jesus comes, his conflict over.... *Kelly*	450
Jesus, guide our way ... *Tr., Zinzendorf*	733
Jesus, hail, enthroned in..... *Bakewell*	423
Jesus, heed me, lost and dying.. *Offord*	603
Jesus! I love thy charming.. *Doddridge*	771
Jesus, I my cross have taken ..... *Lyte*	1023
Jesus is God! The glorious..... *Faber*	344
Jesus is gone above the skies ... *Watts*	985
Jesus, in thy dying woes..... *Pollock*	1044
Jesus, in thy thirst and pain ... *Pollock*	1048
Jesus invites his saints ..... *Watts*	999
Jesus, Jesus! visit me..... *Dunn, tr.*	674
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me. *R. Palmer*	401
Jesus lives! no longer now.... *Cox, tr.*	1104
Jesus, Lord of life and glory. *Cummins*	697
Jesus! lover of my soul ..... *C. Wesley*	675
Jesus, loving to the end ..... *Pollock*	1046
Jesus, Master, hear me.... *Anon., 1842*	1011
Jesus, Master, whose... *F. R. Havergal*	634
Jesus, my All, to heaven is.... *Cennick*	429
Jesus, my great High Priest .... *Watts*	577
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my... *Collins*	802
Jesus, my Saviour! look on... *Macduff*	625
Jesus, name all names above. *Neale, tr.*	790
Jesus! name of wondrous love ... *How*	762
"Jesus only!" In the.. *F. R. Havergal*	753
Jesus only, when the morning .. *Nason*	756
Jesus, our faith increase	937
Jesus, our Lord, how rich ... *Doddridge*	897
Jesus, pitying the sighs..... *Pollock*	1045
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me ..... *Hopper*	696
Jesus shall reign where'er the... *Watts*	1084
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.... *Cooke*	604
Jesus spreads his banner o'er .*R. Park*	965
Jesus, still lead on ..... *Borthwick, tr.*	734
Jesus, these eyes have..... *R. Palmer*	787
Jesus, the sinner's Friend ... *C Wesley*	644
Jesus!—the very thought is .*Neale, tr.*	804
Jesus, the very thought of *Caswall, tr.*	773
Jesus! thou art the sinner's.. *Burnham*	989
Jesus, thou everlasting King.... *Watts*	978
Jesus, thou Joy of loving. *R. Palmer, tr.*	806
Jesus, thou source of calm .*C. Wesley*	797
Jesus, thy Blood and ....*J. Wesley, tr.*	987

	HYMN.
Jesus, thy boundless love. *J. Wesley, tr.*	800
Jesus! thy church, with..... *Bathurst*	1082
Jesus! thy love shall we .. *W. Mitchell*	354
Jesus, thy name I love ..... *J. G. Deck*	794
Jesus, to thy table led... *R. H. Baynes*	1022
Jesus, we look to thee..... *C. Wesley*	942
Jesus, we thus obey..... *C. Wesley*	1003
Jesus wept! those tears are... *Macduff*	383
Jesus, whelmed in fears ..... *Pollock*	1047
Jesus, where'er thy people..... *Cowper*	98
Jesus, while he dwelt below ..... *Hart*	402
Jesus, who died a world to . *Hammond*	416
Jesus, who knows full well .... *Newton*	119
Jesus, who on Calvary's... *Anon., 1855*	1025
Jesus, who on his glorious..... *Newton*	779
Jesus, whom angel hosts..... *H. Bonar*	388
Joy to the world! the Lord is... *Watts*	322
Joyful be the hours to-day..... *Kelly*	412
Just as I am, without one.... *C. Elliott*	609
Keep silence, all created things. *Watts*	269
Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever . *Kelly*	208
Lamb of God! thou now art ..... *Deck*	456
Lead, kindly Light! amid.... *Newman*	882
Lead us, heavenly Father.... *Edmeston*	746
Lead us, O Father, in the .... *Burleigh*	658
Leaning on thee, my guide... *C. Elliott*	626
Let me but hear my Saviour .... *Watts*	860
Let party names no more..... *Beddome*	943
Let saints below in concert.. *C. Wesley*	934
Let the church new anthems. *Neale, tr.*	748
Let us awake our joys ..... *Kingsbury*	446
Let us love and sing and ..... *Newton*	585
Let worldly minds the world... *Newton*	358
Let Zion and her sons rejoice ... *Watts*	1056
Life of the world! I hail. *R. Palmer, tr.*	400
Lift up to God the voice of.. *Wardlaw*	141
Light of life, seraphic Fire.. *C. Wesley*	83
Light of the lonely pilgrim's.... *Denny*	499
Light of those whose dreary. *C. Wesley*	488
Like sheep we went astray..... *Watts*	559
Like the eagle, upward..... *H. Bonar*	886
Lo, God is here!—let us. *J. Wesley, tr.*	132
Lo! what a glorious sight..... *Watts*	497
Look from thy sphere of ..... *Bryant*	1055
Look to Jesus! till ..... *Tr., Swedish*	749
Look, ye saints, the sight is ..... *Kelly*	489
Lord, as to thy dear .... *J. H. Gurney*	353
Lord, at this closing hour..... *Fitch*	186
Lord, bid thy light arise..... *Bathurst*	530
Lord, dismiss us with thy ..... *Hawker*	205
Lord, dismiss us with thy ..... *Fawcett*	206
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored.....	136
Lord God, the Holy Ghost. *Montgomery*	526
Lord, have mercy upon us, and.....	1172
Lord, how mysterious are thy ... *Steele*	257
Lord, how secure and blest are.. *Watts*	838
Lord, I am come! thy promise. *Newton*	614
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.. *Davies*	983
Lord, I believe; thy power I.. *Wreford*	808
Lord! I cannot let thee go..... *Newton*	105
Lord, I hear of showers of..... *Codner*	628
Lord, if he sleep, he shall .. *W. Pollock*	1167
Lord! in love and mercy.... *Symington*	226
Lord! in the morning thou..... *Watts*	22
Lord, in this thy mercy's .. *I. Williams*	629
Lord, it belongs not to my ..... *Baxter*	671
Lord, it is thy holy day.... *Anon., 1863*	54
Lord Jesus, are we one..... *J. G. Deck*	851
Lord Jesus! when I think .. *J. G. Deck*	346
Lord, lead the way the..... *Croswell*	894
Lord, my weak thought in .. *R. Palmer*	258
Lord of all being; throned..... *Holmes*	256
Lord of all worlds, incline thy. *Dwight*	1060
Lord of earth! thy forming ..... *Grant*	284
Lord of glory! thou hast.. *Mrs. Alderson*	891
Lord of mercy and of might, God.....	688
Lord of mercy and of might, Of.. *Heber*	95
Lord of our life, and God.. *P. Pusey, tr.*	915
Lord of the harvest! hear... *C. Wesley*	917
Lord of the hearts of..... *Woodford, tr.*	173
Lord of the worlds above ..... *Watts*	71
Lord, remove the vail .... *Findlater, tr.*	85
Lord! thou hast searched and .. *Watts*	251
Lord, thou on earth didst... *R. Palmer*	931
Lord, thou wilt bring the.... *R. Palmer*	1117
Lord, thy children guide and..... *How*	684
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven.. *Mant*	294
Lord, we come before thee.. *Hammond*	45
Lord! when I all things would.... *Gill*	809
Lord, when my raptured thought. *Steele*	276
"Lord, when thy kingdom... *Maclagan*	615
Lord! when we bend ..... *J. D. Carlyle*	31
Lord, when with dying lips.. *Maclagan*	616
Lord! where shall guilty souls... *Watts*	278
Lord! while for all mankind... *Wreford*	1152
Lord, with glowing heart I'd ..... *Key*	295
Love divine, all love ..... *C. Wesley*	651

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	HYMN.
Majestic sweetness sits ....*S. Stennett*	361
Master, speak! thy... *F. R. Havergal*	752
May the grace of Christ our...*Newton*	204
Meekly in Jordan's holy...*S. F. Smith*	963
Mighty God! while angels.*R. Robinson*	457
Mine eyes and my desire.....*Watts*	711
More love to thee, O Christ...*Prentiss*	681
Morn's roseate hues have.*W. Cooke, tr.*	434
My country! 'tis of thee..*S. F. Smith*	1161
My dear Redeemer, and my.....*Watts*	372
My faith looks up to thee...*R. Palmer*	793
My Father, God! how.....*Doddridge*	847
My God, and is thy table....*Doddridge*	975
My God, how endless is thy.....*Watts*	169
My God, how wonderful thou....*Faber*	297
My God, is any hour so.....*C. Elliott*	93
My God, my Father!—blissful...*Steele*	300
My God, my Father! while I.*C. Elliott*	883
My God, my King, thy various..*Watts*	17
My God, my Life, my Love..... *Watts*	775
My God! permit my tongue.....*Watts*	42
My God, the covenant of....*Doddridge*	846
My God! the spring of all my....*Watts*	784
My gracious Lord, I own....*Doddridge*	982
My heart lies dead; and....*G. Herbert*	627
My Jesus, as thou wilt ..*Borthwick, tr.*	873
My opening eyes with rapture..*Hutton*	3
My Saviour, I would own.*R. H. Taylor*	380
My Saviour! my almighty.....*Watts*	770
My Saviour, whom absent I....*Cowper*	788
My Shepherd will supply my....*Watts*	299
My soul, be on thy guard.....*Heath*	723
My soul complete in Jesus...*Hinsdale*	859
My soul, how lovely is the.....*Watts*	24
My soul, repeat his praise.....*Watts*	867
My soul, weigh not thy life..*L. Swain*	710
My spirit on thy care.....*Lyte*	713
Near the cross was.*J. W. Alexander, tr.*	384
Nearer, ever nearer.....*Thring*	701
Nearer, my God, to thee.....*Adams*	680
Nearer, O God, to thee... .....*How*	678
New every morning is the love..*Keble*	18
Night's shadows falling, men..*Russell*	211
No gospel like this feast....*E. Charles*	998
No more, my God! I boast no...*Watts*	646
None but Christ; his merit....*Cousin*	755
Not all the blood of beasts.... .*Watts*	555
Not all the nobles of the...*S. Stennett*	834
Not all the outward forms on...*Watts*	562
Not to the terrors of the Lord..*Watts*	935
Not what I am, O Lord, but..*H. Bonar*	657
Not what these hands have..*H. Bonar*	560
Not with our mortal eyes.....*Watts*	777
Not worthy, Lord! to... ..*Bickersteth*	1039
Now begin the heavenly.....*Langford*	744
Now, from labor and from....*Hastings*	50
Now God be with us... *Winkworth, tr.*	209
Now I have found a friend... ..*Hope*	677
Now I know the great.....*Burnham*	758
Now is the accepted time.....*Dobell*	592
Now let my soul, eternal..*Heginbotham*	235
Now let our cheerful eyes...*Doddridge*	481
Now let our souls, on wings...*Gibbons*	1116
Now let our voices join.....*Doddridge*	41
Now may he who from the.....*Newton*	193
Now thank we all our..*Winkworth, tr.*	285
Now that the sun is .....*Newman, tr.*	20
Now the day is over.....*Baring-Gould*	201
Now to the Lord a noble song...*Watts*	135
Now to the Lord, who makes...*Watts*	464
Now to the power of God.....*Watts*	430
Now to thy sacred house.....*Dwight*	73
Now, when the dusky.....*Anon., 1853*	151
O, bless the Lord, my soul....*Watts*	826
O blessed Jesus, Lamb of God...*Deck*	419
O blessed Saviour, is thy...*J. Stennett*	782
O, blest memorial of .....*Woodford, tr.*	1037
O Bread, to pilgrims....*R. Palmer, tr.*	1005
O, cease, my wandering...*Muhlenberg*	1001
O, Christ, he is the fountain...*Cousin*	1021
O Christ! our hope, our....*Chandler, tr.*	477
O Christ! our King.....*R. Palmer, tr.*	466
O Christ, the eternal..*S. W. Duffield, tr.*	940
O Christ, the Lord of..... .*R. Palmer*	462
O Christ, thou hast.....*Bickersteth*	410
O Christ, who hast.....*Chandler, tr.*	461
O Christ! with each.....*Chandler, tr.*	2
O, come, all ye faithful.....*Mercer, tr.*	331
O, come, and let us all with one.....	67
O, come, let us sing unto the Lord....	1173
O, could I find, from day to..*Cleveland*	691
O, could I speak the matchless..*Medley*	418
O day of rest and.. ....*C. Wordsworth*	55
O, do not let the word..... *Mrs. Reed*	599
O eyes that are weary ....*J. N. Darby*	715
O, fair the gleams of....*C. I. Cameron*	1137
O Father, who didst...*H. B. Heathcote*	167
O, for a closer walk with God. *Cowper*	667
O, for a faith that will not....*Bathurst*	820

	HYMN.
O, for a heart to praise my..*C. Wesley*	702
O, for a shout of joy..... *J. Young*	301
O, for a shout of sacred joy.....*Watts*	475
O, for a strong, a lasting faith...*Watts*	252
O, for a thousand tongues...*C. Wesley*	703
O, for that tenderness of....*C. Wesley*	669
O, for the happy hour.....*Bethune*	1074
O, for the peace which.....*Crewdson*	660
O, gift of gifts! oh, grace of....*Faber*	811
O, give thanks to him who made. *Conder*	310
O God, beneath thy guiding ....*Bacon*	1156
O God of Bethel, by whose..*Doddridge*	948
O God, the Rock of Ages...*Bickersteth*	244
O God, thy power is wonderful..*Faber*	272
O God! we praise thee ....*N. Tate, tr.*	268
O happy band of pilgrims....*Neale, tr.*	1135
O happy day, that fixed my. *Doddridge*	959
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter... *Saxby*	522
O Holy Ghost, thou fount..*Caswall, tr.*	548
O holy, holy, holy Lord..... *Eastburn*	289
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen.*C. Elliott*	606
O Holy Spirit! now descend. *C. Forsyth*	553
O, how I love thy holy law.....*Watts*	240
O, how shall I receive thee. *Russell, tr.*	379
O, if my soul were formed for...*Watts*	396
O Jesus! bruised and .*C. F. Alexander*	972
O Jesus Christ, if sin there....*Caswall*	638
O Jesus Christ the righteous!.*Stone, alt.*	613
O Jesus! King most.....*Caswall, tr.*	781
O Jesus, our salvation.....*Hamilton*	618
O Jesus, sweet the tears....*R. Palmer*	393
O Jesus, thou art standing.....*How*	620
O Jesus, we adore thee. *A. T. Russell*	397
O King of mercy, from...*T. R. Birks*	1033
O Lamb of God! still keep ..*J. G. Deck*	398
O Lamb of God! that tak'st...*Faussett*	624
O, land relieved from,..*S. W. Duffield*	1122
O Lord, how full of sweet..*Cowper, tr.*	824
O Lord most high, eternal...*Neale, tr.*	427
O Lord of heaven, and..*C. Wordsworth*	912
O Lord, thy work....*P. H. Brown, alt.*	1073
O Lord, turn not thy face....*Marckant*	639
O Lord, we now the path.....*Deck*	347
O Lord, who by thy.....*Massie, tr.*	221
O Love Divine! that....*O. W. Holmes*	979
O, love, how deep! how.....*Neale, tr.*	364
O Master, let me walk with...*Gladden*	366
O mother dear Jerusalem	1144
O, not my own these.. ..*S. F. Smith*	807
O, not to fill the mouth of fame...*Gill*	668
O one with God the Father.....*How*	796
O Paradise! O Paradise.....*Faber*	1124
O, perfect life of love.....*Baker*	391
O Rock of Ages, one.. .....*Martin*	1013
O sacred Head. ..*J. W. Alexander, tr.*	399
O Saviour, lend a listening. .*Hastings*	584
O Saviour, precious....*F. R. Havergal*	373
O Saviour, where shall.....*C. E. May*	580
O Saviour, who didst come.. ....*Osler*	997
O, see how Jesus trusts himself..*Faber*	355
O, still in accents sweet..*S. Longfellow*	898
O, sweetly breathe the lyres.*R. Palmer*	974
O, that the Lord's salvation.... .*Lyte*	1067
O, that the Lord would guide.. .*Watts*	241
O, the sweet wonders of that....*Watts*	981
O, this soul, how dark and...*H. Bonar*	695
O thou essential Word..*Winkworth, tr.*	286
O thou, from whom all.....*Haweis*	641
O thou God who hearest.....*Conder*	635
O thou great Friend to all.....*Parker*	551
O thou, my soul, forget..*Marshman, tr.*	984
O thou that hearest prayer.....*Burton*	926
O thou, the contrite.....*C. Elliott*	607
O thou who in Jordan didst...*Bethune*	958
O thou whom we adore.....*C. Wesley*	502
O thou, whose bounty fills...*Crewdson*	863
O thou, whose own vast.....*Bryant*	922
O thou, whose tender mercy.....*Steele*	640
O, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for...*Hopkins*	600
O, what, if we are Christ's.....*Baker*	995
O, what shall be, oh..*S. W. Duffield, tr.*	1146
O, what stupendous mercy....*Gibbons*	909
O, what the joy and the glory.*Neale, tr.*	144
O, where are kings and empires..*Coxe*	924
O, where shall rest be.....*Montgomery*	556
O Word of God incarnate.....*How*	242
O, worship the King, all.....*Grant*	143
O Zion! tune thy voice.....*Doddridge*	72
O'er the gloomy hills of..*W. Williams*	1069
Of the Father's love... .....*Neale, tr.*	341
On Jordan's bank the.....*Chandler, tr.*	365
On Jordan's rugged banks..*S. Stennett*	1131
On mountains and in.....*Tr. Dutch*	245
On our way rejoicing.. .....*Monsell*	1163
On the fount of life eternal. *Caswall, tr.*	1143
On the mountain's top.....*Kelly*	1071
On this day, the first of.....*Baker, tr.*	48
On thy church, O Power..... .*Auber*	53
On wings of living light. .....*How*	407
Once I thought my mountain..*Newton*	685
Once in royal David's *C. F. Alexander*	327
Once more, before we part.....*Hart*	183

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	HYMN.
Once more, my soul, the.....*Watts*	26
One cup of healing oil and..*Drummond*	910
One is kind above all others..*M. Nunn*	343
One sole baptismal sign...*G. Robinson*	927
One sweetly solemn thought..*P. Cary*	1098
One there is above all others..*Newton*	381
Onward, Christian.....*Baring-Gould*	725
Onward, Christian, though..*S. Johnson*	887
Onward, onward, men of....*Sigourney*	1079
Open now thy gates of..*Winkworth, tr.*	88
Our blest Redeemer, ere he.....*Auber*	515
Our country's voice is.....*Anderson*	1063
Our Father, hear our.....*Macdonald*	783
Our Father! through the...*W. Gaskell*	1154
Our Father, who art in heaven.....1178	
Our God, our help in ages past..*Watts*	298
Our heavenly Father calls...*Doddridge*	117
Our Helper, God! we bless..*Doddridge*	1158
Our life is hid with Christ....*H. Bonar*	504
Our Lord is risen from the ..*C. Wesley*	467
Our Saviour bowed beneath the.*Judson*	956
Our sins, our sorrows, Lord.....*Eddis*	654
Out of the depths have I cried unto .. 1169	
Peace, perfect peace.....*Bickersteth*	1034
Peace, troubled soul, whose...*Shirley*	877
People of the living God..*Montgomery*	1008
Pleasant are thy courts above....*Lyte*	84
Praise God from whom all..*Ken.* 125,	228
Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion....*Lyte*	128
Praise the God of our salvation.*Conder*	194
Praise the Lord! ye .....*Anon., 1796*	223
Praise the Saviour, ye who.....*Kelly*	436
Praise to God, immortal.....*Barbauld*	1151
Praise to thee, thou great.....*Fawcett*	160
Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for..*Watts*	139
Praise ye Jehovah!.....*Lady Campbell*	152
Prayer is the breath of God...*Beddome*	110
Prayer is the soul's.....*Montgomery*	112
Prepare us, Lord, to view.....*Cotterill*	990
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at...*S. Stennett*	642
Purer yet, and purer ..... *Anon., 1858*	699
Quiet, Lord, my froward.....*Newton*	830
Rejoice, rejoice.....*Borthwick, tr.*	508
Rejoice! the Lord is King...*C. Wesley*	408
Return, my roving heart ....*Doddridge*	649
Return, O wanderer, to .....*Hastings*	590
Ride on! ride on in majesty ..*Milman*	363
Rise, crowned with light... .....*Pope*	1059
Rise, glorious Conqueror .....*Bridges*	445
Rise, my soul, and stretch....*Seagrave*	1145
Rise, ye children of.....*Tr., Falckner*	751
Rock of Ages, cleft for ..... *Toplady*	964
Roll on, thou mighty ocean ..*Edmeston*	1068
Safely through another week ..*Newton*	81
Saints of God! the dawn is...*Maxwell*	1070
Salvation is for ever nigh .....*Watts*	835
Salvation!—oh, the joyful.....*Watts*	569
Saviour, again to thy dear ....*Ellerton*	217
Saviour, blessed Saviour .....*Thring*	700
Saviour, breathe an evening..*Edmeston*	202
Saviour, happy would I be .....*Nevin*	833
Saviour! hasten thine ....*Deck*	490
Saviour! I follow on....*C. S. Robinson*	682
Saviour King, in.....*Anon., 1865*	947
Saviour, let thy love for .....*Knowlton*	759
Saviour, now the day is.....*Doudney*	214
Saviour, send a blessing to us ...*Kelly*	59
Saviour! teach me, day by .....*Leeson*	766
Saviour, through the desert ....*Kelly*	747
Saviour, thy dying love .....*Phelps*	683
Saviour, visit thy plantation...*Newton*	1075
Saviour, when, in dust, to thee..*Grant*	673
Saviour! who thy flock....*Muhlenberg*	951
Scorn not the slightest ....*Anon., 1845*	895
See a poor sinner, dearest .....*Medley*	645
See Israel's gentle .....*Doddridge*	949
See, the Conqueror .....*C. Wordsworth*	454
See the eternal Judge .....*Anon., 1800*	1110
Servant of God, well.....*Montgomery*	1101
Shepherd! with thy.....*Anon., 1865*	829
Shine! mighty God! on Zion....*Watts*	1058
Shine on our souls, eternal..*Doddridge*	179
Shout, O earth!.....*W. H. Havergal*	328
Shout the glad tidings.....*Muhlenberg*	326
Show pity, Lord! O Lord!.....*Watts*	611
Since Jesus is my . ....*Winkworth, tr.*	776
Since thy Father's arm...*H. A. P., tr.*	884
Sing, O heavens! O earth! ....*Monsell*	442
Sing, sing his lofty praise .....*Kelly*	449
Sing to the Lord a joyful.....*Monsell*	133
Sing to the Lord, our Might .....*Lyte*	120
Sing we the song of.....*Montgomery*	27
Sing with all the sons of ..*W. J. Irons*	455
Sinners, turn, why will ye...*C. Wesley*	591
Sion, to thy Sav'r..*A. R. Thompson, tr.*	1018
Sit down beneath his...*F. R. Havergal*	1015
Sleep thy last sleep .....*Dayman*	1107

	HYMN.
So let our lips and lives express . *Watts*	825
So rest, our Rest, thou . . . . . *Massie, tr.*	404
Softly fades the twilight . . *S. F. Smith*	47
Softly now the light of day . . . . . *Doane*	191
Sometimes a light surprises . . . . *Cowper*	727
Songs of praise the angels *Montgomery*	148
Soon may the last glad . *Voke (?) 1816*	1080
Soon will the heavenly . . . . . *Kennedy*	495
Soul, then know thy full . . . . . *Lyte*	1024
Sovereign of worlds ! . . . . *B. H. Draper*	1085
Sow in the morn thy seed . *Montgomery*	904
Speak to me, Lord, thyself . . *C. Wesley*	25
Spirit of God ! descend upon my . *Croly*	554
Stand up, and bless the . . . *Montgomery*	121
Stand up, my soul, shake off . . . . *Watts*	736
Stand up ! — stand up for . . . *G. Duffield*	729
Standing at the portal . . *F. R. Havergal*	1164
Stars of the morning, so . . . . . *Neale, tr.*	147
Stealing from the world away . . *Palmer*	107
Still, still with thee, my . . *J. D. Burns*	181
Summer suns are glowing . . . . . *How*	1162
Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour . . *Keble*	163
Sure the blest Comforter is . . . . . *Steele*	544
Surely Christ thy griefs hath . . *Toplady*	636
Sweet is the memory of thy . . . . . *Watts*	275
Sweet is the light of . . . . . *Edmeston*	6
Sweet is the work, my God, my . *Watts*	13
Sweet is the work, O Lord . . . . . *Auber*	38
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we . . *Faber*	198
Sweet the moments, rich in . . . . . *Allen*	1026
Sweet the time, exceeding . . . . . *Burder*	109
Sweet was the time when first . *Newton*	689
Sweeter sounds than music . . . . *Newton*	763
Swell the anthem, raise the . . . . *Strong*	1150
Swift to its close ebbs out life's . . *Lyte*	220
Take me, O my Father . . . . . *R. Palmer*	605
Take my heart, O Father ! . *Anon., 1849*	967
Take my life, and let it . *F. R. Havergal*	694
" Take up thy cross," the . . . . . *Everest*	907
Teach me to do the thing that . *Monsell*	552
Tell me, whom my soul doth . . . *Wolcott*	77
Tender Shepherd, thou . *Winkworth, tr.*	1103
Ten thousand times ten . . . . . *Alford*	1140
The atoning work is done . . . . . *Kelly*	576
The Church has waited long . *H. Bonar*	500
The Church's one foundation . . . . *Stone*	1004
The Comforter has come . . *Anon., 1858*	527
The dawn of God's new . . . *Ada C. Cross*	56
The day is gently . . . . . *C. Wordsworth*	216
The day is past and gone . . . . . *Leland*	185
The day is past and over . . . . . *Neale, tr.*	189
The day, O Lord, is spent . . . . . *Neale*	182
The day of praise is done . . . . . *Ellerton*	187
The day of rest once more . . . . . *Kelly*	15
The day of resurrection . . . . . *Neale, tr.*	409
The gloomy night will soon . . . *Tregelles*	741
The God of Abraham praise . . . *Olivers*	153
The golden gates are . . *C. F. Alexander*	478
The harvest dawn is near . . . . . *Burgess*	722
The head that once was . . . . . *Kelly*	469
The heavens declare his glory . . *Conder*	243
The heavens declare thy glory . . *Watts*	231
The Holy Ghost is here . . . . . *Spurgeon*	529
The King of love my Shepherd . . *Baker*	789
The Lord descended from . . . . *Sternhold*	271
The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall	1177
The Lord is my Shepherd . . *Montgomery*	716
" The Lord is risen indeed ! " . . . . *Kelly*	437
The Lord Jehovah lives . . . . . *Hastings*	306
The Lord Jehovah reigns . . . . . *Watts*	305
The Lord my pasture shall . . . . *Addison*	801
The Lord my Shepherd is . . . . . *Watts*	778
The Lord of glory is my light . . . *Watts*	140
The Lord, our God, is . . . . *H. K. White*	270
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll . . . *Rous*	780
The marriage feast is . . . . . *G. Moultrie*	509
The mercies of my God and . . . . . *Lyte*	261
The morning light is . . . . . *S. F. Smith*	1066
The peace which God alone . . . . *Newton*	170
The people of the Lord . . . . . *Kelly*	720
The promises I sing . . . . . *Doddridge*	302
The radiant morn hath . . . . . *Thring*	90
The roseate hues of . . . *C. F. Alexander*	1130
The Sabbath day has . . . . . *C. Elliott*	174
The sands of time are sinking . . *Cousin*	1120
The Saviour bids thee . . . . . *Hastings*	814
The Saviour kindly calls . . . . *Onderdonk*	953
The Saviour ! oh, what endless . . *Steele*	356
The shadows of the evening . . . . *Procter*	178
The Son of God goes forth to . . . . *Heber*	900
The spacious firmament on . . . . *Addison*	254
The Spirit breathes upon the . . *Cowper*	236
The Spirit in our hearts . . . . *Onderdonk*	593
The strife is o'er, the battle . . . *Pott, tr.*	433
The sun is sinking fast . . . . . *Caswall, tr.*	190
The swift declining day . . . . . *Doddridge*	184
Thee we adore, eternal Name . . . *Watts*	1153

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	HYMN.
Thee will I love, my.....*J. Wesley, tr.*	799
There is a blessed home .....*Baker*	875
There is a book, who runs may..*Keble*	262
There is a fountain filled .....*Cowper*	568
There is a green hill ..*C. F. Alexander*	389
There is a holy sacrifice .....*C. Elliott*	622
There is a land of pure delight..*Watts*	1132
There is a name I love....*F. Whitfield*	362
There is a safe and secret place ..*Lyte*	845
There is a spot of .....*C. Elliott*	115
There is an eye that.....*J. A. Wallace*	101
There is an hour of peaceful...*Tappan*	1121
There is no night in heaven....*Knollis*	1114
There's a wideness in God's .....*Faber*	296
They who seek the throne..*Holden, alt.*	106
Thine earthly Sabbaths .....*Doddridge*	5
Thine for ever! God of love....*Maude*	1012
Thine holy day's returning..*R. Palmer*	57
Think gently of the erring ....*Fletcher*	899
"This is my body, which"..*C. L. Ford*	1036
This is not my place of.....*H. Bonar*	1127
This is the day of light .....*Ellerton*	35
This is the day the Lord hath...*Watts*	33
Thou art coming! At ..*F. R. Havergal*	1043
Thou art coming, O....*F. R. Havergal*	1042
Thou art gone up on high.....*Toke*	438
Thou art my hiding-place, O....*Raffles*	850
Thou art the Way: to thee.....*Doane*	352
Thou, from whom we never.....*Follen*	197
Thou lovely Source of true.....*Steele*	360
Thou only Sovereign of my.....*Steele*	648
Thou to whom the sick and....*Thring*	382
Thou very present Aid.....*C. Wesley*	856
Thou who didst on .....*J. D. Burns*	664
Thou who roll'st the year...*R. Palmer*	1148
Thou! whose almighty word..*Marriott*	519
Tho' faint, yet pursuing..*J. N. Darby*	717
Though I speak with ...*Winkworth, tr.*	832
Though now the nations sit.....*Bacon*	1086
Though sorrows rise and.....*Heber*	803
Though troubles assail, and ...*Newton*	739
Three in One, and One in.....*Rorison*	94
Through all the changing.....*Tate*	821
Through good report and....*H. Bonar*	91
Through the day thy love has....*Kelly*	213
Through the love of God our....*Peters*	726
Through the yesterday..*F. R. Havergal*	750
Thus far the Lord has led me ...*Watts*	171
Thy Father's house!.....*R. Palmer*	1118
Thy home is with the humble ...*Faber*	816
Thy life was given .....*F. R. Havergal*	630
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..*H. Bonar*	874
Thy way, O Lord, is in the....*Fawcett*	263
Thy works, not mine, O.....*H. Bonar*	578
Time, thou speedest...*Winkworth, tr.*	1128
'T is by the faith of joys to .....*Watts*	822
"'T is finished!"—so the..*S. Stennett*	386
'T is God the Father we adore..*Saffery*	961
'T is God the Spirit leads.....*Beddome*	533
'T is midnight; and on.....*Tappan*	385
'T is my happiness below.....*Cowper*	872
'T is not a cause of small....*Doddridge*	923
'T is not that I did choose thee..*Conder*	246
To God the Father, God the.....*Watts*	126
To God the only wise.....*Watts*	188
To him that chose us first.....*Watts*	303
To him that loved the souls of...*Watts*	159
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....*Steele*	976
To thee, my God and Sav'r....*Haweis*	375
To thee, O Christ....*S. W. Duffield, tr.*	785
To thee, O God, we raise .....*Pierson*	287
To thy pastures fair and .....*Merrick*	46
To thy temple we repair...*Montgomery*	44
Together with these symbols..*Cennick*	991
Too soon we rise; the.....*H. Bonar*	1041
Traveling to the better....*Anon., 1878*	738
Triumphant Lord, thy.....*Doddridge*	290
Triumphant Zion, lift thy...*Doddridge*	1053
True Bread of life, in.....*H. Bonar*	1038
Twas on that dark, that ..... *Watts*	970
Unshaken as the sacred hill ....*Watts*	843
Unto thee be glory given	89
Upon the Gospel's sacred.....*Bowring*	234
Upward where the stars.....*H. Bonar*	80
Vainly, through night's weary...*Auber*	888
Wait, O my soul! thy .....*Beddome*	250
Wake, awake! for.....*Winkworth, tr.*	483
Walk in the light! so shalt.....*Barton*	812
Walking with thee, my God ...*Rawson*	679
Warrior kings their titles....*Tr. Latin*	761
Watchman! tell us of the.... *Bowring*	510
We are but strangers ....*T. R. Taylor*	676
We are not left to walk...*Mrs. Walker*	468
We are the Lord's;....*C. T. Astley, tr.*	662
We come, O Lord.....*P. H. Brown*	1155

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	HYMN.
We give immortal praise.....*Watts*	304
We give thee but thine own.....*How*	902
We march, we march to ...*G. Moultrie*	325
We may not climb the.....*Whittier*	359
We plow the fields..*J. M. Campbell, tr.*	1166
We praise thee, O God; we	1170
"We shall see Him," in .....*M. Pyper*	425
We stand in deep .....*R. Palmer, tr.*	621
We would see Jesus— .. ..*Anon., 1858*	659
Weary of earth, and laden with..*Stone*	612
Welcome, days of solemn..*S. F. Smith*	65
Welcome, delightful morn ...*Hayward*	75
Welcome, happy morning..*Ellerton, tr.*	431
Welcome, sacred day of...*Wm. Brown*	82
Welcome, sweet day of rest.. ..*Watts*	43
What cheering words are these ..*Kent*	854
What equal honors shall we.....*Watts*	460
What finite power, with.....*E. Scott*	253
What grace, O Lord, and.....*Denny*	351
What is life? 't is but a vapor ...*Kelly*	1142
What our Father does is ....*Baker, tr.*	687
What shall I render to my .....*Watts*	260
What sinners value I resign.....*Watts*	1093
When adverse winds and....*Sigourney*	879
When all thy mercies, O my ..*Addison*	264
When along life's thorny ...*J. G. Deck*	869
When downward to the.....*R. Palmer*	1091
When gathering clouds around .*Grant*	881
When God, of old, came down ...*Keble*	513
When, his salvation bringing..*J. King*	376
When human hopes all .....*C. Elliott*	619
When I can read my title clear..*Watts*	841
When I survey the wondrous... *Watts*	387
When I view my Saviour.....*R. Lee*	1028
When Jesus dwelt in mortal...*Gibbons*	911
When Jordan hushed his..*T. Campbell*	316
When, like a stranger on..*Montgomery*	370
When, marshaled on the.....*White*	315
When morning gilds the...*Caswall, tr.*	1
When my last hour..*E. A. Bowring, tr.*	1113
When on Sinai's top I.....*Montgomery*	1006
When our heads are bowed ...*Milman*	868
When shades of night ...*Tr., C. Coffin*	166
When sins and fears.....*Steele*	858
When, streaming from the...*Shrubsole*	200
When the day of toil is done ..*Ellerton*	665
When the weary, seeking....*H. Bonar*	114
When thou, my.....*Lady Huntingdon*	506
When, wounded sore..*C. F. Alexander*	693
Where high the heavenly .....*Bruce*	97
Wherever two or three may ..*Hastings*	102
While in the sacred rite of..*S. F. Smith*	962
While shepherds watched.....*N. Tate*	318
While thee I seek.....*H. M. Williams*	259
While we lowly bow.....*Colesworthy*	58
While, with ceaseless course...*Newton*	1149
Who are these like ..... *F. E. Cox, tr.*	1141
Who is this that comes from.....*Kelly*	451
Who shall the Lord's elect.....*Watts*	840
Why do we mourn departing....*Watts*	1090
Why is thy faith, O child of...*Sherwin*	656
Why on the bending willows..*J. Joyce*	1054
Why should the children of a ...*Watts*	516
Why should we start, and fear..*Watts*	1094
Why will ye waste on.....*Doddridge*	598
With broken heart and .....*Elven*	610
With deepest reverence at ....*Butcher*	248
With joy we hail the sacred.....*Auber*	28
With joy we lift our eyes .....*Jervis*	40
With songs and honors .....*Watts*	157
With tearful eyes I look .....*C. Elliott*	647
Work, for the night is ...*A. L. Walker*	905
Work while it is to-day....*Montgomery*	901
Worship the Lord in the..... .*Monsell*	134
Wouldst thou eternal life ...*R. Palmer*	583
Ye messengers of Christ .....*Voke*	920
Ye saints, your music bring ...*A. Reed*	575
Ye servants of God, your....*C. Wesley*	142
Ye sons and daughters of....*Neale, tr.*	435
Yes, for me, for me he .....*H. Bonar*	1031
Yes, he knows the.....*F. R. Havergal*	754
Yes, I do feel, my God, that...*Monsell*	617
Your harps, ye trembling .....*Toplady*	708
Zion! awake, thy strength...*Shrubsole*	1087
Zion, the marvelous story..*Muhlenberg*	326

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And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And they sung a new song, * *
saying with a loud voice,

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain
to receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
and strength, and honor, and glory, and
blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven,
and on the earth, and under the earth,
and such as are in the sea, and all that
are in them, heard I saying,

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and
power, be unto him that sitteth upon the
throne, and unto the Lamb for ever
and ever.